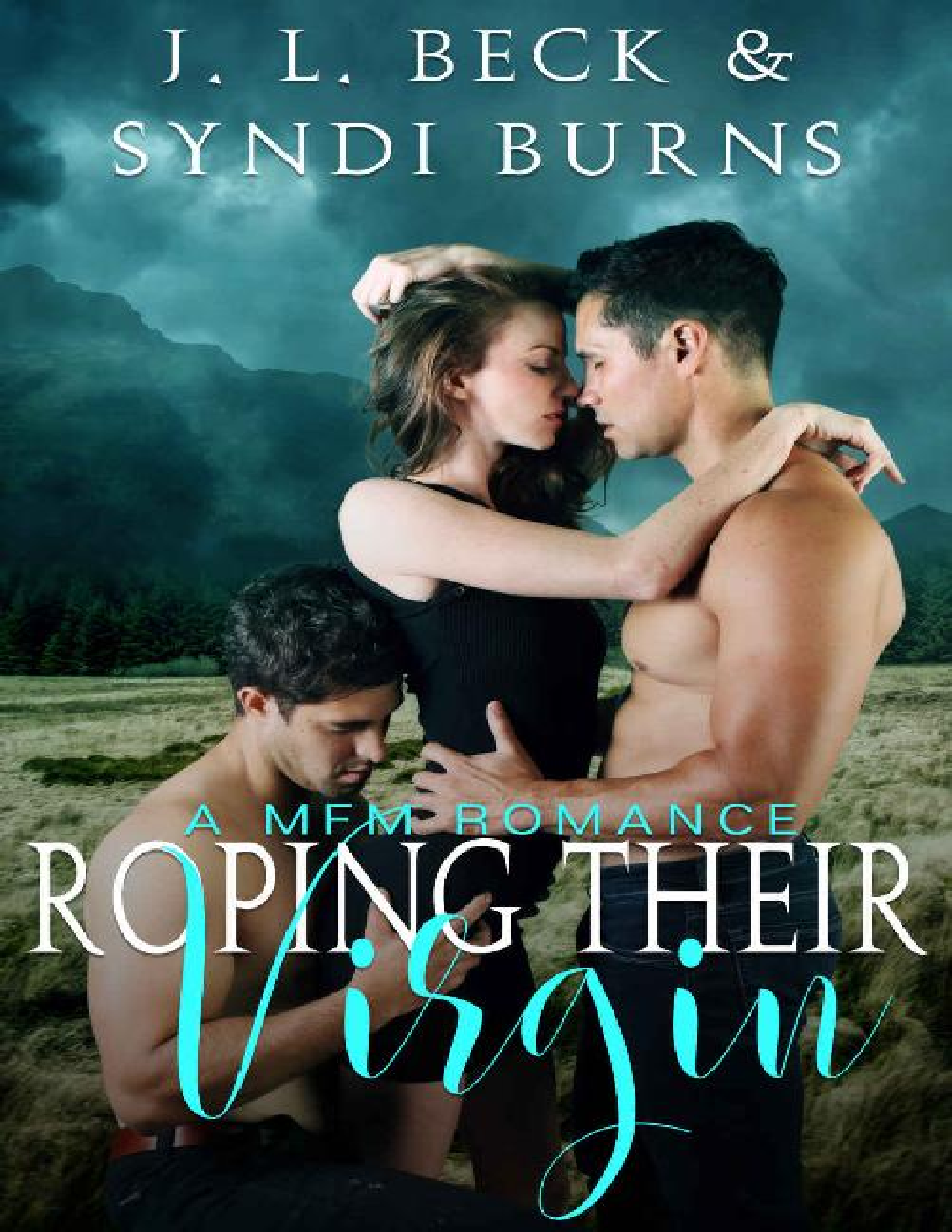
J. L. BECK &
SYNDI BURNS
A MFM ROMANCE
ROPING THEIR
Virgin

Roping Their Virgin

Book One of the Trio of Lovers Trilogy
A MFM Ménage Romance

J.L. Beck and Syndi Burns

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Chapter One

Maddie

I run toward the redwood barn, heart pounding, palms sweating, and my mind racing with thoughts of forever. Which is ridiculous, since I'm going for broke and putting my heart at risk when I'm unsure if the twins will want me like they once did.

Four years have passed since I've seen Cole and Warren Pierce here at my family's Brown Valley ranch, the California skies blue and dotted with puffy, white clouds. I can remember the fall day my mother sent me away feeling much like today.

I don't know if I'll still find the guys working as ranch hands, and I don't dare ask my parents if they'd fired and disowned the twins after Dad caught the three of us waist deep in the river with nothing on but our underwear. Good thing Dad didn't spot Warren bloodied after I'd found the two brothers brawling over me, fighting over our forever.

Momma never would've approved, especially with them being my so-called stepbrothers.

The dirt kicks up behind me as I slow down, spotting Cole just inside the barn, petting his mare's muzzle in long, skilled strokes. Cole's tall and dark-haired. His white T-shirt pulls tight around his bulked-up arms, and his jeans hug a fine behind—one I'd love to sink my nails into.

I fan my face, and the memory of him holding me and pressing his lips against my neck stops me on a dime. Cole had been the first guy to capture my heart…

That is until I met his twin brother, Warren, and then everything between the three of us changed. I realized at sixteen that choosing between the two brothers would be impossible.

I'm certain my parents took into consideration the temptation the twins placed on me. After all, they were ten years older than me.

Mom and Dad had insisted I attend an East Coast veterinarian school instead of UCD here in California, thinking my desire for the twins would extinguish.

Quite the opposite, and I'm sure the last thing my parents would believe is that I've held on to my virginity and returned home after

receiving a job offer at a Virginia-based clinic to ditch my V-card. I didn't tell my parents my plans or that I'm staying until I make a decision that will change my life.

I have my sights set on Warren and Cole.

Still, I have to be sure I'm not making the biggest mistake of my life by leaving the twins in my past and moving forward so far from home.

I shake in my boots, hand gripping the stall door and wide-eyed, wondering if either Cole or Warren is still interested in roping the virgin, aka me. Back in the day, neither of them could get enough of me, but who's to say they haven't found their forevers already?

The thought alone makes my heart ache and my stomach churn.

"Maddie, is that you?"

Warren's broody voice paints warmth down my spine. I spin to face him, nearly launching myself into his thick arms that always hold me in a possessive way.

Warren penetrates my gaze with his smoky-blue stare, and his dark-brown hair frames the sparkle in his eyes.

His thrill to see me stirs heat in my belly. Other than the scar that slices through Warren's eyebrow, the brothers are identical on the outside, but within, Warren is all raw emotion and heat while Cole is hard and fast, both exciting me to the core.

"War!" I squeeze his neck, inhaling the scent of alfalfa and earth. I miss him more than I realized, and I wrap my legs around his waist, where his jeans ride low on his powerful hips. I cling to him like a lost puppy that's found his owner.

"I want to see your face, little one." He peels me away, pinning me with his gaze as he lowers me to the gravel below.

"I'm all grown up." I twirl, and he lifts his lip in a devious grin when I face him. "Surprised to see me?"

"That would be an understatement. What are you doing home?" He roams his gaze over me, and then flicks it to something behind me.

Following where he's looking, I check out the barn. Not sure where Cole's gone, but my heart clenches a little from his absence. I'm sure he's spotted me though, which has me wondering if he's still interested in me.

"Mom and Dad needed someone to oversee the ranch during the month of June while they celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary in Europe. Uncle Sampson's got plans, so he's leaving the ranch the same

day they are. That leaves me to fill in some of their minor business duties. I'm hoping to catch up and have some fun with you and Cole. What do you say?"

"Both of us, huh? Isn't that what got you shipped across states the last time? Cole doesn't even share his hoof picks. Last thing he'll consider is sharing you." War pushes a loose curl from my eyes and tucks it behind my ear.

I bite my lip. The thought of giving my cherry to both men at the same time is practically burning me alive. I'm taking a risk for sure, and I'm about to put myself in a real predicament. The Virginia position is on hold until the end of the month, and I have to give voice to my thoughts or die. No way will I return to Virginia a virgin.

"What about you? Would you share me if that were to ever become an option?"

"Be serious, Maddie. You're not a piece of fruit we can divvy up. You're a woman who'll want to settle down someday. We're not the kind of guys a professional like yourself would want. Not in the end. Besides, I'm not taking part in breaking your heart. Cole's agreed. He's not on board with that either."

I'm feeling testy, so I push him a little bit. "This isn't about my heart. I'm yours and Cole's for four weeks. We have the ranch to ourselves, the river, the horses… What do you say about having a good time, cowboy?"

"He says hell, yes, Maddie."

Cole's behind me, and he slips his strong hands around my waist. He hauls me up against his chest until he's cradling me in his muscular arms, as if I'm one of the newborn calves.

I'm suddenly flying and giggling, but as Cole swings me around the second time, I catch Warren heading back toward the barn, and with him goes a piece of my heart.

Things just got a whole lot complicated.

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Chapter Two

Warren

I catch my reflection in the water trough inside the paddock, and the scar along my brow grabs the light, reminding me of the lengths I'll go to protect Maddie, even if I'm protecting her from nothing more than myself. Truth is, I don't know shit about love. All I know is how fucked-up your life becomes when the one you love leaves.

But now Maddie's returned, teasing my fat head—and my thickening dick—with what I've wanted all these years: her. She's got my mind, body, and soul wrapped around her little finger, and she doesn't even know it…or maybe she does, who knows.

Yeah, it's fucked-up for sure. Cole isn't gonna let me cull her for myself. Hell no. She hasn't been home more than half an hour, and already Cole's playin' cockblock the second I get a moment alone with her.

I slink down the aluminum water trough, pressing my sweating back against the cool side just as Spartan comes trotting up. The sorrel Quarter Horse stallion blows, clearing his nostrils so they flare red before he gives me a hard nudge.

"Yeah, yeah, I'll move out of your way," I mumble under my breath.

If Cole had a doppelganger, I swear it'd be this horse. Which is a good reminder, even though Spartan's my favorite horse on the ranch—bold, built like a dually—he doesn't give a shit about who's standing in the way of who he wants. Though right now he wants a drink.

I scoot across the pine shavings, giving him some space, and he drops his head into the water, drawing up a good, long drink.

He just goes for what he wants, never looks back.

See what I mean?

Cole. Completely fucking Cole.

Yet, here I am, hiding my feelings because feelings are what nearly caused Mr. Brown—Derek, Maddie's father—to threaten me and my brother with unemployment and homelessness if we touched his daughter after he'd caught us frolicking. Yes, frolicking in the river. Naked. Or just about naked.

No way can I risk losing the only family I've known. My home. The most wholesome place on earth ever since Mrs. Brown, Angela, adopted us back when we were messed-up teens and overlooked in the foster system.

I can still picture little Maddie the day Angela brought us to the ranch. The party, the balloons, the fucking white pony for Daddy's princess.

I'm still mesmerized by the beauty of Maddie, something that hasn't changed since she was five and I was fifteen. I'd known she'd turn into a beautiful woman, and she has.

Back then, Maddie's fifth birthday party was the first time we'd met. She cocked her head to the side, those brown spiral curls of hers bouncing around her face and framing her mocha orbs. Her momma introduced me as Warren Pierce. But Maddie had gazed up at me, her cheeks pinking, and asked me if she could call me War.

Nicknamed by a five year old.

She was a brat. A spoiled only child who got everything she wanted. And right now she wants me. How the hell am I explaining to Derek she's never backing down until she's *had* me? Had *us*. Thirty-four-year-old twins who are both hung up on the same girl a decade younger than us.

I shake my head, trying to grasp the thought a little more clearly.

Neither of us are budging. Neither of us consider ourselves good enough for her. She deserves someone different. Better. Groomed. Someone who can be the perfect husband to her and give her babies and whatever else she craves in this life.

I feel heat slide against my side, like a sunrise on a cold day. I don't have to look to know it's not Spartan, but instead it is Maddie. Her honeysuckle scent puppeteers my cock that jerks as she strokes my thigh with her tiny hand.

"Fuck me," I breathe, the air rushing out of my lungs.

"That's exactly what I'm planning on doing, War. Losing my virginity to you and Cole at the same time."

Her thick lashes fan against her cheeks as she peers up at me, while I'm gasping for breath at her reveal.

"Don't be scared to dream big. Don't be afraid to fight for what—or who—you want, before all you have left is regrets."

Her words stake me. I bite my tongue and swallow the taste of iron. I want to shake the image of me and Cole both inside her slippery pussy

made that way by our identical dicks, but taking her virginity is a…is a… Hell, the hottest turn-on I've ever envisioned.

And I'm shutting that shit down, like, yesterday.

Or at least I'm trying to. My cock and Maddie have other plans. "Maddie. No. Hell, no. The same time? What the hell did they teach you back east at that fancy university? Never happening, little one." I shake my head, determination lacing my words.

She gives me a grin that lights up her face. I've called her little one since, well, forever. But those words no longer fit. She's all curves in places I'm noticing a lot more often than I used to, making it impossible to forget her plans that include way too much bare skin and a whole lot of inches of cock.

Determination fills her stare. She draws lazy circles against my jeans. "I learned that taking risks and pushing limits is what makes life worth living. Sometimes, it's the only way to save a life, and sometimes the only way to get something is to take it," she rasps.

What is she, a life coach?

"Shouldn't you be with Cole?" I sneer, letting my jealousy show a bit more than I should.

"I should be with both of you. So you can't hide. I know every one of your hiding places, War. From behind the waterfall and that little ledge you like to sit on to this spot right here in Spartan's paddock."

Yeah, I'm hiding, and worse yet, she fucking knows it. "I'm not hiding. I'm thinking," I lie.

She arches her brows. "About what? Your feelings for me? How much you want to fuck me?" She snickers.

She knows me like I know the back of my hand, but I don't let on that I'm having a date with Envy. "No. I'm not thinking about fucking you. It's not like that. You kissed Cole first. He'll always be that for you."

"*He* kissed me first. I actually kissed *you* first. Right now, I don't only want time with him. I want time with you. I want both of you, don't you see that?"

Sweet music resonates from her lips like a lullaby while my mind spins thoughts of me and her in some unrealistic future where everything is hunky-dory, and I'm nestled deep inside her tight pussy, along with Cole at her backside. *Yeah right.* Life doesn't work like that.

I push to stand, dusting off my ass. I toss an arm across Spartan's withers and cross my ankle over the other, all casual like. Bluffing much, I think to myself.

"It was a kiss. Years ago. Hell, I barely remember it," I lie once more, regretting the words as soon as they pass my lips. Fucking sweetest kiss of my pathetic life and stamped on my damaged soul.

She stands, pushes her petite hands against the bottom of my shirt where my abs are taut, and my breath practically seizes in my chest. She might be small, but she packs a punch.

I find my footing, dropping my arm, but the heat of Spartan still seeps into me. At least I blame my mounting perspiration on the stallion and not the flames inside my veins Maddie's stoking from her tender touch.

"You know, War, there's no escaping your feelings 'cause they're locked inside until you spill them out."

She raises up on her tiptoes and slides her silken hands up inside my shirt right over my pecs. Then she presses her pouty mouth against mine, and I swear I nearly come from the feeling.

My lips have a mind of their own, not slowing, not closing. Instead, I'm lip-locked so securely, tasting, teasing her onward with the sweep of my tongue against hers. I'm so caught up in the moment that I don't notice the stallion has sauntered off, leaving me shaking.

"I'm counting on you, War, to tell me the truth. And I'm ready to hear it, too. But just remember, I always get what I want, and right now, that's you. So what do you say we see where things go?"

She's looking up at me as if I'm some god, some knight in shining armor, when that's the last thing I am, and yet, as her eyes hold mine, I know I can't tell her no. I know I can't let this moment slip through my fingers.

I pluck her up off the ground, noticing the small gasp that fills the air as I do so. She's so tiny and light, and I wonder if she's eating enough, or if she'll even be able to handle both Cole and me at the same time.

"Is that a yes, War?" she mumbles against my lips, her nails sinking into my pecs as if she is ordering me to answer her.

Instead of saying what I want to, I simply sink my teeth into her lip, shock and pleasure rushing through me at her soft yelp.

And I'll be damned if that isn't the hottest thing I've heard all fucking year.

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Chapter Three

Maddie

You can tell a lot about a man by the style of his sofa. War's couch is tufted suede, at least the portion that's not covered by plush throws and pillows. Sunlight from the skylight splashes gold tones across the beveled mirrored coffee table and dots the walls and fireplace in diamonds. "War this room is beautiful."

"It is now."

Seduction and danger threads War's growl as he tosses his darkening gaze over his shoulder at me. We don't pause in the family room like I expect. Instead, he leads me to the back of the cottage toward his bedroom, his moistening grip on my hand squeezing.

I think the dampness is from me because my insides are on fire and my core's melting from his power and control over me. They didn't teach me about the influence of man in veterinary school. I'm pretty sure War wants me in a bad way, and suddenly I'm a little nervous, my breath quickening through my parted lips, although I know he'd never hurt me in a million years.

"Take off your clothes," he commands. "We need to go over details. Because once I start something, I'm not one to stop." He drops my hand and heads into the bathroom.

Giving me his wide back, desire multiplies inside me. I want to climb him like he's Mount Everest, he's so sexy, and I can't imagine we'll be discussing much with our voices.

A chill races over me, goose bumps dotting my skin, even though I'm fully clothed. I've never seen him like this, and I stay planted where he left me. Which lasts for about three breaths as I build up my nerve to check him out.

Steam billows from the shower, his nude silhouette unmoving behind the opaque glass.

I make quick work of my flippies, yoga pants, thong, tank top, and bra, the breeze through the open window licking my nipples like I imagine War will do.

At the thought of his mouth drawing in my virgin nipples, I shiver straight down my spine and my clit starts to swell. It’s not from the wind but from War and the thought of what he’s planning.

Why am I standing here gawking? I head to the open door, spotting the terry towels I gifted him with the big W embroidered in big, loopy letters, and I smile because he’s still using them. To my left is the shower, and I shudder, expecting War’s gaze to avoid me when instead he’s staring right at me, through me.

Water rains down over his sudsy abs, the white foam sliding down his groin, around his hardened mast, and hanging off his tightened sack like marshmallow cream.

My core clenches at the thought of all eight inches of him buried in my channel next to Cole. My face burns, matching War’s heated stare, and a smirk slides across his beautiful face.

“This is what you do to me.” He drops his gaze to his hard cock and wraps his hand around the shaft, giving the hardened length a few slow pumps.

My knees weaken at each stroke. He's pleasuring himself, right in front of me, and it’s kinda driving me insane. Does he have any idea what he's doing to *me*? I’m a puddle inside and out, the moisture between my legs readying my channel for him. “I’m counting on you to want me.”

“Always and forever, little one. You know that...”

I step into the glass enclosure, and he closes the door, not wasting a single second before he crushes my lips with his, engulfing my mouth, nipping at my lips and tongue.

War slides down, dragging his massive frame against my unsteady body. He takes one breast into his hand and the other into his warm mouth, and I hiss out a breath. He orchestrates both his fingers and tongue, licking and pinching and teasing me until I’m nothing more than a quivering mess in his powerful hands.

“Oh, God, War. My fucking God.” I gasp as if I’m on the verge of suffocation.

“Babe, I’ve dreamed of this. Of us, though I shouldn’t.”

His confession causes heat to rush through my veins, my body feeling as if it’s on the verge of exploding. He smells of vanilla and tastes like wintergreen. I hum into his mouth, driving him onward without words and only the thrust of my tongue.

Thoughts stir, but he's captured my breath and calmed my trepidation with this thick fingers and calloused hands that support my weight, like I'm a little bird and he's a big, sturdy nest in the sky where I feel safe, protected, and there's no way harm can touch me from here.

"Oh, War. You feel sooo good. I want you, all of you," I plead, hoping he will give me just what it is that I'm needing.

"It's only a kiss. You're not ready for me. But I promise to make you feel good, little one."

Little one… For the first time, the moniker he's given me leaves a bad taste in my mouth. I have to prove to him I'm no longer that little girl he once saw in me. I wiggle from his hold, but his fingers grind into my flesh, the pain heightening my pleasure.

I gasp loud enough that the sound shocks me. I suck his bottom lip into my mouth and nibble ever so lightly—tenderly almost, as if I'm merely teasing him.

He growls, spins me so my back's pressed against the tiled wall that's warmed by the heated spray.

"I fucking want you so badly it's almost killing me." He adjusts me, widening my legs so his firm cock jutting out from his body presses against my wedge.

A zip of panic zings through me when I meet his darkening gaze, so full of lust and other things, he reminds me of a wild beast ready to breed. "Oh, War. I've never, but I want—"

He crushes my lips with his again, stealing my words and my thoughts.

"I'm going to make you feel good, baby girl. So fucking good. Have you…ever come from a man before?"

"Orgasmed. Yes, but ummm…with myself, no man." Truth is, I'm burning and throbbing everywhere, like one long orgasm that's still on the uphill climb and the crest is nowhere in sight. I shudder in his arms, digging my fingers into his shoulder blades, which in turn draws a groan from War's throat that echoes throughout the space.

"I fucking want you so damn badly. But I'm not stealing anything from you, except your trust that I'd never hurt you."

"What if I want you to hurt me a little?" I slide back and forth against him. The friction burning through me.

He leans down, kissing my lips. A gentle brush of his tongue should calm me, but War is not the calm before the storm. He *is* the storm, and his desire is brewing behind his wild eyes, like a passion-filled, category-five hurricane. “That’s not happening today. Eyes on mine, little one.”

That’s when I feel his spongy tip at my opening, tapping ever so lightly at my clenching entrance that begs for all of his length. So much so that I’m overtaken by my need. Only I don’t say what I want.

That I want him. Inside me. Cole inside me, too, and I feel War grow rigid under my hold. Reality creeps in… *Is this what I really want?*

A growl rumbles from his throat, and he slides his length between my folds, sawing his hardness against my swollen clit that’s so past budding, it’s in full bloom.

He rocks his hips, faster and faster until I’m panting, crying out from the pleasure I’ve never known my body held, like a secret waiting to be uncovered by him. “War, oh, War. God, you’re amazing.” The words spill from my lips without warning. I don’t want him to stop—not now, not ever.

He ups his pacing, and just when I think my clit will ignite from the friction he’s delivering, and I’m seeing stars and lights flickering inside the room or behind my eyes as a wave of pleasure rips through me threatening to shred me to pieces, I’m suddenly coming. “I’m coming.” I moan, wishing I was coming around his cock instead of against it.

“Look at me,” War demands, his voice causing my body to react in a way it never has before. I’m overtaken with emotion, and my eyes move all on their own. I’m met with blue eyes, the depth so deep and raw.

My War.

“Come with me. Come with me now.”

His words throw me over the euphoric edge as he continues to slide his cock in measured strokes wielded by a master that is *him* until I’m floating in his arms and drunk on loving this man.

“Fuck, lil’ one. Fuck you’re so fine. So beautiful.” He groans in my ear, his fingers digging into my skin.

Heat from his cum jets over my sensitive wedge, both soothing me and drawing out another shuddering wave of ecstasy until I’m weak and draped like a rag doll in his arms as his breath races from his lungs, fanning against my neck.

“You’re a beautiful woman. That was amazing, babe.”

War sprinkles me with kind words, when he has no idea how beautiful or amazing he is.

Sparkles light up the shower even more, and I blink suddenly, taking in the shadow on the other side of the steamed shower door. I realize within seconds that we're not alone.

Cole.

"I'd say it was fucking amazing 'babe,' except she's just fucked the wrong brother." The venom in his words sends chills down my spine, and I wonder if I've fucked this up before I've even had the chance to start something.

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Chapter Four

Cole

They say people who are angry see red. I'm not seeing red. I'm seeing my fucking brother's farmer's tan draped across the woman I love. Or loved. Or at the very least have wanted to fuck since she turned eighteen.

Okay, earlier than then, but I'm not admitting that or I'll risk being slapped by some weird pedophile charge when that's not the case. And considering she's the biggest tease I've known since forever, maybe that's all she's been. Toying with me like one of the barn cats with a half-dead mouse.

Who wants the dead guy whose sharp wit and fun exterior is a cover-up for all the bad shit that's happened to him, to me?

I should thank Maddie, actually. I'd thought for a second she was a confused little girl, but seeing whom she's picked—my twin—she's obviously grown up enough to make the decision for me.

For both of us, as it is, and she picked the lucky bastard. Which fucking sucks when that bastard is your identical twin in every way from his dark hair and blue eyes, down to the size of his dick.

I crush the beer can I'm holding. "For fuck's sake. Fuck me. I'm outta here—"

"No wait." Maddie's pleading voice drives the knife deeper into my heart. As if I want to stick around for the second showing.

"I didn't fuck her." The shower door busts open. War's all wrapped around her, but he's pale as shit, dick like a dead chicken's neck, limp and swinging that bulbous head.

I dart my gaze to Maddie, making sure she's not hurt since she's still breathing hard and shaking. Her cheeks couldn't be pinker unless she rolled in that rouge shit. Her lips are bruised, and I curl my palms, thinking of taking War out once and for all. I yank a towel from the ring and hand it to her, which War grabs and wraps around her as if she's his special Christmas present.

Fucking perfect. "I need another beer." I spin to leave—

“He’s telling the truth, Cole. I’m...I’m a virgin, and I’m waiting on you, both of you, actually.”

I furrow my brow and my cock jumps to attention at the thought of her wanting me. Wanting us both. *Riiight*. A thought I quickly trash. “What? No. Hell no.”

“Why not. You wanted me once before.” She steps out of the shower and across the tile, stopping only once her dripping-wet form is standing in front of me, every inch of her sculpted like an angel.

Averting my eyes, I try to erase the vision of all three of us and fail.

“Look at me. Please, Cole.” She pulls me back around with delicate fingers. “I want you and Warren to take me. Together.”

The look reflecting back at me in those brown depths of hers sets my soul on fire. I can tell this is what she really wants, but it doesn't make it any easier.

Warren and I don’t share, not even our toys when we’re younger. Maddie wouldn’t be any different for us.

“I'm giving you both my V-card, at the same time.”

I gulp, the pilsner I’d been drinking shooting up the back of my throat. “What the hell you talkin’ about having us take you together. I just watched him fuck the shit out of you, and you didn’t sound like no virgin I’ve ever heard.” Fuck if I know about taking any virgins. That’s not me, but I’m not a saint. Maddie is looking good and thoroughly fucked. Happy even.

Part of me is dying inside, but I shake it off like I always do. War got what he wanted, and for the first time ever, I’m stuck on the sidelines watching my twin brother get the girl I’ve always believed would be mine.

“I didn’t fuck her, Cole. I just gave her the pleasure she was craving. She really does want us both, and I feel the same way about it you do.”

I shift my gaze from Maddie to Warren, who shows me nothing but honesty. We are twins, after all, so if he’s lyin’ to me, I’m going to know it.

I run a hand through my hair in frustration. I want Maddie just as much as Warren does, and catching them like this just pushes me over the edge.

“You sure you want us both? Together?” I clench my jaw, watching her expression for any fear or apprehension. She sinks her perfectly straight, white teeth into her plump bottom lip as she nods her head yes, looking all sweet and innocent.

That’s when I catch a glimpse of myself in the glass shower door, and Maddie, the beautiful woman standing between us.

I know right then we are fucking screwed.

Beyond screwed.

We’d have to share her, at least, if we wanted a piece of her.

“Go into the spare room and lie down on the bed. We’ll be in there in a second,” Warren orders her.

I can tell he is still on edge, the energy in the small room saturated with sex and desire, something I understand all too well.

Maddie doesn’t object to his order. She merely pads out of the bathroom, her body sliding past me, causing my cock to stiffen in my jeans.

Fuck, this girl is dangerous.

As soon as she’s out of earshot, I swing my fist, letting it graze Warren’s cheek. He takes the blow with grace as if he knows he deserved it.

His head blows back, and he clenches his jaw to hold in the pain. “I deserved that.”

“Hell, yes, you did. That’s for pleasuring her without me here. If she wants us to share her then we’re going to fucking share her. I don’t like the idea of it any more than you do, but I’m not a selfish fuck. I’ll do what my girl wants,” I sneer.

I don’t hate my brother. If anything, I love him more than anyone else in my life. It’s my cock and my hormones that hate him right now.

Warren rubs at his cheek and jaw where I punched him. “If you’re willing to do this then I am, too, but understand one thing, brother…”

He steps into my chest, his bare-ass-naked body pushing against mine, dampening my shirt.

“If this happens, she’s no longer *your* girl or *my* girl; she’s *our* girl.”

I bite the inside of my cheek, clench my fist, but stop myself from slugging him once more.

He’s right. Fuck, he is right. If we cross this line then that means she will be ours together. That we will stake a claim to her together, rather than separately, which makes her *ours*. “I want her just as bad as you do, and if this is how she wants it then I’ll do it this way. After all, what’s a little friendly competition?” I tilt my head, challenging my twin.

War doesn’t seem even the least bit amused at my comment, and I can’t really lie to myself and say it doesn’t bother me.

Not when he’s taking this just as seriously as I am, and that means if shit goes downhill—for instance, if Maddie’s parents find out about any of this—we’ll all be boarding the first train headed to heartache.

“Just remember, she’s both of ours. Not yours, not mine, ours.”

War narrows his eyes and pushes past me, the tension rolling off him in heat-filled waves and slamming straight into me.

It’s crazy how obsessed we’ve become with Maddie, wanting to re-up on her body like some out-of-control addict jonesing for their next fix. We have to have her, together or nothing. God only knows what will happen if things don’t work out.

Maddie will be left heartbroken, and War and I will be left wondering where to go next.

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Chapter Five

Maddie

The wall collage in Cole’s room rises like a mountain, as soon as I lie back on his bed. The photos are of me, and me and him. Some of me and War. Most, however, are snapshots of the three of us together, as if Cole’s envisioned this moment since we were teens.

His comforter is pulled tight, the corners tucked like I’m sure he learned in the military. I nestle into the fur throw that warms me in seconds, the little hairs sending pleasurable shivers across my skin as I expect touching him will do.

Hope blooms in my chest that the three of us can be more than lovers. I can’t wipe the smile from my face. I want them both as they enter the room, crushing through the doorway.

“Fuck me, you’re so sexy just lying in here on my bed and looking a little too pleased.” Cole mounts the bed, crawls up my length, and settles his weight against me.

A gasp rushes my lips, feeling his hard-on through his jeans and knowing he wants me in spite of what he just witnessed between me and War.

But my breath is an elusive thing as War comes into the room, bare and hard again. The memory of his skin on mine makes me want him even more, but at the same time, a hunger grows inside me for Cole.

I want them both. At the same time. Again and again.

Cole glides his hand up my side and plants a kiss on my collarbone before sucking my neck below the ear.

His kisses pull a giggle from my lips, and he grinds his hips against my aching wedge, dragging and retreating his sinewy body up and down until I lose focus of War. Almost.

Blue eyes greet me, and Cole wears a smile that's full of heat and promises.

“You’re dead sure about me?”

Me? And not *us*. Could it be my rowdy Cole, usually so self-assured, has doubts about how much I want him, too? I smooth back his hair that's baby fine and trim on the sides but wavy on top. I can’t imagine

never touching him again, or War. They are mine. “I’m sure. I’ve never wanted anything like I want you two. I want you stripped and as exposed to me as much as your brother, and I’m not talking just about being nude.”

“If we get caught, we’ll all be ruined. So that’s quite a demand, sugar.”

Cole grins down at me, setting my body on fire with that single, smoldering look. He’s called me sugar since he caught me in the barn eating the bag of sugar cubes meant for my pony. Cole excelled at keeping secrets then, so I’m sure he’s just as good now. “We’ve always been good at hiding.”

“Hiding is for children. We’re no longer playing childish games.”

Cole’s voice thunders through me as he makes quick work of his clothes, as if he’s in a race against time—and maybe we are—but I don’t allow my mind to hang up on the uncertain future when we're together now.

Then again, Cole’s always in a competition to be better, even if that competition is against himself. And I wonder what he plans to do to my body, having just witnessed the sexual god who is his twin brother.

Desire builds behind Cole’s eyes as he stares down at me a moment before he scoops my thighs into his hands and shoves my body back so my head’s nearly flush against the poster bed headboard.

“Drop your knees,” Cole orders.

The firmness in his voice makes me shiver and my core tingle. Confusion settles into my mind, however, as I try to grasp what’s taking place. “My what?”

War’s suddenly at the bedside. “Open your legs, baby. Cole’s got plans for that wet pussy of yours.”

Heat flashes through me and I swallow my gasp. I’ve never heard War talk dirty, and I grin up at him. “I like when you talk dirty.”

“Wait until we claim that tight pussy. You’ll be the one talking dirty then, babe.”

My toes curl at the visual. Who knew I could be so turned on by not one but two men from only their words?

Cole settles in, his feet hanging off the bed. “War. Join us. Maddie take War’s dick in your mouth. Do it now.”

Wetness floods between my thighs at Cole’s command. I’ve never been ordered to give a sexual command or a blow job, but my mouth waters at the thought of pleasuring War like he did me. Except concern washes

through me. War's just come between my folds. “Cole, I didn’t wash away __”

“Stop. Nothing could stop me from this moment, not even lapping up a little brotherly cum when your juices are pouring out for *me*.”

His primal tone sends shivers down my spine. “Oh…”

“That’s it. Go with us, sugar.” Cole stabs War with his gaze. “Do it.”

The bed jiggles, and War grabs one of the many pillow, lifts my head so I’m propped up a bit at the head and spread wide, my pussy so ready for Cole.

Synchronized as they are, I don’t want to think about them doing this with someone else, but that thought plagues the moment. I’m innocent in the bedroom, when I know these men are well-seasoned. “I’ve never….” My cheeks burn as I speak the words.

“Suck, lick, taste me. Don’t bite.”

War straddles my chest and grabs the railing, his length dangling in front of my face, his perfectly shaped cock a whisper away from pressing against my lips.

“I’ll be easy. Cole won’t.”

Heat from Cole’s lips lights me on fire as he sucks my clit into his mouth, swirling his tongue like a merry-go-round, circling my bundle of nerves. I writhe under War and dig my nails into Cole’s forearms while his hands cup and lift my ass, giving him the magical angle.

He ravishes me, his tongue tantalizing my desires. “Cole, my God,” I cry out, wanting more, needing more than I know how to ask for.

Locked between the men I love, I take War into my mouth to prove I’m a woman who’s ready to take them on, that I’m not so inexperienced as my history would prove. I hope the rumble deep in War’s throat is an indication I’m doing it right.

War tastes salty and buttery, the bead of wetness at his spongy head greeting my tongue. And he’s restrained, his gaze all for me. He allows me to test the angle and depth a bit. I meet his half-lidded stare, before I close my eyes, sucking, drawing him deeper into my mouth and down my throat while Cole works his relentless magic at my clit, sending me closer toward heaven than I could ever have imagined.

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Chapter Six

Cole

Maddie's so fucking wet, moans of pleasure tear from her throat. I don't give a shit that War's ass hovers above my head or that he's getting sucked off by the only woman I've ever loved. And by the look of his straining back, slick from sweat, veins popping at his neck, I admit the guy's a badass for holding on as long as he has.

Maddie bucks her hips into my face, bringing my attention back to her. Always to her, every fucking time. And in the daylight, her nub is purple as shit, her opening glistening for me to slip one of my thick fingers into her hole. The need to do so beckons me.

"Go with it, Maddie, make this moment last. I'm going to make you feel like a queen. I'm going to claim this pussy with my tongue and fingers, and I won't stop until you're a weeping mess against this mattress."

I swirl a finger in her pussy juice and circle the opening, delving deeper and deeper into her tight hole that clenches and releases, the little pulses causing my dick to leak like a motherfucker.

'Cause fuck, I want to take her. I want to take her so fucking badly, shove my length into her wet channel and claim her as mine. Except a deal's a deal. I'm not one to break promises, and War and I have to take her together. It's the right thing to do.

I add another finger, stretching and readying the space that will one day be me and my brother's. Faster, deeper… I slide my fingers through her warmth with ease, her body reacting to my touch just as I knew it would.

The room crowds with sounds of pleasure erupting from all three of us.

I give her nub a couple more licks and crawl up, so my dick's at her opening. I don't enter. I won't do that, but I take myself in one hand and tease her there, trying on the idea that I'll be inside her soon—very soon.

Nudging her opening, like a knock on the door to her virginity that's eager to escape, I swirl my thumb across her clit, close my eyes, and lose myself to the pleasure I'm giving her. Giving myself.

She's moving her hips back and forth, digging her fingernails into my thighs. "I'm coming. Cole. Cole!"

“Fuck.” I lose my resolve not to come the moment she calls out my name. Instead, the heat of my seed spills across her perfect pussy where she’s shaved clean as a babe.

War’s groans reach my ears.

Or maybe that’s me. And I don’t fucking care that Maddie’s suddenly consumed by her climax, locked under our pleasure-giving command for what seems like hours.

Or that moments later, she’s nestled between me and my brother, tangled in our limbs, her eyes glazed, her body still locked in the aftershocks of the orgasm I’ve given her and covered in me and Warren’s seed. “You’re beautiful, Maddie. And Ours. All fucking ours.”

“I’ve always been both of yours. Nothing can stop us from being together,” she whispers against my skin.

I want to kiss her so badly, the need clings to my insides as her proclamation floats in the spaces between us like sunrays. The impossible future we’re heading toward is nothing more than a distant thought.

We snuggle in closer together, exhaustion nearly overtaking us, but a knock on the door steals my sense of peace. My first glimpse at true happiness slips away, reminding me that dreams aren’t meant to come true.

Shit’s about to get real.

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Chapter Seven

Maddie

Fear trickles down my spine. The knock on the door is deafening, ripping the air from the room. My gaze collides with both Cole's and War's as we all silently weigh our options before scurrying from the bed.

"Hide." I panic, whispering as I try and smooth down my almost sex-head hair. Anxiety churns my insides, making me feel as if I'm riding a roller coaster, with the next turn being unknown.

"No. We're not hiding, Maddie. This is our house, and whoever is on the other side of that door knows we're here," War starts, rolling off the bed and jamming his legs into his pants.

Instinct tells me nothing good stands on the other side of that door. Who could it be? What if it's my mom?

Or worse, my father? I scramble from the bed and dress as if my life depends on it—'cause it does—while every emotion I can think of swarms me.

"Relax, sugar. Whoever it is will just have to understand."

Cole soothes me, or at least he tries, running his warm palm down my arm. What he doesn't know is that I'm not yet ready to face my parents on the matter of him or his brother.

War and Cole dress quickly, and within seconds, the door is opening.

My mother's not-so-pleased face graces me. She presses her lips in a flat line, hiding her full, pink lips. She crosses her arms and narrows her gaze at me. I can already tell she's annoyed from being forced to wait outside longer than she deems necessary.

She takes in the scene: War, Cole, and me. Me with swollen lips and damp hair. She knows what happened without even asking, that much I'm sure of.

"Angela."

Cole and War both say her name in unison, causing her glare to move away from me and to them.

Oh shit.

"Mom, we were just—"

“Save it, Maddie. Could you make what you all were doing in this room more obvious, not only with the door closed but with it locked...”

My mother’s almost-always-soft eyes are cold, and that coldness sends a shiver of guilt down my spine. I want Cole and War—together—but at the expense of my mother’s disappointment in me? That I’m not so sure about.

Tension builds inside the room, growing warmer until I’m my underarms are tacky. I rub my palms against the front of my yoga pants. I have to try and diffuse the situation anyway I can.

Mom stabs the guys with her warning glare. “I need to talk to my daughter alone. I’ll speak with you two later.”

Cole and War give me a half-smile as they mutter their goodbyes while pulling their shirts on, clearly not wanting to argue or sit in on the pending lecture.

“We weren’t doing anything,” I lie, wringing my hands together nervously.

My mother’s face deadpans. “Your hair is damp, and you have two hickeys on your neck. You might be able to lie to yourself, but you cannot lie to your own mother. Not when the evidence is right in front of me.”

My cheeks burst into flames, every word like a match being struck and tossed at me as she raises her voice.

“Okay. We were kissing. That’s it,” I correct myself, though we both know I’m still very much hiding.

She knew what we were doing, but can she really blame me? Both Mom and Dad kept me away from the twins for the last four years. Temptation to be with Cole and Warren is like a poor man holding the winning lottery ticket. Of course I’m cashing in.

I can’t deny my urges or my dreams any longer. “Okay, well, even if we were doing something, it doesn’t matter. This is their house, and it wasn’t like we were doing anything wrong. We’re all adults,” I try reasoning with my mother, even when I know it’ll do me no good.

“Adults don’t hide, Maddie. Those men are a decade older than you. They’re experienced in ways you can’t even imagine. You have no idea what you’ll be getting into. This isn’t what you want,” she assures me.

I lock my crossed my arms, anger festering just below the surface. “You have no idea what I want, Mom. How could you when you split us up

and sent me away. It's not like you and I are as close as we used to be. This is my life."

"That's not the point, Maddie. Once the fantasy plays out, what happens when you want to take it further? When reality hits all three of you?"

She lifts a brow in question, as if she understands from personal experience or something. Which she can't. She's been married since the day she turned eighteen. She didn't hold on to a dream for the past decade like me. She didn't imagine the night she'd give herself fully to two men who'd claim her with their bodies and hearts. I'm not holding back for no one. It's pretty simple to me. "Then we take it further. It's what I want. I want me and the guys to be a family forever."

Mom's mouth pops open as if she's shocked before she snaps her lips closed. "It's not like this kind of thing doesn't happen in the world. We're not blood related in the least," I argue.

"You know people in this town will not take kindly to that kind of behavior. Cole and Warren are like your stepbrothers. If this doesn't work, it will destroy all of you. It will destroy everything: our family, this ranch, your father, the business, even the horses. Everyone and everything depends on those men. Think about the repercussions. Please."

Mother scolds me as if she can change the way I feel about Cole and Warren. I love them, and I know deep down in the pit of my belly that would never change. But what hurts me most is that Mom's left one person out of the equation, as if I don't exist. I bite my lip to keep it from quivering. Mom pats my leg as if she suddenly cares.

"Do you remember the Clarks? They owned the feed store in town, before it was sold to the Taylors?"

I nod, and a smile tips up the corners of my lips at the memory of the sweet couple. "Mrs. Clark was so nice. She gave me that silver snaffle bit and bridle for my pony the day they closed the store."

Mom drops her gaze to her lap where she's finds the hem of her shirt, rolling the material. "Do you remember Richard? He was the one who worked in the yard. He gave you rides on the forklift a couple of times."

Richard… "It's been years, but I do remember him. He had blue eyes like the pit of a deep lake and muscular arms etched with ink, completely different from Mr. Clark, who I assume acted as the brains behind the business. What about them?"

Mom takes my hand into hers. “They were a threesome.”

I cover my gasp at the news, but Mom continues.

“No one suspected, but one night they decided to go to dinner as a trio. They sat in the corner booth of BJ’s Pub.”

“I know that booth. It’s the one that’s dark and made for secrets. So they were still keeping their relationship quiet.”

“I suppose they were testing the waters. Maybe they had too much wine, too much intimate conversation, or too much hope of a future in Brown Valley. It doesn’t matter.” She gives my hand a squeeze. “Their house was vandalized.”

I still as my mind conjures the scene. “That’s awful. Who would do such a terrible thing?”

Mom shrugs and shakes her head. “No one knows… The three of them were caught on camera, and that video of them too close, comfortable, and tangled in each other alerted a town to something unacceptable. Townsfolk weren’t ready to accept a polyamorous relationship. Someone crossed the line...” Mom deepens her stare and releases my hand.

“Times have changed,” I murmur, though I’m not so sure twenty years is enough to change small-town views. What if what I’ve wished for ends in disaster?

Mom interrupts my thoughts. “They were bullied. Someone broke into their house and ransacked all their belongings. They defiled the walls with all kinds of hateful words. Their lives were threatened, their relationship dissolved, so they packed up and left town.”

My throat thickens, like a sock has been shoved deep into my esophagus. The town is small, unchanging, nothing progressive happens here unless someone gets a new John Deere tractor—the kind with air conditioning and a radio. That’s reality. I haven’t considered that harm could come to the men. My parents. Our home. I’m feeling childish all of a sudden, which I’m sure is mom’s point.

But I’m not a child. I pull Mom into my arms and hold her close, listening to her gentle breaths while mine pumps out of my chest. I find more comfort in her arms than I expect because she’s Mom and I have to wonder if she cares about me more than I realize.

Outside, a diesel engine revs and a horn honks, alerting me that Dad’s outside with Sampson as well, ready to take my parents to the airport for their vacation.

My pulse speeds, and I dart my gaze toward the closed window. There are truths inside this house I'm struggling with. Maybe I'm asking too much from the guys, from my dreams. I'm wanting big-city acceptance, but I'm surrounded by small-town minds. Cole and War have made those facts clear, and they'll never leave the ranch. This is their home. Have I gone too far, too fast? "You're not going to tell Dad are you?"

"No. When the time comes, if it comes, that'll be your decision. But it won't go well for Cole and Warren if you choose both men. One of them, your father might consider supporting your choice. But your father's warned them once about hooking up with you. He's not the kind of man to give second chances, and you need to prepare yourself for that."

I know she's right, and an imaginary belt around my chest cinches up a notch. I would never consider separating the two brothers. I just can't do that. Because my father would never consider thinking outside the box of a traditional relationship, even though that's been my craving forever. It's all or nothing. "I'll be discrete."

Mom presses a cold kiss against my cheeks, stands, glancing back over her shoulder as she closes the door behind her.

Just like that, she's gone, the engine rumbling and then fading, leaving me trembling on the sofa, even though the throws curl around my arms. I blame the shiver on my wet hair, but I know different.

I have to make a choice, stick to what I want, or let others dictate my future. But what if all I'm left with at the end is regret?

* * *

The chill I felt from that night lasts an entire week, both Cole and Warren deciding to harvest the alfalfa for a fourth time—something so late in the season that isn't standard.

I know they're avoiding me. Pretending as if I'm not here anymore.

I spray the French doors of my parents' game room with window cleaner and polish them until each square shines. The pane at my eye-level is familiar as I've polished the same panes two days in a row after pounding out my frustrations on the billiard balls. But a new layer of glaze doesn't clear my muddled thoughts or make my decision to pursue my dreams brighter.

That's when a flash catches my eye.

I open the door, the scent of fresh-cut grass licking my nose, and, in the distance where Cole and War's cottage sits, I watch the men.

War's wearing dark denim, black or navy, with a white collared shirt. Cole's dressed similarly, always the twins. They slide inside the 4 x 4, and spin a U in the gravel driveway, kicking up dust in their trail as they head toward town.

The cleaner falls from my hand, clattering against the floor. I've fallen just as hard for them. In truth, I've been avoiding them all week as well. Running, hiding from the ones who love me most. Hiding from my fears and the repercussions I've been warned about.

I didn't come across the states to go home to Virginia a virgin. Or to return to the life I've created in Virginia without knowing for sure if we could make this work.

Friday night just got a lot more daring, but I'm up for the challenge, and am pulling out all the stops—or at least I'm pulling out the little black dress and the fuck-me heels sitting in my closet and waiting for me all week. This is my town, my people, too. What could go wrong?

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Chapter Eight

Cole

The cold brew slides down my throat too easily. I pick at the label as I scan BJ's Pub. Balls crack, glasses clink, and laughter crams the tight quarters jumping with the rhythm of country twang from the big band jamming on the small stage. I didn't want to come tonight, not when I'm consumed with being with the one person I can't be with. Maddie.

But hell if I'll spend Friday night watching some dumbass show on television, knowing Maddie's across the property and off-limits. We haven't spoken to her all week, which in the long run, is probably for the best. The distraction of the band, the booze, and the familiar faces would normally fill the emptiness of any other week, but a hollowness I can't seem to drink away fills me tonight.

"Grab us a booth in the back. I'll get another pitcher of beer." I sling the words over my shoulder at Warren.

It was his idea to come out as another way to avoid Maddie. When you can't fix your problems, run from them, right?

"What can I get ya, Cole?" Morgan the bartender and ex-girlfriend to Warren purrs, sliding me a shot on the house that I down within seconds.

The whiskey burn warms my belly as I take in her fake tan, painted-on face, and perfectly straight white teeth. She's looking at me as if I'm the next item on her menu.

No, thank you, I almost say aloud.

"Thanks for the shot. Just a pitcher of beer please," I grit out, twisting around so I don't have to see her face anymore.

As soon as I do, I regret it, noticing the busty blonde as soon as she walks through the door. *Melissa Goodwin. Fuck.* I grip the beer bottle harder, wishing I was with Maddie instead of in this stuffy bar. Hell, my twin and I are way over our heads, and we both know it.

"Cole!" Melissa squeals with excitement right as Morgan places two frosted glasses and a pitcher of beer on the bar, the contents sloshing over the sides.

I place a twenty next to the pitcher. The desire to hightail it across the pub before Melissa reaches me is all consuming, and I start off in the

direction of Warren, who is giving me the most impatient look ever.

"Wait, where are you going?" High heels clack against the floor right behind me.

I don't stop to figure out what Melissa wants. I learned long ago she was nothing but more trouble than she's worth, and of course, she isn't Maddie.

"What's she doing here?"

Warren grumbles under his breath as I set the pitcher with a couple frosted glass mugs on the table. I shrug because honestly, I have no idea.

"I've missed you- Coley!"

Her high-pitched squeal was never one I grew accustomed to, and the longer she sticks around, knowing she's uninvited, the more I wonder what I ever found interesting in her.

Melissa lands her well-manicured hand against my shoulder, forcing me to spin around and face her. It's been five years since I last saw her, so why the hell is she here, acting like she never cheated on me? A woman I've never seen before slides into the booth next to Warren. His disapproval and frustration is thick and syrupy, saturating my mood.

"What's up, Melissa?" I force a smile, one hand wrapped around my beer, the other in the front pocket of my wranglers.

"Long time, huh? I've missed you." She sinks her teeth into her bottom lip as she eyes me up and down, just as Morgan does.

"*Missed me?* Really? I find that hard to believe." I take a long pull from my beer, wishing it was Maddie's lips I was kissing, her delicious pussy that's pure and eager for me to lap and—

Fuck, I've gotta get over her. We'll never have her as our own.

"Oh, I have missed you…" Melissa drops her hand down to my cock, gripping me by the front of my jeans as she kneels on the bench seat.

Under normal circumstances, I'd have been taking her to the bathroom and screwing her brains out by now, but I'm not normal anymore.

Not since… I shake my head, trying to change my thoughts. "How… How have you been?" I stumble, and Melissa smiles, I'm assuming because she thinks I'm turned on, even though my dick's sucked up to damn near my asshole.

"Good…." She rubs her tits against my chest, her lips inches from mine.

Fuck, her scent of smoke and vodka causes my belly to convulse. There's a lanyard hanging from her neck, giving her backstage access to the band. Just like Melissa to work backdoor deals, but tonight she won't be working me. "Melissa, I'm actually waiting for—"

"And I'm here, Coley." She slips in next to me. "And I'd be even better if you were inside me." She hiccups.

Bile rises in my throat. Even worse, I can hear the other chick asking Warren if he's got a girlfriend.

He pierces me with his stare, and I know exactly how he's feeling, which is why I attempt to lie to Melissa again. "That's great and all, but…"

Melissa presses her lips against mine, her hand still firm against the front of my jeans, gripping my cock before I can finish what I'm saying. She's trying to climb me like a tree when I hear the gasp of an all-too-familiar voice.

I push Melissa away, fear raining down on me like acid.

Maddie's in four-inch heels. Legs for days reach up mid-thigh to where her black dress molds over her precious curves.

Curves I should be caressing again instead of avoiding like I've done all week. What the fuck is wrong with me? With us? I've gotta fight for this relationship, as foreign as dreaming for someone to call mine—ours—seems if I'm to reach the next level. "Maddie, this isn't what it looks like."

Melissa staggers across the peanut-hull-covered floor when I push her off the seat. "It most certainly is, Coley."

"Coley?" Maddie croaks, her voice cracking as she goes rigid. "This is what you do instead of being with me?" She pins her stare on Warren. "And you, Warren? I thought...that we…"

Knots fill my stomach, as soon as I absorb the shock in Maddie's eyes and her quivering chin. I never want to be the cause of her discomfort, but that's exactly what I've done. "Maddie, sugar, I want you here, with me. With us."

"*With us?*" Maddie murmurs.

Melissa whirls around, facing Maddie, and pops out her hip. "Don't be naive, Maddie. If Cole wanted you here, you'd be here. It's not like he's going to fuck you or anything. You're practically his little sister. And Warren? You think he's going home alone? Plus, are you even old enough to be in this bar?"

As soon as I see the pain flicker in Maddie’s eyes, I lose it. The stress from hiding my feelings for Maddie takes over. No way in hell am I puking my guts out in front of Maddie, either.

In seconds, I’m running to the bathroom, barely containing the vomit rising in my throat. Because that’s what the Pierces do. They hide their shit, or at least, I do, believing I’m not good enough for anyone like Maddie.

Except I want to be man enough for her. Only her. I catch my image in the restroom mirror, knowing that guy who's staring back at me is ready to risk everything for the woman he loves.

Hurting Maddie was never my intention, but now I wonder if we’ve taken things too far, if we’ve already broken her heart.

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Chapter Nine

Maddie

“Maddie, wait up. Let me explain...”

War’s voice slams into the back of me as I’m hightailing it toward my car, parked so far out in the back-forty the distance might as well be a mile.

Little good it does me to increase my speed in these ridiculous shoes when I’m more comfortable in my flats, and the fact War’s stomping boots behind me and will catch me in a hot minute. But I don’t want to face the truths that everyone keeps spelling out for me.

I’m younger and inexperienced. I’m a joke for thinking I could please these men whose tastes can’t be satisfied by the most beautiful women in the bar.

“Come on, Maddie...”

War’s voice is laced with raw concern, and it stops me in my tracks when his voice cracks. He’s more like me than Cole in the sensitivity department. At least that’s what I believed until Cole turned ashen and bolted for the men’s room. Maybe we’ve all been hiding our feelings longer than I’ve imagined.

But as War approaches, he’s taking a chance at exposing us, considering the parking area packed with cars and guests straggle into tonight’s gig.

Guess I need to face him, so I do.

War locks his molten stare on mine as if he’s planning on fucking me right here in the parking lot.

Heat flares through my core, and I inhale a quick breath at the thought because in his eyes I see desperation I haven’t seen before, reminding me he’s a hell of a lot older and way more experienced than I am.

He grips my shoulders, hauling me upward, and crushes his mouth against mine. “It’s been too fucking long since I tasted you, come all over your fuckable lips. I want to bury my seed inside you, Maddie. It’s what I’ve always wanted. What Cole has wanted. To make you ours. We shouldn’t have stayed away all week when our time together is too short.

That was a coward's move, and I'm no fucking coward. Even now, it's killing me to have you so close without claiming your tight pussy as mine, as ours. I can't."

He lifts me, wrapping my legs around his hips, and marches us back toward the bar, grinding his hard cock against my sensitive wedge.

"I won't waste another chance to claim you."

Truth glimmers in his misty eyes, and I want to blame it on the alcohol. It would be safer, I suppose, to kiss him and blame his hunger for me on anything but what we have together. "That's not how I saw it in the bar."

"We fucking love you, Maddie. Don't you get that? Can't you see we could lose everything? That this shit is as real as it gets? And I'm trying to hold out but failing?"

A crack of light in the night sky above releases spits of rain that start out small but increase as if War's controlling the weather as he's tightening his grip on my hair, my waist until I'm panting and wet, but not from the rain. He's as crazed as I've seen him when Spartan bucks him off. I take a deep breath and gaze up at him, his heated breath wafting his sweet scent across my cheeks. "And you're both worth the risks to me. I know we can have what we want, if we believe in dreams."

His mouth consumes mine again, and the delicate taste is a mixture of orange citrus and beer. A deep need I can't deny him or myself, even if I should, overwhelms me. "I don't care about anything else, if I have you and Cole."

He stabs my curls with thick fingers, tugging my head back and soliciting a hiss from me as he sucks my neck, right over my jumping pulse.

"It's what I want to hear, babe. But give me a chance to reverse the fucked-up week I've had. *We've* had."

I check out the bar front, wondering what Cole's doing inside and why he hasn't come out after me—could be he's actually worshiping the porcelain god, which is strange, considering I've seen the man hold down more liquor than a keg. The only time Cole ever gets sick is when he's angry or upset. "Is Cole okay?"

"He will be if you come back with me and hang with us, shoot some pool…" He brushes his lips against mine, takes my bottom lip into his mouth, and slides his hand down to my ass, squeezing.

I hum against his lips. He feels so warm and good in my arms that I want to stay planted right here under the fall of rain, like one huge shower. I release a mixture of tension and pleasure from his expert touch I've been craving and denying myself this past week, which is quickly snatched away by the vision of Melissa. She'd been pressed against Cole similar to the way I am with War, and Cole didn't seem too bothered by her until he'd heard me behind him. "What about Melissa? What if Cole's still interested in her?"

War blows a breath, like he's revisiting an old wound. Maybe I'm nosing where I don't belong.

"Melissa meant something to Cole once, but not any longer." He lifts my chin when I glance down. "Even then, Cole never cared for her in the same way he cares about you."

The men are older, more experienced. They'd had lives before me and developed relationships. Melissa is their age, one of their classmates, Cole's high school senior ball date. Those two have a deep history, and Cole's dating background didn't ever include me. At least I hadn't realized until now. I take a deep breath. "If Melissa didn't mean anything to Cole, he'd be here kissing me instead of you, wouldn't he?"

War opens his mouth, and then closes it.

"Okay, War. I realize Cole may be sick. But he and Melissa had something once. Maybe they can get it back again." I shrug, trying my hardest not to sound upset picturing Cole happy with someone else.

War pulls back, the hunger in his eyes fading a bit. "He doesn't want her, Maddie. Only time and proving we both want you will help repair the damage tonight's caused." He tosses his head over his shoulder. "Come on inside with me, with us? We want to explore where this thing between us will go."

I don't own them. We fooled around once, and that doesn't mean we're together, I remind myself, but I follow him back, darting my gaze to him as he saunters toward the pub. "So what about Melissa and that other girl sitting with you?"

"Melissa had it bad for Cole once, but he's just a game to her. Cole's no longer into games, so he's not into her. But she's tenacious. If she thinks you want Cole, she's going to up her game, and she's a mean bitch. So stay away from her," War warns, slowing up when he spots the woman who was sitting next to him heading outside, her arm linked with some other guy.

I’m not blind to the fact he’s checking her out. “So who’s the girl you’re with? You fuck her, too?” My words rush out, as if my lips have a mind of their own, and I wish I could take them back because War shoots me a glare, and I’m not ignorant to the hurt in his gaze.

“No. Fuck, no. She’s some skank who thinks I’m a tool she can take home to deliver the big O. Maddie, you know me better than that.”

He’s right. And the info about what the woman wanted from him would have gained from me nothing more than a shoulder pump and smirk from if it were anyone else capturing the woman’s attentions. But it’s War.

And he’s mine.

Caution jitters through me. Clearly, Melissa struck a chord, pointing out our age difference and my lack of experience, which seriously sucks that I’ve spent the last decade buried so deep in my studies I’ve kept myself from dating and am as easily rattled as a teenager fighting over a Sadie Hawking’s dance partner. Am I ready for the truth? No, but I have to be if I want a future with them. “Is that what happens when you both go out?”

“At one time, maybe.” War rakes his fingers through his damp hair. “But we’re not into shallow hookups anymore. We both want something lasting, something real. Grounded. Like…”

Me. He doesn’t say the word, but it hovers in the space between us like a wish. War threads his fingers through my hair, tightening his grip almost to the point of pain, causing a shudder of need to rip through me. What if he’s telling the truth? I have to be sure, don’t I? “What would Melissa do if she found out we were all together? I mean, what’s the worst she’s done?”

War’s eyes pierce mine as he speaks. “Melissa thinks she owns Cole. She’s done horrible things to his exes. One girl almost killed herself because of Melissa’s antics.” War pauses.

He can’t actually be telling the truth. A woman like Melissa could never have that kind of power over another person, could she? “How could someone like Melissa make someone do that?”

War glances away.

Clearly, he doesn’t want to tell me what happened, but I need to know. I need to know what I’m up against by claiming Cole and War. Especially, if Melissa is a danger to us. “Please… Please tell me, War…” I plead, cupping him by the cheeks, feeling the primal need roll off him.

“She’s bullied people, little one, ruined their lives, and ran them out of town. She can turn your world upside down with the flick of her forked tongue.”

I nibble on my bottom lip, understanding exactly what he’s saying. Abuse doesn’t need to be physical violence; emotional is just as damaging. Even though I don’t want to believe what War is telling me, I know otherwise. He’s dead serious. With my hands cupping his face, I place a soft kiss against his lips, letting him set the pace. A smile tugs at my lips as a groan of pleasure erupts from his throat. I’ll never let her hurt us, I vow. “I still want you. No rumors or hate crimes are going to keep me away, not my desire, not my need to have you take me along with Cole. Not your past. Not the future. Not Melissa.”

“Fuck…” He blows a breath, smoothing back his rain-soaked hair again. “Let’s get you inside where we can warm you up properly. Have some fun, then figure out what the rest of the night entails.”

I don’t want to stop kissing him, but I don’t want to roll over the problem that’s waiting inside for me. I shimmy from his grip, sliding my body slowly against his ripped abs and hard-on I’m wanting to suck off in the middle of BJ’s. I chuckle.

War checks out my smile. “You always get what you want. Remember that.”

He opens the door, the tempo and beat heightening my pulse but tearing my heart to shreds when I’m met by Cole and his shadow, Melissa.

“Back for another beating, little girl?” Melissa tosses back blonde hair over her exposed shoulders and cocks her ‘dashian ass.

“Shut it, Melissa,” Cole snaps, shooting a death glare at her.

Melissa sways forward, bypassing all of Cole’s muscle and hulking warning to slide her fake tits along War’s arm.

I eye her up and down, trying not to react to Cole’s pale complexion as if he’s on the verge of getting sick again, but that’s when I spot Melissa’s hand in Cole’s, and the bitch is wearing his USMS ring, the one with Semper Fi inscription on the inside I know damn well he’d never let her wear.

“He’s a big boy and can take care—”

I yank forward Melissa’s hand and rip off the ring, staking claim to what’s mine by protecting them. “Stealing? Melissa he’s done with you. He’d never willing give you his ring.”

“I wore that ring more than he did.” She swipes her hand toward me.

I dodge left and slide up to Cole, handing back his ring that he slips on.

“What the fuck, Melissa,” Cole spits, his blue gaze turning black. “I’m done with you. Get that through your head. We’re never getting back together.”

She jabs a finger at me. “You better watch your back, little girl.”

If anyone’s taking these two home tonight, whether it be to heal them or fuck them, it’s me. “I won’t need to watch my back. I’ve got one man for my front and one for my ass, and they’re on duty full time. So why don’t you run along.”

She jams her body against mine before Cole can grab her. “Make me.”

Cheers erupt from the billiard’s area, and an idea pops into my head. There’s only one thing I’m better at than loving Cole and War with all my heart—okay, forget that. I’m an amazing veterinarian—and even better at billiards. I don’t have a clue how many times Melissa’s held a hard stick in her hands, in her mouth, or up her ass, but I’m counting on beginner’s luck and some good old-fashioned karma to save me.

Except I might be bat-shit crazy to try, considering what War’s just shared with me, but life’s too short to give up on those you love, even if the anger in Melissa’s gaze threatens to ruin us and our dreams.

Tonight I’m playing for No Regrets. “What do you say to a game of pool, Melissa? Winner takes both men home?”

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Chapter Ten

Warren

Melissa rolls her lips into a flat smirk until she laughs out loud. “You’re even more naive than I realized, Maddie Brown. Why don’t you serve Cole and Warren to me on a silver platter...or a felt pool table? I’m Melissa Goodwin—a nine-ball contender for the Women’s State Billiards Championship, and I’m going to bury you and then fuck the Pierce twins tonight, like I’ve always wanted.”

I drag Maddie against me, and my dick couldn’t be harder, the head throbbing and the length pressed against my zipper begging to be buried deep inside her for her taking on the bitch, which says a lot, considering my mind’s spinning from the booze I’ve consumed with Cole today.

Maddie’s just surprised the shit out of me for thinking she can take on Melissa. And although Maddie is a badass at pool and has kicked my and Cole’s asses many times, Maddie just pitted a game against a pool champion. Fuck, I need to come up with a plan.

My insides churn as Melissa sneers at Maddie. I never did like Mel, not even when Cole dated her.

“Sorry, darling, but I got better things to do than babysit…” Melissa laughs as she tries to paw at Cole who keeps pushing her away.

“Babysit?” Maddie’s hands are on her hips. “I’m serious. One-pocket for bust.” Maddie pushes her chest out, her cleavage splitting her naturally firm tits.

She looks as if she’s ready to throw down. The thought of her knocking Melissa down a notch turns me on more, and I contemplate throwing Maddie over my shoulder and carrying her ass away. Because, in the back of my mind, the girl that reported that Melissa ran her off the road as a warning to stay away from Cole sits like a black mark in my mind. What if the rumors are true?

“Yes, babysit, because we all know you aren’t even old enough to be in this bar.” Melissa shoves away from Cole and steps right into Maddie’s face.

The need to protect Maddie slams into me, but I push the urge away. Maddie can hold her own, that much I know. And Maddie’s older than she

looks—twenty-four now.

Maddie jabs her finger at Melissa. “Melissa, you’re too much of a slut to be in this bar. The strip club is in Monroe, since I’m sure that’s what you’re looking for, so you can slam balls in your flapping pocket there…”

A bubble of laughter slips from my mouth, and I cover it with a cough.

Melissa’s red-hot gaze slams into me as fuming rage radiates out of her. “What did you just say?” Melissa snarls.

Tension fills the air, thickening as the patrons start to quiet down so they can hear the conversation that’s taking place.

“You heard me. The strip club is in the next town over since you look like you belong there anyway.” Maddie’s brown eyes sizzle with anger.

Seconds tick by as they stare at each other, Melissa eyeing up Maddie to see if she can take her.

“Maddie…” Cole warns.

I send him a glare, telling him to shut the fuck up. Nervousness and fear, I assume for Maddie, ‘cause I’m feeling it too, radiates off Cole and rolls into me in waves. I plant my feet, letting the situation evolve. It’s important to let Maddie fight her own battles, to let her whoop Melissa’s ass if need be.

Melissa flips a hand. “You know what, you can have him. He’s got a small dick anyway, hence why I cheated…” Melissa grins as if she’s already won.

Cole’s mouth pops open, and before either Cole or I can react, sweet little Maddie pounces on Melissa, grabbing her by the hair and swinging her around.

Maddie pulls back her tiny fists before landing against Melissa’s ugly mug.

“That’s for fucking Cole over.” Another punch. “And this is for thinking you could stake claim to someone who never belonged to you.” A third punch. “And stealing his shit…”

I let her get three punches in before I pull her into my chest, stopping her assault on Melissa before it gets too out of hand.

I can’t have my little Maddie in jail over someone like Melissa.

“You’re fucking crazy, and you know what, you can have them… I’m out of here.” Melissa stumbles over her feet as her friend helps her out the door. She wipes at the blood dripping down her nose.

“I hate her,” Maddie whispers, twirling in my arms as Cole comes to her backside.

“You stuck up for me, Mad. You fucking punched another chick for me. Do you have any idea how hot that is?” Cole whisper yells.

Excitement zings through me. I don’t care that everyone in the bar stares at us or that Maddie just punched Melissa in the face.

It finally feels as if things are normal again, as if maybe Cole and I have a chance at having Maddie again, at having a life together, maybe more. Ignoring her was damn near impossible, but we wanted to protect her; we needed to protect her. Here she was protecting us.

“I want you guys. You’re mine. I told you that.” She turns, her lips finding Cole’s with ease.

My first thought is to be jealous, but how can I be jealous of a man who looks exactly like me?

He kisses her just as I did earlier, with possession, with a starving need for more. I watch her face, the soft flutter of her lids that express that she really does want us both.

Cole pulls away, anguish marring his features. “I can’t kiss you anymore right now because I want to fuck you, and I refuse to fuck you for the first time in a bar.”

I swallow hard, feeling the same arousal he is.

“I miss you both, so damn much.” Maddie pouts.

I move us toward the back booth, trying to stop the prying eyes that are most definitely watching us.

Cole shoots his hungry glare at her. “You have no idea how fucking hard it was to stay away, when all we wanted to do was run to you…”

“Right, it was either plow the fields or plow you,” I chime in, realizing how cheesy that sounds as soon as the words pass my lips.

“I wouldn’t have minded.” Maddie smirks, her brown eyes twinkling as she moves into the booth lit by a stained-glass pendant.

Cole and I take a seat on either side of her.

“Oh we know, but we also know there’s a time and place for everything, and as badly as we want you, we also need it to be perfect.” I rest my hand on her bare thigh and my cock twitches.

Maddie’s smirk falls.

I know she’s wondering how much longer she’ll have to wait. “Don’t fret, babe. Cole and I have picked the perfect place, and we won’t let

anything get in our way this time. Not our fears or desire to protect you, and most definitely not anyone else's opinion on us being together."

I push away the desire to pin Maddie down and devour her pussy right here, because if I don't, we'll be headed to the bathroom in just a few seconds.

"We're really doing this." She wraps an arm around both of us, bringing us against her body.

Her scent slams into me, making it hard to breathe. "Was there ever a doubt, Mad? We've wanted you for as long as you've wanted us. Maybe even longer," I whisper into her ear as I nibble on her earlobe, wishing I was nibbling on something else.

"No, there wasn't a doubt. Just a fear that maybe it wouldn't work out. That maybe I wouldn't get my wish to share myself with both of you."

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Chapter Eleven

Maddie

I’m buzzing inside from the wine, and I’m tingling outside from the heat of the spa that snakes across my bare skin in pleasurable waves. Each breath I take, anticipation grows until I’m grinning like a fool.

Not only did I beat down Melissa’s ego, but I’m so fucking ready to dump my precious V-card and become Cole and War’s woman I could scream.

Of course, I don’t.

The thing is, even though I’ve fantasized about this moment for years, uneasiness swarms my belly and I can't pin down why.

That is until I catch my reflection in the water. I’m wide-eyed and, dare I say, a little scared looking.

The paper lanterns from above paint the surface in jewel tones, distorting my features and reminding me the limits we’re about to cross could blur and ruin the already fragile relationships we’ve built.

That’s my fear: destroying what we have. Doubt fills my mind.

What if I’m no good? What if they get bored?

What if all the buildup I’ve created fizzles?

I shake my head and push away the thoughts, not wanting to screw up the moment. Loving them means building a future with them—a future that demands I give up the perfect job to stay here with them, to face the town by exposing our relationship, and telling Mom and Dad that I’m never letting them go.

We are three people, three souls who will never be divided no matter what, until death even. The bonds we share link me to them so deeply, I feel our connection right down to my bones, and love reflects in their eyes when they look at me, so it must be true.

Love isn’t something any of us take lightly. Cole and Warren have always wanted a family to call their own. More than anything, I want to be that for them.

I sink into the oversized spa tub, letting the heat and the bubbles envelope me. A thrill of need rushes through me from their earlier kisses,

but Cole and War are more than the eagerness racing through my veins to be one with them.

They are my everything.

There's no doubt about what I want or who I want. I won't settle, because if I can't have them both, then I'll have neither of them.

I rise from the water a bit, and the bubbles tickle the edges of my breasts. I run my fingers through my hair, smoothing it back and over my shoulders. It's then that I find Cole and Warren at the edge of the tub.

Darkness grows in their gazes, even though the light from the lanterns illuminate their strong cheekbones and parted lips.

They want me. I can feel—hell, I can practically taste—their hunger for me.

I roam my eyes over both of them. Cole's chest is thick and wide at the shoulders, tapering down to a ripple of muscles and that V—that sweet as hell V that heads straight toward his groin.

My pulse speeds up, and desire grows to lick a path from his bulked-up chest down to his hard length. I trail my gaze to his firm, pink staff that juts from his muscular body made even more evident against the dusting of dark hairs.

Just like War's physique in every single way. Two perfect specimens that are all mine tonight…and hopefully forever.

I shiver, hoping they can't tell how nervous I am. I don't want to seem as inexperienced as I am, and I hope they can't tell. I motion with the curl of my finger for them to join me. "Well, what are you two waiting for?"

War must not notice my trepidation, or if he does, he doesn't acknowledge my discomfort because he slides into the water, taking me in his arms while Cole follows behind, sliding into the seat beside us.

"You sure you're ready for us, sugar?" Cole growls in my ear.

Goose bumps rise across my skin. *Ready? I've been ready for as long as I can remember.*

Ignoring Cole's question, I pepper kisses along War's jawline that's made rough by his scruff. The feeling of his skin against mine sets my body ablaze, and suddenly I'm wondering what having him lick between my legs would feel like with all that scruff grinding against my inner thighs.

Will he probe my virgin entrance gently with his tongue, or will he devour me from the inside out, making me beg for more?

“Well?” Cole prods, pushing back a stray lock of my hair and tucking it behind my ear.

Not wanting Cole to feel left out, but also not wanting to answer him just yet, I use my free hand to find Cole’s hardness beneath the water. I curl my fingers around his thick mast, loving when he hisses against my neck as I gently fist his cock.

Skin to skin, our bodies entangle like a bed of snakes, and my core clenches and releases in uncontrollable waves. I swallow against the pleasure they’re giving me, finally choking out my answer to Cole’s question. “I’m more than ready. I’ve been ready for as long as I can remember, and knowing I have you both together makes me feel sure of all of this,” I practically moan.

“We feel the same way, so get ready, sugar, for the game we have planned is going to have you begging both of us for more.”

I crimp my brows. I’m not in the mood for silliness or of the possibility of losing another game after the stunt with Melissa trying to take my guys, even though they assured me they’d have never gone home with her. Still, I don’t want to be a drag. “Hope it tops the last game I played.”

“Trust me, you’ll like this one. We’ll all win at the end.”

Cole pulls me into his lap and plants his hard length against my spine. He wraps his arms around my chest, letting me know with his caress that he wants me, too. In gentle strokes, he kneads the swell of my breasts until my nipples turn into tingling pebbles. He moves his hands over me, and my nipples draw trails across his rough-skinned palms. I twist, meeting him, thirsting for his mouth on mine as he leans his face forward.

His lips are pillows, his tongue an elegant dancer, testing and teasing me until the water swirls against my front, drawing my attention back to War.

My clit begins to swell when War eases from my arms, lifts my hips near the water’s surface, and drops down between my legs.

As if he’s read my mind.

I clutch Cole’s arm when War spreads my folds and lowers his mouth, linking us together. Breathless as I am, my heart thudding like a wild rabbit chased by coyotes, I have enough sense left to understand where this is going, but still I wonder how this game is any different than what we did last week. “What’s the catch of this game?”

Cole lifts from where’s he’s kissing my neck only long enough to talk. He takes my wrists in one of his hands, lifts them over my head, binding me to him. His mouth ghosts my ear, he nips my lobe, and draws a yelp from me. “Don’t come.”

War draws my nub into his mouth and sucks. At the same time, he enters my core with his thick fingers that spread and widen my channel.

“Oh, my God…” Breathing hard, my chest rises and falls. Every exhale, my breath forms a little cloud that combines with the steam rising off the heated water.

Or the heart rising off me. Because two men—my men—work my body as if they’ve designed the manual to all my erotic zones I didn’t know existed.

Cole lingers his mouth at a place below my ear while he guides his free hand over my breast, rolling and pinching my pebbles, lighting me up inside. War stretches my core, entering and retreating with his fingers, while Cole’s still making magic happen from just touching my nipples and the tender length of my neck.

The pressure between my legs soars and I thrust my hips, meeting War’s mouth, only to have him pull away. God, he’s killing me, taking me to the height of orgasm and denying me release. “Oh, God, War. Cole.”

“Don’t come,” War commands while Cole tightens his hold on my wrists and lowers his mouth to my breast.

The sensations thrust my body into a quivering mess held in their expert hands. “It’s too much. Oh, it’s…”

War lifts my hips, burying his face once again, where he draws his tongue up my backside, stopping at the bundle of nerves encircling my ass while fingering my wet hole.

“War!” My scream ascends and is carried away, but still he denies me the release I’m desperately craving.

Over and over again, they torture my body and my will hold on until need consumes me and I’m jerking to free my hands from Cole’s relentless hold.

“Game over.” War lifts me from the water, cradling me in his arms while Cole uses a towel to pat dry every inch of my body.

This is why I love them. Their attentiveness and control, the care they reserve only for me makes me feel as if I’m enough. That I could be enough for them.

“I love you both,” I murmur, drunk on the ecstasy they’re delivering. Hot and hard emotion and passion are entwined within the twins, who are mine forever.

Cole takes the wet towel from around me while War lays me against the fur throw in front of the living room fireplace, crackling with heat like my core is for them.

I don’t miss the unspoken communication the twins share with each other. The glance, the nods have always been something they’ve done.

War kneels between my legs and pins me with his gaze that’s more vulnerable right now than I’ve ever seen in him. I’m wondering if he, too, is feeling like I am: exposed and open, not just with his body but with his heart.

He cups my ass and buries his head between my legs, picking up with his torturous routine. Oh his scruff, all the little pricks of pain mixing with the pleasure he’s giving me, makes my pussy so wet I worry he might drown. I writhe and knead the fur with my hands, but squirming to get closer does me no good. “War,” my breath rushes out. “I’m ready, so ready. Please, I-I can’t hold on.”

His moan of possessiveness vibrates against my nub that’s so sensitive the nerves might as well be flayed open. My orgasm perches on a precipice ready to dive, and I’m surprised my shaking and quivering body hasn’t broken me into pieces.

Cole lands his mouth on mine, stealing my breath. But the urgency in his kiss is dampened. He pulls a slow hand across my breast, trailing his fingers up to my neck. “Once we start, there’s no turning back. Are you sure, Maddie? You sure about me and Warren?”

I may not have a clue to what will follow after tonight, but I know what I want. “I’ve never been surer than right now.”

War rolls back on his knees, giving Cole access, and the heat of the fire licks my skin where War’s absence leaves chills.

Cole pulls my lip into his mouth, and the direction of his hand cascades toward my belly, past my navel, to my hairless mound. He slides his hand over my slippery clit, circling the bud.

I whimper with need, scissoring my legs. “God, I’m ready. I want you. I want to come. Please.”

Begging gets me nowhere. At first.

War adds another finger into my core, stretching and widening. “You’re wet, so fucking wet for us.”

Cole dips his finger into my channel, sidling up to War’s.

I gasp at the tightness, the pull, but at the same time, I’m burning up for them to be inside me.

“She is wet and tight. You’re going to feel so fucking good, Maddie. We’re going to make your dreams come true—our dreams.”

Four fingers find my hole and swirl around the sensitive constriction that keeps me held prisoner to my virginity. “What if… What if you don’t fit? What if I can’t…?”

War slides up my side, his expert hands working my nipples, alternating pleasure and pain until I’m melting in his arms as my channel clenches and releases right along with his expert touch.

I thrust my hips into Cole’s hand that he draws away, and I pant into War’s mouth. “No. Don’t stop. Please. God, I want you. I need you both. Now.”

Fingers find my channel again, and I don’t care whom they belong to, because I buck my hips against them, letting my knees fall open. I dig my nails into an arm. I think it’s War’s flesh because he growls in my ear.

“Fuck me. For God sakes, let me come.”

Behind me I hear a click, and a squirt that sounds like toothpaste, though I know it must be lube. I grab War’s cock when he’s within reach and pump him in long strokes, memorizing the veins that crawl along the circumference. He’s long, twice the depth of my fisted hand, but nothing like the monstrous men cast in the porno’s I’d snuck from my parent’s room and watched when I was a teen. And I can see that there’s a chance for this to work. Hope, because they’re made for me.

Made to fit inside me at the very same time.

Cole grabs my ankles, twisting me in a flash so I’m on my side. He crawls up the length of my front, kissing his way up my trembling body until he locks on to my breast while he uses his other hand to roll and twist my oh-so-ready nipple.

I curl my toes—or rather they curl themselves—the ache inside my channel building until I’m winded and my orgasm gets ready to plummet.

A cool hand finds my core.

War’s hand, his callouses I’ve become accustomed to made smooth by the lubrication.

“Are you sure, babe? This is going to hurt you. Cole can go first.”

Before I can grasp War’s concession, my objection rushes out as if my lips have a mind of their own. “No. I want this. Make it happen. I don’t care about the pain, because love is pain and pain is love. There’s no separating me to give to you, no seconds for any one of us. Only firsts for all three of us.”

Cole’s facing me when he draws my leg up and over his hip, finding my entrance with his cock. “Oh, fuck, you’re hot and wet. So ready.”

He presses against my opening, rocking, rocking me, rocking the three of us as War snugs against my back, his hard cock sliding against the crack of my ass.

War’s hot breath races against my neck, his movement controlled, and I’m sure he’s waiting for me to give him some type of signal. I reach around, dig my fingers into his hip, and feel his length slide forward until he’s teasing me with his length. He saws waves of pleasure across my ass, each thrust forward teasing my core.

“I want you,” War groans, the sound filling the room and drawing an echo of pleasure from deep inside me and Cole.

“You feel so fucking good. I never knew we could feel like this together.” Cole deepens the pressure at my core, tap, tap, tapping.

The force builds at my entrance from the pressure of two of them, and inside me, too; my core wants to eat them alive. As the tantric seduction they’ve waged on my body demands an end to the punishment, I don’t care about the pain, the tearing, the soreness tomorrow will bring. I only care about the union I’ve clung to in my wildest dreams. I dig my nails into Cole’s back and War’s hip, drawing a primal moan that fills the room with their sweet submission.

Or maybe that’s me. “I’m ready. Fuck me. Fuck me, please.”

“We’re right here, sugar.”

“Hold on to us, babe. We’ll take this one slow inch at a time.”

War constricts a hand on my waist, as does Cole grip my ass, and both men breach my channel.

“Ah…” I’m stretched wide, more than fingers, more than the fullness I’m expecting, but also less. “This…this isn’t so bad,” I pant.

Cole cups my face, drawing me to his heated gaze.

Reality hits me. They’ve only breached the opening.

Sweat tackles their skin and behind me War growls. “Breathe, baby. We’re almost done. Just need to break through. Hold on tight to me.”

Cole reaches down, finding my clit. He caresses my bundle of nerves, drawing a shudder out of my body that revives the waves of pleasure. He begins to move forward inside my wet channel.

“Don’t stop. Please don’t stop.” I squeeze my eyes, holding onto my men who drive forward. The pain overtakes the pleasure that’s seeks to devour me. But my resolve to absorb the stretching of their combined girths and demands of my body overwhelms. “Do it. Make me yours.”

“Maddie, we fucking love you. Don’t ever doubt that.”

Their declaration is all I need. “Never.”

A searing pain tears through me as both men impale me, making me a woman—their woman. Filling me so completely I come undone, mind, body, and soul.

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Chapter Twelve

Warren

“Oh my god. Don’t stop. Keep moving, War.”

Maddie locks her nails around my backside, keeping me planted. She works her hips, grinding and arching to take me deeper, take Cole and me deeper as if she’s some fucking porn star.

And fuck, I don’t want her like this. I want her satisfied with Cole. Or some other guy. Not me, not the guy who’s a decade older and doesn’t know how to be anything for someone else, who isn’t my twin.

Except I know her and she’s never giving up either of us now. Because she’s believing we’re hers and I can’t deny she belongs to us in every single way.

Cole’s lost in his orgasm, his eyes rolled back so the whites show in the firelight, his cum filling up Maddie so thoroughly that she’s shaking from the aftershocks of the orgasm we’ve given her.

Here I am growing soft when I should be like Cole and taking advantage of the situation…and I think she knows.

Cole pulls out, rolling onto his side, still one hand lost under her soft curves, or lost in the sheets, and he’s puffing like he’s run a marathon.

Maddie pushes away from me. For a minute. “Lay back, cowboy. I’m not leaving here until I get what I came for.”

Her dark gaze is almost black, her lips swollen, and her smile’s all for me. “Maddie, I don’t want to hurt you. Tomorrow you’ll be so sore, baby.”

“Do I look like I’m in pain? Let me worry about tomorrow.” She pushes my shoulders back against the mattress and straddles my hips. Taking my cock in her hand, she finds her core and envelops me with her heat, adding a pleasurable moan.

“Fuck, babe. You’re so precious to me.” I settle my hands on her tiny waist, and she begins to move, slow at first, finding her rhythm that’s so fucking perfect my dick thinks he’s king. “God, you’re beautiful. So fucking hot.”

She takes my hands, placing them on her breasts where I switch to autopilot, tweaking and nipping at her sweet nipples.

“Oh, War. God, you feel so good. So, so…”

My balls clench right through to my asshole, my orgasm barreling toward home. I want to make our union last, but all I can do is hold on tight and pray I last longer than eight seconds. “Come. With me. Maddie, come.”

“War. I’m…Ah….Ah….”

I take her hips, lifting her gorgeous curves, pounding into her flesh, keeping her timing that’s so easy and so perfect that losing everything—this house, this ranch, and this job—means nothing to me without her.

A flash from outside brightens Cole’s sleep-laden and satisfied gaze, his approval of what’s happened stark in his gaze, what’s happening between me and Maddie now that I’m filling her with my seed, mixing with my twin’s.

And I realize, like every minute, every decision we’ve all ever made has led us right here to this very moment.

“I love you, Maddie,” I tell her as I pull her off me and lay her between me and Cole, the fire still ripe with flames and embers, warming the room that shields us from the storm.

“I love you, too.” She nuzzles against us, a tear trickling from the corner of her eye and disappearing into the darkness and our new beginning.

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Chapter Thirteen

Maddie

Cole's a side sleeper and curled around my backside while War prefers to sleep facing the ceiling, which works out perfectly. I wake with my leg hitched across War's thigh, my head resting in the crook of his arm, and my hand splayed across his that rests on his chest. But what surprises me most is that Cole's hand is stacked on top of mine, the three of us so completely fused I want to lock myself around this moment forever and never leave this bed.

My tummy growls, demanding food. I can't remember the last time I ate after being upset this past week. If the guys are anything like me, they'll be starved when they wake as well.

Careful as I can, I slide out from between them, noticing a bit of pain between my legs, and my cheeks burn. I glance over my shoulder at the two men sleeping like babies, side by side. My guys.

I close the door with a soft click, pad my way to the kitchen, and stop to pick up Cole's pants, my little black dress, and War's shirt. The room looks like an after party and our clothes bits of confetti sprinkled around the living room. Everything is perfect.

A trickle of warmth slides down my leg that's tinged red.

I wrangle with the feelings, my loss of my innocence, and feeling sadness breeze through me is unexpected. This is natural I tell myself—the pain, the bleeding that I wipe at with the towel from last night, the one Cole dried me with.

As a veterinarian, I know all about biology. Except, suddenly, I'm feeling a wave of discomfort, both wanting to share with the world that I've been liberated and loved in the same night and wanting to hide, as if keeping a big, dark secret.

Under normal circumstances, I might have called a girlfriend or my mom. Gone shopping and sharing and celebrating. Been hopeful for the next time.

Another wave of heat fills the towel. Asking the guys about what happens after losing my V-card is out of the question. I don't want to draw attention to how unprepared I am when I've had years to make myself

ready. And I'm not asking them to share their experience with me about other virgins—I assume Melissa.

I push the thought of her aside and head to War's bathroom, since the guys are sleeping in Cole's bedroom. A pillar sink and a single cabinet fill the room, and the toilet paper's nothing but a few squares on a single roll. All I need is a hand towel or a bit more TP until I stop by the house and grab a pad. I don't want to disturb the guys to check out their bathroom for supplies. I just want to make breakfast and surprise them in bed, so I head back out to the kitchen.

My cell buzzes from deep within the blankets near the fireplace when I pass. The wood is charred to ashes and no longer glowing, and that bit adds to the sadness slowly constricting my throat. I realize that death of a dream, or me giving myself to my guys no matter how euphoric, came with a heavy price. A price that feels weighted and raw.

The second buzz pulls me from my thoughts, but I ignore the incoming text as I head to our bedroom.

War stirs when I crack the door and slip past them, heading into the bathroom. I don't want to find feminine products here, but I do. There are tampons in various sizes, as well as pads. "Fuck," I mumble as warm hands wrap around me.

Cole pulls me against his bare chest. "I didn't know what kind you'd want or used, so I bought everything."

The tenderness in his voice shakes me, and I lose my shit right there on the masonry floor, the tiles adding to the chill against my knees.

"Sugar? Why are you crying? Did I buy the wrong brand?"

The products blur, and I twist into Cole's arms where he holds me until my sobs quiet. Embarrassment riddles my body, especially when War squats beside us and rubs my back in small, comforting circles. They remind that we are connected in a way I'm still figuring out. But what we have is also fragile, and I shudder as I stand.

All this—*us*—is too perfect, and nothing in this world that is perfect lasts. I don't tell them that, however. I won't destroy their dreams of a family that includes me. But just as that thought comes to a head, Cole's belly rumbles in my ear, redirecting me to reality. "I-I just need a moment. Then I'll make breakfast."

War pushes back my hair from my eyes. "We normally eat in town after we feed the animals. How about we take you home, and we'll all head

to town in an hour."

Normal… War's talking faster than usual, as if he's picturing a promised future I'm not sure I can guarantee, no matter how much I want *us* to exist. Cole's dead quiet, only nodding his agreement, and a little too stiff. The passion we had last night gets lost in the memory, and I wish I'd stayed in bed, lost in the fantasy that everything upon waking would be roses and sunshine.

Rain pecks at the window, and the gray sky dims the space.

What will our new normal look like? Will we continue to hide away on the ranch or go our separate ways? The guys have morning chores and, if I'm honest, I need to call the Virginia clinic to check the status of my start date. It's all going to shit, and I'm feeling powerless to stop reality from closing in on me, on us.

From the front room my cell phone rings, this time alerting me by the tone that Mom is calling. I make a mental note to call her later. I can't deal with her multitude of questions or acknowledge that her warning rings true when I'm trying to piece together my next move, and I think the guys feel the same way.

Thankfully, the guys give me some space, and Cole's got everything planned out for me. He hands me a stack of clothes—my clothes from my parents' house inside my old room. I assume he picked them out at some point this week, but he doesn't stick around to explain, and soon the house is empty. Will my future feel as bare?

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Chapter Fourteen

Cole

Maddie's quiet as she rides into town sandwiched between War and me. The windshield wipers pound out a frantic beat that matches my racing pulse as I'm working up the courage to tell her what she's going to find out the moment she enters the diner and passes the newsstand. I sling an arm across her shoulder, my hand landing across War's arm.

Irritation spikes that's he's there comforting her when he knows damn well she's gonna be pissed in a few seconds. But then he's the smarter of the two of us, holding onto Maddie and the last bit of time we have left with her before all hell breaks loose. We may be different, but together we're the perfect men for her.

"Maddie," the word splinters the air, and I clear my throat when War stabs me with a warning glare. "There's something I have to tell you. Something that we'll have to face if we want to stay together." Anxiety plows through me, causing my palms to sweat profusely.

Maddie slides forward. "I knew there was something. Just say it. You've changed your minds. I'm too young…"

The sound of defeat in her voice only adds to my over-stimulated emotions.

"You had what you wanted, and now we can stop pretending everything will work out. I've been called into work early. That is, if I'm still interested in the position. I mean, they want me to start working on Monday. Two days is all I have to decide whether I'm taking my dream job or staying here with you."

"Dream job…" I try the words. She should take the job; she should follow her dreams. But I'm selfish, and I don't want her to go even if I know in the long run that would be the easier choice.

"I mean, what are my choices, a job or staying with you guys? How am I to decide between love and money when I need both to survive?"

I drop my jaw and split my stare between her and Warren as both his arm and dumbfounded expression slide. His sadness guts me. But the truth remains, Maddie's been groomed to do more, be more. Brown Valley already has a vet clinic. Sure we could always use another vet or a tech, but

I’m not sure if she’d make the kind of money she expects to make from the Virginia clinic. Hardest words I’ve ever said crest. “Take the job, Maddie. War and I can visit you.”

“Th-that’s what you want?” The words stumble out of her.

“I want what’s best for you. I always have.” Only that’s a half-lie. I want the best for her, and that doesn’t include two guys, no matter how much we love her. Ranch work is a twenty-four-seven day job. Hell, Mr. and Mrs. Brown are on one of the only vacations I can remember that lasted longer than a weekend. That’s our life: the cattle, the calving, the horses, and breeding. Wish it included Maddie full-time…

“Cole’s right,” War blurts as he hands her the front page of the Brown Valley Gazette. “I don’t want this to be your life, Maddie. You’re too pure, too innocent.”

The paper trembles between her fingers as she takes in the image of the three of us loving up on each in the corner cheaters table shrouded in shadows and secrecy.

“It’s starting again,” she whispers.

I jam the truck into a parking spot that flanks the diner just as my cell buzzes in my pocket. Glancing down, I read a number I recognize. It’s a small town, chatter reaching the depths of the townsfolk, no doubt. “Maddie, your father’s calling me.”

Her cell goes off, and she glances down. “It’s Mom. My father knows we’re together, and I’m sure he’s pissed. What do we do now?”

“There’s no turning back from what’s happened. Word’s getting out sooner or later, at least speculation.” On the third ring, I pop open the door before answering. “Let us handle him.”

But even as I say the words and attempt to assure Maddie we still have a chance at *us*, in my heart I know we’re finished.

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Chapter Fifteen

Maddie

“Breathe, breathe…,” I mutter to myself as I administer CPR to the newborn pup. In the same breath, I know deep down I’m talking to myself about me. For the month since I’ve been here in Virginia, I’m nothing but a shell, void of a damn pulse like this whelp.

I’m not usually a drama queen, but I’m drowning in loneliness here. I miss Cole and War so much, I ache everywhere from the roots of my hair to my toenails. I’m sure the clinic staff is onto me because the assisting vet keeps glancing my way as if making sure I don’t burst into tears again, but I don’t dare lose focus now. This little pup’s counting on my skills to save her life.

The parallel doesn't escape me. I’m still kinda alive, but I’m dying inside, too. I miss the fresh California air and the heat that throbs across my skin during the fall, but longing for my favorite season doesn’t compare to how much I’m missing Cole and War.

My throat squeezes as precious moments click down while I’m palpating the tiny pup’s rib cage with my thumb, forcing blood to pump through her fragile heart. And I swear the pup’s leg twitches because I want the pup to thrive so badly and rejoin her family, her brothers. My vision blurs, and I blink away the rising sting. But I am her. I want life to fill me and for my lungs to find my breath right along with hers so badly that I’m wishing someone beat life into *my* heart.

The leg twitches again.

Hope jolts through me that maybe I can save her.

‘Cause she’s counting on me. I mean, she’s just as worthy of living, just as valuable as the other two male pups who squeal and squirm under the heat lamp as if they’re searching for their sister.

The assisting vet is closing the C-section.

I catch a shadow of disappointment in her eyes, and I can’t know if she’s disapproving of my fury to save the little girl she’s already given up on, or if my methods are futile. Maybe it doesn’t matter what she thinks? Maybe that’s my lesson that others’ opinions about me have no bearing on the future—my future.

I flip the pup over, rubbing both sides of the damp, fury body.

Grunts and rooting sounds tease my attention toward the males as if they're giving me a sign. *Don't give up on her. She's important to us. She is* us.

Without their sister, the little males would be lost, wouldn't they? After sharing a womb for five months, nestled so tightly and bonding in a way that only siblings can bond, they'd die a little inside if she never returned to them, wouldn't they?

A hint of death circles, but I push it away, hardening my efforts. I can't give up now. I'm so close to bringing her back.

The assistant vet grumbles something inaudible.

Permission to judge me isn't something I'm giving away, and it's nothing I can control in others, so I'm cutting myself some slack. Fuck her.

The tech monitors their mother's condition, glancing at me every few minutes. "Don't give up, Maddie. She needs you. They all need you."

I up my pace, forcing life into the little body. Because the tech's words have hit a chord. Do the guys need me? We talk on the phone. They say they want me happy, but I sense they're holding back, too.

I want more than anything to live to my fullest right along with this tiny bundle I'm holding. I want to find love, not only love from my family that includes the twins, but romantic love, everlasting love. To be loved.

Believing I'd never deserved Cole and War's love because of my age and inexperience hung me up.

I'd been tiptoeing around my father's judgments—hell, everyone's judgement of me, including the assisting vet who has given me her weary gaze since I shared with her my love of two men when she'd caught me crying.

Since, I've kept my pain bottled…at least, I'm trying.

But misery claims me no matter if I'm crying or hiding my pain and loss over War and Cole. I deserve to find happiness in spite of what others think of me. In spite of our differences and opinions. Most important, I need to focus on the fact that I could love War and Cole without expectations from them…or anyone, for that matter. I could choose to breathe life back into me.

I force another delicate breath into the pup, hearing the crackle of its lungs open for the first time, and my heart leaps into my throat from the overwhelming joy that pumps through me.

Legs scramble against my palm as the little girl opens her mouth, gasping for her first breath. The tiny heart pitter-patters against my stethoscope, and I cling to her strength, her strong pulse, her desire to join her family.

"I'll take over, Maddie. Go home," the assisting vet mutters, adding a brief smile.

And I know she's not talking about me returning to my apartment in town.

Finality hangs up in her approving gaze, though I need no approval to return to the men I love.

I now know what I have to do, where home is, and it's not here in Virginia.

Even as the plane lands in California, even as I'm sitting in the passenger side of the truck while my mom's driving to Brown Valley, what I want and who I want is crystal clear, as is the pained look of my mom's deep-set eyes. "I'm sorry I left, Mom."

Her soft sobs make their way my ear. I've hurt her by my absence, or maybe by my return, because she's not stupid. She's already warned the path I've chosen won't be easy. But no matter the challenges, this is one time I have to do right by me. I hope she can forgive me for what I'm about to share.

"I love Cole and War, Mom. I'm hoping they haven't changed their minds about loving me. But even if they have, I'm not giving up on them. I know that leaving them hurt them more than I realized, too. Everyone they've ever believed in has abandoned them. They've only ever wanted a family to call their own. I'm not running anymore or shying away from the hard shit, even if that means risking you and Dad deciding not to accept me —*us*."

Mom twists a bit, her eyes brimming with tears. "Good, sweetie. Because there's something I need to tell you. Something I should have shared with you years ago. You're so grown up, and it's me that's refused to see you as a woman. Instead, I've hurt you by viewing you as a little girl when you're anything but. I just pray you won't hate me."

A myriad of ideas about what she's hinting at floats around in my mind, but I can't grasp one reason I'd ever be truly be angry with her. "I love you, Mom. You've always told me the truth, even if I'm deciding for myself to go against your warning that loving two men at the same time

comes with complications. I’m ready for the consequences of my choices. And I’ll never hate you for choosing what’s right for you, even if you don’t want me in your life.”

Silence swarms the car until her subtle crying fills the space.

I rub her shoulder that trembles under my palm, and I consider demanding she pull over so I can drive. Under my hand, she’s so soft and warm, and she smells like Mom, but touching her doesn’t shield me from the pain rolling down her cheeks. “Mom? What’s wrong?”

“Dad and I, well, we went to the Bahamas to celebrate our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, but we...we didn’t go as a couple. Not exactly.”

“Not exactly?”

“You know Sampson drove us to the airport, right. Well, he....he didn’t just drive us to the airport. He accompanied us.” She twists a bit in her seat. “As my lover. As *our* partner.”

My jaw drops to my knees right along with my heart as I picture them as I always have: at the ranch hanging out on weekends...taking trips together. I should have suspected. Maybe I’m the one who’s imposed my opinion about others being one thing when reality proves something different. I mean, the truth of their relationship stares back at me. “You said adults don’t hide. You want to explain?”

“I feel horrible, and that’s why I’m confessing to you now. I don’t want to hide any longer... It’s your father who’s opposed to coming out.”

A smile lifts my lips as her warnings over the years align—Dad’s, too. He’s old-fashioned to the point he can’t or won’t even accept himself. I blow a tired breath. “You know firsthand what I’m going through. What problems we’ll face.”

“I do. That's why I didn't want this for you.”

I take her hand into mine and try to infuse her with the strength I’m suddenly finding. Dad’s fears make sense, too. He wants the best for me, like the guys do. I squeeze where I’m holding, her hand feeling less firm than it once did, but that’s life’s toll. “I’m so glad you told me, but you know, I’m not surprised. There’s something about the way Sampson looks at you, and the way Dad stares at you in the same way, together.”

“You’ve noticed?”

“Yes, and I have so many questions...sooo many questions.”

She arches her brow, her freckled cheeks pinking a bit. “Ask me anything.”

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Chapter Sixteen

Warren

Fuck! I scream inwardly to myself, watching as Spartan breaks through yet another fence to get to his favorite mare. If it's not one thing it's another, and with everything that's going on with Maddie, this has to be some type of sign.

"He's being a major asshole today."

Cole reads my mind, saying the words before I can even get them out. With fence number two down, I'm not sure how many more fences I can put up to keep this beast in. "That he is. It's like, no matter what we do, we can't keep him on his side of the fence…"

Cole huffs while I shake my head, running my fingers through my hair in frustration. The longer I stare at Spartan galloping circles around his mare, the more I start to understand why he's acting the way he is. "You know, he's a lot more like us than we think." I turn to face Cole who looks caught up in his own thoughts.

"What do you mean? That he's crazy, doing whatever he can to get what he wants, even at the expense of ripping his legs and belly open?"

A slight grin pulls at my lips. "That's exactly what I mean, brother. Spartan wants his woman, his mate, at any and all cost, even if it hurts him, kills him…"

Cole nods, as if the light bulb inside his head is finally going off.

I lean against the fence, watching as Spartan nudges his mare, his nostrils flaring red. He's ready to take the leap of faith, to plunge deep inside her believing she wants him just as badly.

"We can't lose Maddie, War."

Cole breaks the silence, causing my attention to shift away from Spartan and back to him.

"If we let her go now, we risk never getting her back again. I can't let that happen, hell I won't. We let go of her and our feelings once before, but now we have a chance to make things right."

Cole's words spark something inside me. They light a fuse of need and hunger that I thought might have been extinguished. "If Spartan isn't letting anything, including us, his handlers, separate him from his mate,

then why the hell are we letting others separate us from ours. Maddie is *ours*. She belongs to both of us, and yet here we are letting others dictate our life," I growl, completely consumed with thoughts of Maddie on her knees, taking me into her mouth while Cole fucks her impossibly hard from behind.

"If we do this, War, no one will ever approve. Maddie will have to deal with the whispers and disapproving stares so long as we live in this town."

I nibble on my bottom lip, digesting what he's just said. I know these things, but I also know that Maddie will never let this go.

Nothing anyone says or does is going to change the way she feels about us. As much as I want to shield Maddie from the bad shit in this world, I can't do it at the expense of giving away the one thing I've always loved: her.

"Maddie's a big girl, Cole. But the longer we try to protect her from the inevitable, the harder it will be for her to overcome."

I know Cole's worried. I can see it in the creases on his face, and I am too, but I can't let Maddie go. She's in my veins, the blood that pumps through my heart, and my reason for breathing. If I give her up, I might as well be signing my own death certificate.

"Then let's be the men she needs us to be. Let's love her but give her the space she needs. Let's support her but let her fight her own battles. She's always telling us she doesn't care what other people think about us all three being together, so maybe we should show her, prove to her that we don't care either."

Cole's onto something, and that alone causes excitement and a sexual hunger to spiral deep inside my gut.

"We need her, Cole. We fucking need her," I hiss out, thinking of how hurt she has to be, how out of control her emotions are right now when she's miles from us, her family. We've let her down by thinking we can live without her, by letting others decide our fates.

Cole turns to me, his gaze landing on mine, and a promise of something deeper passes between us. I know we're both on the same page. We may have started out fighting over her, but Maddie showed us we can be together, that she can handle loving us both together.

The sound of boots crunching against the dirt path behind us enters my ears, and I know who it is before I even turn around. Maddie's sweet

floral scent causes a shiver of desire to ripple through me. Cole and I whirl around at the same time, probably looking a whole lot like two lions ready to pounce on their prey.

“Don’t tell me Spartan’s taken another fence down.”

There’s a smile on her face, though it doesn’t match the sadness lingering in her eyes.

“It’s not one fence, sugar. It’s two.”

Cole answers before I can, and somehow all the words I wanted to say before this have evaporated into thin air.

Maddie’s brown eyes grow wide, as if she’s shocked. “Well, I suppose there isn’t any point in trying to stop him from seeing his girl. Nothing’s going to stop him anyway.”

Maddie shrugs as if she understands it all too well. “Cole and I realized something a few minutes ago…” I trail off, crossing the space that separates us.

Cole isn’t far behind me and, when we finally stop, he’s at her backside while I’m at her front.

“What… What did you realize?” Her cheeks turn a soft pink as she eyes me up and down, her bottom lip trembling as she speaks.

“That we’re a lot more like Spartan than we ever realized,” Cole whispers into her ear.

I cradle her cheek against my hand. Her skin is so fucking soft it should be illegal, and I relish in the feeling, wanting this single moment to last forever.

“What do you mean?” Maddie murmurs.

Her voice sends waves of pleasure straight to my cock, and I pull her closer. “I mean we’re done trying to protect you. We’re done fighting the inevitable. You’ve been ours since the day we met you, and we’re done letting others decide if we can be together. As long as you want us, both of us, then that’s all that matters. Your happiness is everything to us.”

Tears swarm her eyes, mine, but I refuse to let this moment be ruined by them.

“Does that mean you want me?” Maddie croaks.

The last shred of restraint inside me snaps. I’ve got to have her, sandwiched between Cole and I as we move in and out of her, fucking the love and our happiness out of her—of us all—until we’re fused.

“We’ve always wanted you, sugar. It just took us a lot longer to realize we couldn’t let you slip through our fingers again.” Cole presses kisses against her collarbone, pushing the strap on her summer dress down.

I thread my fingers through her hair, massaging her scalp. Within seconds, her eyes roll to the back of her pretty head, and I know she’s more than ready for us to take her. “We need you hard, little one. Hard and fast. We’ve wasted so much time on worrying about others that the need inside us is all consuming.” A guttural sound escapes my lips at the same time a purr of pleasure escapes Maddie’s perfectly pouted lips.

“You both sure?”

I’m aching for her, and I know from the look in Cole’s eyes he’s aching, too. We have to have her. “Give us another chance to prove how much?”

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Chapter Seventeen

Cole

The desire for Maddie pools deep in the pit of my belly. It takes everything in me and Warren to pull away and drive her back to the cottage, her sweet, curvy body sandwiched between us in the tight cab of the truck.

Maddie's small hands clasp onto each of ours as War navigates the road, his other hand white knuckling the steering wheel.

I know all too well the struggle he's enduring. As soon as we pull into the driveway and park the truck, I'm pulling Maddie into my arms and escaping the heated confines.

"I missed you guys so much. I don't know what I was thinking leaving. I just wanted to give us all a chance at a different future."

Tears pool in Maddie's eyes, and I kiss them away as I'm walking up the stairs of the cottage.

War unlocks the front door, slamming it shut behind us.

Once inside, the need to wash away all of Maddie's worries consumes me. I start ripping at my clothing. "It doesn't matter what happened, sugar. All that matters now is you came back. You wanted us just as much as we wanted you."

War mimics my movements, his clothing falling to the floor in a heap.

Maddie's cheeks darken, and her brown eyes twinkle with curiosity as she scans both of us up and down.

My cock grows impossibly hard as I think of all the different ways we can and will take her.

"You're sure you want me? After everything, you want me?"

Shock and adoration laces her words, and I don't know if something inside me snaps or what, but I cross the space that separates us, gesturing for War to go to her backside.

"We don't want you, Maddie. We love you. You're ours, and we're yours. There's a difference. Now let us help you out of your sundress, so we can see that pretty pussy of yours."

Maddie rolls her teeth over her bottom lip, causing me to groan. She doesn't say another word but merely pushes the straps down over her

shoulders, and shimmies out of the dress, leaving her in nothing but her lace bra and panties.

"Fuck, you're so perfect," War whispers against her ear as I take in her soft, supple skin, her perfect tits, and smooth belly. The thought of placing my seed at the same time as my brother injects his seed deep inside her only pushes me closer to the edge.

I want her. Pregnant. Her belly full with my seed, War's seed.

"I can't believe God gave me both of you." Her voice is deep, and an undeniable hunger flickers in her eyes. Pulling away gently, she drops to her knees before us, moving so that she has both of our cocks directly in front of her.

"Fuck…" I hiss out as her tiny hand makes contact with the head of my cock. She grips both mine and War's cocks in each of her hands, her movements slow and steady.

"Fate brought us together, Maddie," War croaks, his eyes rolling to the back of his head just from the hand job she's giving us.

I grip Maddie by the chin, gently skimming my thumb over her bottom lip. She looks like a fucking angel, so willing and ready to take whatever we have in store for her. She darts her tongue out of her lips and slips against my finger, sending shock waves of pleasure straight through me.

"You're killing me, sugar," I growl, pulling away and causing a squeal of excitement to escape her as she stands.

War's so caught up in the pleasure, it seems to take him a moment to realize I'm moving us to the bedroom as the sound of his feet against the wood floor echo behind us.

"Cole," she gasps as I slam her down on the bed, pushing her thighs apart.

She's so ready for us, her panties soaked through, and my cock punches. "Is your pussy always this excited to see us?" I tease, moving a finger against her swollen clit through her panties.

"Oh… Yes… Yes, it is…" She pants and gasps as if she's never felt something as good as my finger on her clit.

"Remember how we said we need you hard and fast?" War interrupts, climbing up onto the bed, his cock ready to play.

Maddie nods her head, even as I stroke the sensitive bundle of nerves.

“Good, because even though we want to fuck you until you can’t breathe, we also want to play with your pussy, make sure it’s nice and ripe for us. Isn’t that right, brother?”

War growls, kissing Maddie hard, promising nothing but pleasure in that one kiss.

Fed up with her panties being in place, I grip them by the middle and pull, and the sound of fabric tearing fills the air. “Thank fuck those are gone. Now I can devour the sweet goodness between these creamy thighs of yours.”

The musky scent of Maddie’s arousal meets my nostrils and sends me into a frenzy. I dig my fingers into her soft thighs as I lick her from top to bottom, my tongue scraping against her swollen clit and slipping inside her pussy with each pass.

“Oh God…”

I gaze up over her mound, watching as her body shakes with pleasure, as her small hand tries its hardest to beat off War’s steel-hard cock until he explodes.

He’s whispering sweet nothings into her ear one minute and sucking at the skin against her throbbing pulse the next.

The sucking sound and moans are enough to send any red-blooded woman over the edge, and more than enough for Maddie.

“Fuck me, Maddie, you’re so damn tight,” I growl, slipping two fingers deep inside her channel. She’s soaked. The sounds of her pussy and my fingers coming together meet my ears and cause little drops of pre-cum to weep from the head of my cock.

“War… Cole… Oh… I’m coming…” The words burst from within her, her entire body shaking as I continue my assault on her pussy. I drop my mouth back down to her entrance so I can taste her sweet juice that belongs to me.

It drips from her core, and I lap up every drop, refusing to let a single morsel go to waste. I continue to eat her out with soft strokes, even after the shock waves subside.

“Please…” she begs.

I lift my eyes to War’s, shooting him a questioning look if he’s ready or not. Burning off a little steam should help so we don’t hurt her, since that’s the last thing we would ever want to do to our woman.

“I want you. I need you,” Maddie pleads with us, even though she knows she doesn’t have to beg. We’ll gladly give her whatever she wants.

“We can’t promise we won’t be rough. The need to be inside you is so raw, so intoxicating, it almost hurts.” War groans, grinding his body against the length of her.

“I don’t care how you take me. I just want you to do it together. Seal the moment…make us a trio…please…”

Her desire is enough to make a man weak in the knees, and within seconds, her bra is ripped from her chest, and she’s sandwiched between us once more, me in the front and War in the back.

Our eyes lock as we try to calm each other, as we try and make this as easy as possible. Understanding seeps through us, and I kiss Maddie as War plants kisses against her neck and shoulder. We lift her leg, holding it in place so we can enter her together, all at once, with one hard thrust.

“Tell us if you want us to stop…” I barely get the words out, as War and I press against her tight entrance War’s made even slicker by the lube. She might not be a virgin anymore, but she’s definitely not used to taking both of us at the same time yet.

“Ahhh…” She sighs as War and I thrust inward together, our cocks grinding against each other’s.

Snug as she is, she gloves us. I struggle with the need to move in and out of her, the tension in my jaw so tight, my molars grind against each other. “I need to fuck you.” My voice doesn’t sound like my own, and one look at War and I know he feels the same way.

“Fuck, Maddie, we can’t be gentle. Not this time.” War’s words are barely out of his mouth and we’re moving in and out of her, our timing and rhythm set to the perfect pace she meets thrust for thrust.

Pleasure zings through me as we sandwich Maddie harder than we had before, our cocks slamming into her with sheer force.

“Oh God... Oh fucking God… Cole… War…”

Each word that rushes from her pretty mouth is accompanied by a long pause, and I stare at her hard, making sure she’s okay. There’s no sign of pain flickering in her eyes, only pleasure.

“Fuck, baby, I can’t hold on much longer,” War and I say in unison. The tightening in my balls and the need to up my pace consumes me to the point of pure madness. I move my hips until they take on their own beat. I constrict my grip on Maddie, denting her supple skin, and yet, she takes us,

both of us, together, her sweet pussy, her perfect pussy, swallowing us both whole.

"I'm coming…" She moans, her tiny fingernails digging into my skin.

War gives her little love bites as she falls apart, her pussy convulsing all around us, trying it's best to push us out while we continue to slam into it and draw out our own pleasure.

"Mmm… You're squeezing us so tight," I murmur against her lips, watching her lashes flutter, her breaths turning into hot pants, and her cheeks burst crimson. She's intoxicating, a fucking dream, and she belongs to us.

"Want to make a game out of it, brother?" I find the words somehow, feeling the need to up the pleasure.

War grins at me, probably already knowing what I'm thinking. "Whoever comes first is stuck cleaning stalls alone for a week," I mumble, trying my best to fight the pleasure that's festering in my balls.

Maddie moans directly in my ear, causing the pleasure to mount, and War, though he looks as if he's holding it together, seems to be in similar shape as I am.

"You want our seed deep inside you, don't you?" I can't help the dirty talk that rambles past my lips. With War and I sliding against her walls, an explosive release is only a few pumps away.

"Yes… I want both of you to come inside me. Together."

I clench my teeth, trying to hold back. My stomach quakes, and my balls beg for their release.

"Fuck…" War growls, his teeth sinking into Maddie's shoulder.

Her pussy clenches us so tightly there isn't any stopping the release, and within seconds, I know both War and I have lost the bet.

Pleasure slams into me like waves cresting against the beach. My entire body shakes, and I hold onto Maddie's flesh as a second release slams into her, her pussy cinching us together, our releases mingling as one, signifying what we already knew.

We were all meant to be together, a trio of lovers.

Sex seeps into the air, filling my pores. Ruining this moment is the last thing I want right now, but we've got to do what must be done. I don't want to pull out of Maddie, but we have to get her cleaned up and back out to the barn before someone notices we've all three gone missing.

A whimper of displeasure escapes Maddie's lips as her eyes flicker open. "I don't want this to end. I don't want to lose you both. Not ever. I want this to work out."

Maddie's voice is laced with worry, and I understand why. She thinks this is the end, when it's barely just the beginning.

I shake my head, running my fingers through the somewhat long strands. "This is merely the beginning, sugar. We've got an entire future ahead of us. An entire life. I want you. War wants you. You're ours," I assure her but still sense some type of distress.

"Nothing's going to keep us apart," War adds.

I roll off the bed, grab a pair of sweatpants off the floor in the corner, and open the door to the bedroom when I see something out of the corner of my eye.

There's someone at the front door. Not someone. Derek, Maddie's father.

"I know you're in there, and I know you're screwing my daughter. Get out here so I can kick your asses."

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Chapter Eighteen

Maddie

The sound of my father's voice shatters the pleasure coursing through my veins just moments ago. I should hate him for trying to keep us apart, but without him and Mom, I wouldn't have ever gotten Cole and Warren.

War rubs at his jaw, shoving from the bed and helping me into one of Cole's shirts. I'm not wearing any panties, but that doesn't matter to me. I don't plan on going anywhere anyway.

I slip off the bed, a delicious soreness fills my pussy, and I wish more than anything we could go back to that moment again, where it's just the three of us, together…

"Maddie Brown, you open this door right now or I'll kick it down. You will not continue with this nonsense with your stepbrothers."

Dad's voice pierces my perfect bubble of happiness, and I walk out into the living room that overlooks the porch. Confliction fills Cole's storm-colored blue eyes as he glances at the front door and then back to me again.

He doesn't know what to do, and I almost want to stop everything that's happening and wrap him up in my arms, but I can't. We have to face this, together, as a team.

We're stronger together than apart, I remind myself.

I move across the living room and to the front door as if I'm robotic. I try to detach my emotions from my mind, but no matter what is said or done, someone is going to get hurt.

I open the door, meeting Dad's hard, brown stare. "You can't show up here and order people around. We're adults, and this is Cole and Warren's home, not yours." I keep my voice neutral, even though I want to scream the truths that burn against my lips.

Dad's eyes darken, and he clenches his fists at his sides.

He looks more like a soldier sent on a mission than my father, the man who's supposed to protect me from all the bad in the world.

"Maddie, you've been told numerous times that there will be consequences for your actions. Everything comes with a cost, and you

seeing Cole and Warren, of all men, leaves a bad taste in the mouths of the townsfolk."

Heat rolls off Cole and Warren, slamming into my back. I remind myself they're here for me, to support me while I tell my father this is what I want, what I've always wanted. "Stop pretending. Just stop hiding!" I scream, all the pain and anger I've endured pours out of me, and Dad takes a step back as if he's shocked to see me acting in such a crazy way.

"Pretending? Your infatuation with these boys is going to ruin our lives. Do you know the shitstorm I came home to because of your bar scene and the photo of you three getting cozy? I had to threaten Melissa with a restraining order when I ran into that crazy woman in town. Your infatuation is going to—"

I lift a hand, stopping his words mid-sentence. "It's not infatuation, it's love, and you're the biggest bigot I've ever encountered in my life…." I grind my teeth together, and I feel two heavy hands land against my shoulders.

Dad looks as if he has been verbally slapped, and he has. But what I'm throwing at him next is worse. "You blame others for your own unhappiness, because you're too much of a pussy to come out and tell people your secret." I narrow my eyes and notice the moment he realizes that I, too, know his secret.

"You don't know a damn thing about what you've gotten yourself into. I'm trying to protect you, Maddie. You're my daughter, and I will not have my adopted sons defiling my daughter right in front of me. How do you even know they want you the way you want them?"

My father tries to spark insecurity in me by deflecting the attention off him, but it doesn't work—not today.

"Excuse me, Derek, but Maddie's always been number one in our book. We would never do a damn thing to endanger her, and we would never tell her who she can and can't love," War sticks up for me, his voice firm and strong.

Dad shakes his head, frustration rising in his reddening neck and cheeks. "It's not about what you want. It's about what's right for the family, for the business. If you go ahead with your relationship, you put an X on all our backs, and if that's the case then…"

"Then what?" I step away from Cole and War, their hands falling away from my shoulders. I move until I'm a mere foot away from my

father. “You’ll disown me, ship me away like you did before, fire Cole and Warren? What will you do that you haven’t already done?” Anger simmers just below the surface, begging to be set free.

Dad’s mouth moves, but no words come out…

“You’re a coward and a bigot that’s too afraid of his own emotions to allow happiness in your heart or to accept happiness can exist in anyone else’s. I know about you, Sampson, and Mom. I know you love each other, and that you’re trying your hardest to fight those desires, but I’m not you and no matter what happens, no matter how much hate is slung at us, Cole, Warren and I choose love.”

The words hang in the balance. As much as I love my dad, I won’t say goodbye to Cole and War just to make him happy.

“If you go down this path, if you…”

“If I what? I choose love over bitterness and hate? What will you do that hasn’t already been done?” I growl, my teeth bared like a momma bear ready to strike because someone threatens to touch her cubs.

“We will...”

I can tell he’s choosing his words carefully, not really wanting to hurt me but wanting to scare me, as if I’m a little girl all over again, a little girl who can’t make her own choices. “You will do nothing. You will leave Cole and Warren alone and let us be. You will let us have what you never allowed yourself to have: a chance at love and happiness.”

My father flares his nostrils.

I know all too well that he’s gearing up for another verbal assault.

“Mine and your mother’s love life is none of your concern. You will do as you’re told because I am your father and I’ve commanded you to do as I say.”

I narrow my eyes, feeling the heat creep up my back. Cole and Warren don’t like the way Dad is talking to me, but they don’t want to step on my toes by getting involved. Having them behind me gives me strength. “I’m twenty-four, and if I want to make love to two men at the same time, then I will. You”—I shove a finger into his chest—“don’t make choices for me anymore. I want Cole and Warren. Until you can come to terms with that, you can stay away.”

I pull back, reaching for the front door. I’m over my father’s excuses and demands for me to be something I’ll never be in his eyes. Cole and

Warren are a vital part of me now, and I refuse to separate myself from them.

"If you take this course, your mother and I won't be able to protect you, Maddie. This town doesn't take kindly to this type of behavior," he grumbles, warning me, trying to frighten me once more.

"No, Father. You're the one who doesn't take kindly to this behavior. But guess what? I'm over caring about what you want. I'm making Maddie happy, and until you come to terms with that, I want nothing to do with you," I seethe, slamming the door shut.

Tears swarm my eyes, but I hold them back. There's no point in crying over something that can't be changed.

"Fuck, sugar…"

Cole and Warren both wrap me up in their arms, the pounding of their hearts soothing me right away, making the anger and hate festering inside me dissipate.

"We love you, babe. No one, not even your father, will rip us apart. Not again. Not ever."

War presses a soft kiss to the back of my head while Cole peppers my lips in kisses laden with passion, both men assuring me I've made the right choice. I just wish felt as convinced.

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Chapter Nineteen

Maddie

Cole, War, and I pull off the highway to face the challenger that is my father. We haven't spoken to him in over a month, and the silent treatment I'm wading through is breaking my heart, especially each time I see him in town when he drives past me without waving. So, I'm being the grown up here and making the first move. Miracles happen, right?

"Babe, we're not leaving your side ever, so we don't want you worrying about us if things are said between you and your father that need to be said. No filters. Okay?"

War lifts my hand to his mouth, planting a warm kiss that toasts the chill crawling through me. This is my War, the guy who's all about feelings and understands me at a deep level, making me believe I'm the luckiest woman alive.

"That's right, sugar. You take the lead. You need us, just give us a sign. We'll kick some ass if need be to break your father into admitting he loves Sampson and your mom, just like we love you." Cole squeezes my leg as we round the bend in the road leading up to the house.

The hard, fast way about him strengthens my belief in myself that I'm a strong, capable woman. Hope builds that today we all will remove this wedge placed between the three of us and my dad, so we can claim our happily-ever-afters. "I know I can count on you both. I've always known —"

"Fuck. What the hell?"

War's alarming voice blasts through me as he bolts from the truck before it comes to a complete stop in the circular driveway. He hauls ass toward Spartan, who's getting busy with his mare right there in the middle of Mom's begonias.

"Oh, hell, no," Cole blurts.

Before I can even fully express my gratitude for War and Cole or process what the hell is happening, Cole jams the truck into park, pops open the door, and jets after War, leaving me to slide off the bench seat to the ground.

Boots pound against the gravel drive and shoot a cloud of dust into the dusky sunset.

Not sure what the guys plan on doing with the stallion, who's wild-eyed, his dark red fur frothed up, and a redder stain leaking from his shoulder.

Shit. His injury obviously isn't life threatening or bothering him a damn bit. Good thing I've grabbed my vetting tools, which are behind the truck's seat.

The scene at the ranch should be funny, really...probably could garnish an award-winning shot of the bulked-up grand champion roping stud Dad could use to advertise the stallion's virility. Spartan's standing hock deep in a spray of red flowers and buried inside the chestnut mare, ensuring next year's offspring.

The splintered fence clues me in to what happened and, for the most part, my dad firing the twins—who know Spartan better than anyone when Dad rarely handles the stud—almost makes me snicker. Almost.

Dad punches to his feet and takes a wobbly step, swatting off help from the paramedics. Mom's poring over Dad, but he's fighting her, too.

Figures.

He's a stubborn ass who's too pigheaded to admit when he needs help, which he obviously does. I'm hoping he needs me, too, but I can't be sure. Dad has sent me away on multiple occasions. Should I blame him, when every time I show up I stir his worst nightmare by drawing attention to my relationship with Cole and War and shoving my happiness in his face when he's miserable?

It's a toss-up, and we need to work on our communication, which is what I'm trying to do now.

Sure hope Dad's checking out the guys. Cole grabs a lasso from the barn and ropes the mare on his first toss. Yeah, Cole's a badass with ropes and knots. War's all shaking the grain can, stooping low, and talking to Spartan like he's talking to a lover. Hey, that's me….

Spartan hops off the mare and dodges the men who attempt to corral him, tail raised, prancing, and circling the mare as if he's thinking of dishing himself a second helping.

I'm hoping Dad's paying attention to how the men sacrifice for my father and his business. Our family's livelihood.

Dad swipes at his forehead and comes away with a splash of red, and his complexion turns ashen.

My heart punches into my stomach as I take in his condition. The ambulance light spinning red, lighting up the barn eaves, makes more sense than just Mom overreacting. Dad could have a concussion.

I hurry toward my father as he palms Mom's shoulder.

"Fuck no. Why'd you call him? There's nothing for him to see." He grabs for Mom's cell, who twists away and presses the phone to her ear.

I can only imagine she's relaying the information to Sampson because his diesel truck engine propels his truck forward, eating up the space between the main highway and where we are at the house.

Any fight in Dad withers as Sampson swings open the door to his truck and hustles toward Mom and Dad.

But Dad's face flushes when he spots the big man who's built like War and Cole, taller than my father by a good four inches.

Maybe it's the tenderness, the stillness in Sampson as he approaches my father that tears at my heart. Maybe it's the way my father rolls his head back and meets Sampson's gaze as the big man palms my dad's cheek that rips away any doubt in me that love can exist in the shadows.

But as I stare at the shared tenderness and the fear behind their eyes, I know hiding isn't for me. No. Risking everything is what I'm choosing because love is worth parading around in the wide open for everyone to witness, even if that desire makes us wild-eyed and crazy.

The three of them tangle their arms around each other, and I hear my dad choke up.

I've never heard my father cry, and the seriousness of what could have happened shakes me to the bone. Warmth trickles down my cheeks, and I give the three a moment. Or me.

Cole circles the mare, slips on her halter, and leads her back into her stall.

Spartan rears, spins, and bolts when War approaches, causing War to leap backward.

But that's the challenge of fighting for love. Sometimes it makes us go mad and do crazy shit where we only think about our desires, others be damned. I'm planting my faith in forever with my guys, and I hope Dad will, too.

I stoop at Dad's side, the back of my eyes stinging when I see the pain he's trying to hide. Or his secret. I understand hiding, and I'm not hiding any longer, so I lean in and palm Dad's arm. "Dad, what were you thinking putting yourself between the big animal and his mare when you could have called your sons for help?"

Dad winces, but I don't think it's from where I'm touching his arm. I'm thinking—as he's checking out Cole and Warren, and then Mom and Sampson—that's Dad's been playing defense, protecting us all, for a long time.

Both Mom and Sampson wander off a few feet, talking in inaudible whispers.

I imagine what they're saying.

Give them a moment to come to terms with the unfolding situations. To work out this mess of opinions and objections. To find their place among each other again as father and daughter, or as two adults.

Life is a dance, but I'm tired of switching up the moves until I ache inside and out. "We need you, Dad, and I believe you need us."

Dad huffs and mumbles a bit. "I've got this entire ranch under control, except for that length of fence Spartan crashed through getting to that damn mare he's been stalking since he was a yearling. I should get rid of him. He's a nuisance, a dangerous animal that's unmanageable and a pain in my ass."

"Spartan's not nuisance. You've based your entire career off that champion and his offspring. Neither of you would be where you are if you didn't have each other."

I think about how much that applies to me and slide beside my father on the ground. I nuzzle against his shoulder like I did when I was a little girl, connecting with him in my own way. "I miss you. And I know you miss me. But Spartan wants what he wants, who he wants, and he's not letting a fence, or a foolish human, stand in his way. Neither am I."

Dad gives Mom and Sampson a look I don't understand, but Mom raises her brows.

I check out the slice at Dad's hairline that the butterfly bandages hold together. The wound could have been much worse, so much worse. "Dad, talk to me. Tell me why you're so upset about me and the twins when you, Mom, and Sampson have the same type of relationship."

Dad slouches a bit as he checks out the bandage wrapped around his arm, as if he’s looking for lost treasure.

I get the feeling he’s not ready to talk about coming out with the paramedics packing up to leave. And maybe in time, watching how happy the boys and I can be, he'll take a leap of faith right along with us and trust in Mom and Sampson to have his back. “Times have changed, Dad. People are changing. I know about the Clarks and what happened to their house back when you were my age. That must have terrified you beyond—”

“It pissed me off.”

I pull back a little, watching a cloud of darkness slide across my father’s stare. “What pissed you off? That some closed-minded person couldn’t accept three people who loved—”

“It was *me*, Maddie. I hated them. I hated their happiness. That they were willing to risk everything for love. It was foolish of them. It still is, which is why I keep my personal life private and why I wish you would as well.”

The shock in my father’s gaze, I’m sure, matches my own from his confession. Dad’s a stern man, but he’s also deeply affected by his emotions. And I have to give him credit for opening up to me. Sharing his offense helps me understand why my happiness and carefree attitude bothers him so much. Still I challenge him. “Love exists regardless of the consequences for both of us. I’m sorry, Dad, but I never meant to hurt anyone. Nor is it ever too late to accept yourself, what you want, who you want, who you love. Please take a chance and risk believing you can have everything, too, without hiding. That you can allow yourself to be happy.”

Dad glances at Mom and Sampson holding onto each other in an intimate way I’ve never observed but, in their embrace, I watch hope shine. Hope of a happy future without hiding, like Cole, War, and me.

Warmth of my father's hand slips into mine and he squeezes. “I just want my little girl to be happy. I want my family back. Forgive me for being an intrusive bigot? But watching you three together, even if I don’t want to see you as a grown woman, I know it’s right...but I’ll never get used to seeing you three together.”

I pull Dad into a hug and wrap my arms around his neck. A crystal ball doesn’t exist, but I hope in time Dad will embrace what he has, who he has, and that he can accept himself. “We’ll get through this together. One day at a time, okay?”

Thick arms envelop me from behind, then another and another as Dad links arms with everyone. We all fold into a hug as the paramedics drive away, Spartan munching on the grain placed at his feet on the grass.

The guys may have roped their virgin, but we all came away with something stronger, more mature, and with an understanding that love, no matter how diverse and complicated, is worth fighting for.

I’m fighting for Cole and War, no matter what conflicts arise in our future, and I’ll never let go of the fact that I am theirs and they are mine.

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Epilogue

Maddie

I eye the freshly painted wall of the vet clinic that Cole, Warren, and I bought together. The place isn't huge, but it's got a house in the back and is perfect for wherever our lives take us.

After everything with Melissa and then Dad, Cole and Warren decided to come and work with me instead of letting his opinion on us bother him, but Dad's trying, and that's all I can ask of him, even if he still distances himself from us. Baby steps, right?

The guys and I work together as a team, managing large animals and doing mobile vet clinics.

"The place is starting to come together, sugar."

Cole smiles, melting away all the crap thoughts that are running rampant in my mind and evoking a heated ache in the pit of my belly for the two men I'm in love with. "I can't wait 'til we can officially open the clinic and start taking clients full time." I try to hide my shaky voice, but it doesn't work. Warren's onto me as soon as I start talking.

"Are you okay, babe? You've been awfully quiet lately, and with everything that's happened over the last couple of months… I just want to make sure our girl is okay."

Warren's concern makes the ache inside me spike with need. How did I ever find two men to love me so compassionately? "You know you two read me like a book." I nibble on my bottom lip, my thoughts turning heated as they circle me like hungry beasts ready to leap.

"Do we now…" Cole rasps.

Warren massages my shoulders, the tension easing out of me within seconds. "Yes, and I love it. I love having two compassionate cowboys…"

A pounding noise, almost like a knock but louder, resonates through the small space, causing us to pull away from each other.

I shuffle to the door, pulling it open before checking to see who it is.

When my eyes land on my father's worn face, I almost break out into tears.

"Is everything okay? Is Mom okay?" My first instinct is to make sure they're okay, that's all that matters, and then Mom pops up over Dad's

shoulder, a smile pulling at her pink painted lips.

"We're perfectly fine, honey, minus some stubbornness from your dear ole' dad."

Mom laughs at her own joke, which causes warmth to fill my belly. I can sense the guys behind me, and I wonder why Dad of all people is here.

"I made a mistake." Dad sighs, breaking the small amount of silence between us all.

I furrow my brow as I try and digest what he's saying. "A mistake? What do you mean?" Truthfully, I'm not angry he's here. I just want to know why he is when we haven't spoken much since the day he got hurt, as if that day never happened.

Dad exhales a ragged breath and pierces my gaze with his. "I thought I was protecting you by telling you who you couldn't love when all I was doing was pushing you away. I'll always love you, Maddie. You're my daughter first, and who you love, so long as you're happy, is none of my concern. I just want to make sure you know exactly how much I love you and my sons, and that I'm sorry. The three of you have my blessing."

"We're awfully glad to hear that, Derek, because we have plans for a future with Maddie," Cole starts.

His voice and words cause me to turn on my heels. As soon as I do, I find both Cole and Warren on their knees. "W-what are you doing?"

"We want you to be our wife, Maddie," War continues.

I pin my gaze on his dark blue eyes, so full of love I start to tremble.

"To have and to hold," Cole adds.

"Until death do us part," they say in unison, their hands cradling a black velvet box.

I'm too taken aback by my emotions to say anything, so I simply nod my head yes. This is what I've always wanted. My guys, my family, surrounded by so much love that I'm flying high as the day I met Cole and War.

"Congratulations, sweetheart." My mother darts through the door of the clinic, wrapping her arms around me, and then Dad follows.

"You take good care of my little girl, boys," Dad warns as the twins slip the ring onto my finger all at once, together, signifying our unity to each other.

Mom and Dad pull away, and I wrap my men in a tight hug. Well, at least I try to.

“Oh, before we go, this came in the mail for you two.” Dad pulls out an envelope from his jacket’s inside pocket.

The address on the front is from a law firm in Sacramento.

Cole’s jaw tightens, and Warren's fingers glide across the front of the envelope as if he’s trying to determine what it could be.

“Strange. We haven’t had any lawsuits or anything against us.” Warren shrugs, opening the envelope in front of us.

My heart races, wondering what the hell could be inside the fine white stationery with the embossed seal.

I can’t read the words fast enough, as Cole and Warren read them along with me.

To Mr. Warren Adam Pierce and Mr. Cole Daniel Pierce

This letter is to inform you of a trust that has been set up in your names by Mr. Richard Pierce….

My eyes go wide and fear skids through my insides.

Did Warren and Cole’s biological father pop back into the picture? And if so, knowing who they are and where the guys are living, why hasn't he made contact with them before now?

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The series continues with Taming Her Billionaires, book 2 of the Trio of Lovers Trilogy which you can PREORDER HERE

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CHAPTER ONE

JACK

Usually, when I got out of class, I would sit down someplace nice, take in the atmosphere, maybe flirt with a waitress or two. Get a phone number. Plan for a late-night liaison with her, with or without a date. Most of the time that date wasn't needed. Then again, I was cocky like that.

Plus, it was how I relaxed.

Today I wasn't going to get that.

Something's gone awry with Mom.

I had serious doubts that it was anything potentially tragic.

No, I'd been expecting something like this to happen, just not at this exact time.

Waiting for the elevator, a man rushed up next to me. Looking over at him, it was like looking in a mirror. *Almost.*

Very few identical twins strive to be perfect copies of one another. Julian and I were no different. He'd leaned toward trying to be more professional, and he liked to keep his hair longer than I did, but at the end of the day, we were still more alike than we were different.

"Isabella call you eight hundred times, too, I presume?" I quipped, already knowing the answer to that question.

He nodded his head. "Sounds like she's at the end of her rope."

I rubbed at the scruff along my jaw. "Tiff can't be that bad. She's just a little girl." Then again, how could I say such a thing? I knew nothing about raising kids, or caring for them.

"You know how Isabella is, Jack. She's real big on family, which probably means it's less Tiff and more that she's being kept away from her own."

He had a point.

The elevator arrived seconds later and we took our place in it, filing to the back of the metal box. We had claimed the penthouse on top of the tower as our own, something nice for us, as well as our mother and sister when we hit it big.

Julian and I were a little bit clever. Some would call us geniuses, but we didn't need our egos pet like that. We had plenty of other more creative ways of getting our daily affirmation that we were awesome.

We had created a funky little algorithm that tracked stock trading prices and anticipated when big, sweeping changes would occur, based on

patterns of that stock in the past and of ones similar to it. We ended up turning a minimum-wage job's weekly paycheck into something that was paying dividends for us all to live on. We were quite nearly overnight successes, and for Mom? It was a burden off her over-stressed mind that she didn't have to work as a secretary, a waitress, and an Uber driver all in the same day just to make ends meet.

We reached the top floor in no time, and Julian led the way out of the elevator. He opened the door to the penthouse and called out for Isabella and Tiff, his voice echoing throughout the penthouse.

Luckily, the place didn't look like a tornado had torn through it, cutting out a couple possibilities.

We moved farther into the suite, closing the door behind us. I took in the scene before me, and as I suspected, Isabella's worry wasn't because little sister Tiff had become Lady Satan herself. She was actually just happily watching cartoons, behaving like a good eight year old should.

Isabella, who had been our housekeeper since we moved in, was sitting at the kitchen table, worried as hell, before she looked up at us. Hadn’t she heard us come in?

"Oh thank God, you're finally here," she huffed out.

"Yes? You asked for us, did you not?" I crossed the room. "What's going on?" I was all business, wanting to get down to the fact of the matter.

"It's Ms. Barnes. She’s um...she’s not here." Isabella wrung her hands together, worry marring her features.

"Hmm… Well, that’s definitely not a good thing.” I blinked trying to figure out what the hell it was that was going on. Mom didn’t normally up and leave without letting us know where she was going and what she was doing.

"She took off. Said she was going on a long vacation with some guy named Jean Pierre Jacques," Isabella said as if the guy’s name was part of one of those expensive perfume commercials.

"Jean Pierre Jacques?" Julian repeated, the name rolling off his tongue.

"I thought she was joking, but I'm two hours over my shift here and she's still not back and she's not answering my calls or texts." Isabella’s voice began to rise with panic, even as we were standing right in front of her.

"Seriously, Jean Pierre Jacques?" Julian blinked and shook his head, his gaze colliding with mine. We both knew this wasn’t going to end well.

"Ms. Barnes is a very troubled woman, boys. I know you two are too busy to take care of Tiff full time, so I asked my agency if they had anyone else that could nanny. They don't, but they did recommend a sister agency that deals in live-in nannies."

"Live-in nannies?" I snickered. "Like Marry Poppins or whatever it’s called?"

"If you want to call it that." She took a piece of paper from the counter and slid it over to me. "There's the number to call. I'm meant to keep the house tidy, boys. I'm not a childcare professional. However, it just felt wrong to take off and leave little Tiff here all alone."

A long sigh escaped my lips. "Thanks, Isabella. I'll be sure to make you sure you get proper overtime for all this."

Isabella grabbed her belongings and smoothed a hand down her shirt. "I need to get home to my girls. They must be starving, and I promised them not another canned soup dinner."

"Take care, Izzy." I gestured her way as she gripped purse in her hands before and taking off toward the door. As soon as the penthouse door closed behind her, I turned to my brother.

"You want to go see if Tiff knows anything about this?" I clenched my fist at my side, hiding the disapproval about our mother the best I could.

"Let’s.” He started off in the direction of the living room.

We didn't hate our little sister or anything like that. Actually, we loved her—a lot. It was just that everything had changed so suddenly in the past year. We hit our fortune. We freed Mom from having to work three jobs all at once, and we moved her and Tiff into this penthouse with a magnificent view of the city.

It was still unbelievable for me that she worked three jobs. Then again, she was a single mother with three kids. It's surprising she didn't snap sooner, all things considered, so I honestly considered her a hell of a woman, even if she was causing us a bit of trouble at the moment.

I pulled out my phone and was going to call her personally to see what this whole Jean Pierre Jacques thing was, but before I could even dial the number, an email appeared across the screen.

An email from her.

Apparently, she needed a nice long trip, and she was seeing the world with this guy who she'd been talking to online over the past few months. She said that we shouldn't freak out; she'd checked that he's not a serial killer and that they might elope, but she needs this. It's been her dream since she was a little girl, and she won't be anywhere near a phone or computer for awhile.

Well damn.

It was sort of irresponsible of her to bail on Tiff, but maybe she was so stressed out that it made her stupid and think that Isabella's duty was to take care of her? So many years of single motherhood—along with some broken hearts along the way—is enough to send anyone to a shrink, right?

Or traveling the world with some French guy, I supposed.

I opened the slip of paper Isabella gave me. A live-in nanny, huh? It seemed to be the most obvious solution. Julian and I were busy with our college careers. Sure, we'd made our money, but the quickest way to lose money is to not know how to manage it. For example, most lottery winners.

We were driven to this whole "be smart" thing, so college was happening, millions and billions of dollars or not.

That meant we couldn't become Tiff's sudden brother-dad hybrid. Sure, she was laughing and playing with Julian right now, but we couldn't do it alone, and since we had the money, we had options we could explore.

A live-in nanny, though? *Au pair*? Trumped-up babysitter? I mused on whom we could possibly get. I'd heard those fantasies about seducing the housekeeper and all that.

Isabella made me realize how silly that thought really was. She was middle-aged and happily married. Fantasies were just fantasies in my mind.

Pulling out my cell, I dialed the number, realizing I needed to focus on someone good for Tiffany instead of worrying about my dick so much. Finding girls who wanted a good time wasn't exactly hard for me anyway.

Even then? It was getting more than a bit old having a rotating cast of girls I would be sharing my bed with. I yearned for something steady, something real. Something to really make my blood boil with desire and keep me interested.

None of the girls I went to college with did that for me. Fuck, if I ever found a girl like that, I'd be all over her like a rabid dog. I listened to the automated system and options before pressing the "1" key so I could

speak to a live person. It was mine and Julian’s duty to care for Tiff, and we were going to do whatever we could to make things right.

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CHAPTER TWO
CASSIE

There's a thing about working with kids. The kids, for the most part, are fine.

Sure, once in a while, they throw a fit, they act irrationally, but you know at the end of the day they'll give in. A kid who doesn't want to take a nap doesn't have an iron will to stay up forever.

No, the kids have never been the problem with me and my job.

The problem you ask?

The parents.

"I'm going to report you to your manager!" she screamed at me as I walk away.

My eyes were wide with shock, as I could never believe what I'd been fired for this time.

The time before? It was sort of my fault. I'd been kinda late a few times, and they were a hard-ass about it. Fair enough.

This time though?

Mrs. Feasel was a total itch, as I would sometimes say when there were kids around.

I was riding the elevator down to the bottom floor after this arduous nonsense, ready to go home, kind of afraid I was already on strike two.

Anticipation lingered as I held my phone and waited for the inevitable call from Bruce.

There it was. I clicked the answer button. "Hi, Bruce. Yes, it's Cassie."

"What'd you do this time, Cassie?"

I grumbled. As a boss, Bruce had been good to me. He was understanding that I was young and would make mistakes, and hence forgave the first termination I got for the tardiness.

The company, the Child's Organization for Kindness—or...I wouldn’t say the acronym—had a harsh three-strike policy. Three terminations from clients, and you were permanently done with the company.

So one hard-ass, one crazy, and suddenly I was on thin ice. For a young, aspiring child psychologist like myself, that was not a great place to

be.

"What did they say I did? Just curious." I legit was wondering if Mrs. Feasel was going to try to play that card.

"That you tried to poison their son, Skylar."

He should have been able to hear the impact that was my palm smacking my forehead.

"You didn't do that, did you? That's like, automatic firing level, Cassie."

"What do you think, Bruce?" I paused before realizing I really shouldn't be firing sarcasm at my boss. "No, of course not."

"Then why are they saying that?"

I let out a breath. "I bought a bag of potato chips."

"Huh?"

"I bought a bag of potato chips. For my own consumption. My own snack. I had no intention of breaking their rules or sharing them with Skylar."

"Then why on earth is Mrs. Feasel saying you're trying to poison him?"

"Gluten. The chips could potentially have gluten, and Mrs. Feasel apparently thinks it acts as an airborne agent or something and will murder her son when I open the bag."

"Well, uh, she's just paranoid of his celiac I guess. Could sneak a chip when he isn't looking."

"I don't even think most potato chips even have gluten? And I don't think Skylar even has celiac?" If he did, I would have taken it a whole lot more seriously. "No, it didn't have *gluten-free* emblazoned on it, so it's poison. Hence, she fired me."

"Seriously? Whatever. It's strike two. You know how it is. I can't control it."

"I know, I know."

"Luckily for you, though, I have another opportunity for you. They're requesting an urgent interview, which means they're hiring ASAP."

"Sounds good to me. The day's still young."

"I'll text you the address. They'll be expecting you. Cassie, though, if they seem crazy, you might just want to decline the job. That way I don't have to fire you when it all becomes too much."

"I'll take it under advisement, but I think I'm due for something boring and typical at this point. Hopefully."

"Well, we don't get many rush requests, so there's that. Good luck with this one, Cassie."

"Thanks, Bruce."

The call ended, and less than a minute later, I got the text with the address and who I was seeing.

Julian Barnes.

Never heard of him.

The address, though?

That was on the city's west side, the richest part of town, and that meant they were really, really fucking rich.

Most of the people who hired me were the type who pulled six digits a year. Upper-class types. Doctors, lawyers, people who had super long hours and sold all their times so they got nothing for the kids.

The place I was going, though, was a step above that. Maybe a few flights of stairs above that, if I wanted to be perfectly fair.

I caught the cab over, psyching myself up. I needed this. I had the whole massive student debt thing going, barely getting by, and I still needed to build up experience. The live-in nanny thing seemed to good way to get experience with kids, have someplace without a massive rent hanging over my head, and still pull in a paycheck to be able to handle the loan payment, keep my phone on, and not starve.

I'd just been looking at it as a twist on roommate situations. Like, sure, my roommates were in a whole different place in their life than I was, but all the same, I was sharing a house with people, so I couldn't get too comfortable with myself. I could live with it.

That was the theory anyway. I was getting sort of tired of running the crazy gauntlet, and it seemed moms could be far crazier than a single twenty-something.

When I got to the address, I looked up at the building. This was a tower, pretty much a skyscraper, and I was going to the penthouse up on top of the damn place? What the hell was I about to deal with? I hadn't even met them yet, and it felt as if I was already walking into something crazy.

I approached the elevator, but there was a guy there who quickly threw out his hand to stop me. "Do you have business here, miss?"

"Um, I'm here to see Julian Barnes?"

He laughed. "Really?"

"Yeah."

The guard—doorman, or whatever he was—shook his head. He brought a hand to an earpiece. High tech as hell. "Mr. Barnes, you there? I have a..."

"Cassie Moore. I'm with C.O.K. childcare?" I made sure to use the letters and not the word itself. What sort of idiot named that company?

"A Cassie Moore here. Says she's with…"

"Just the babysitter, er…nanny they requested."

"Riiight. Okay then." He lowered his hand from his ear. "He's expecting you."

The door opened, and I stepped onto the elevator, somewhat confused that I was about to essentially go to work with someone who lived in a place where I was the riffraff the door people tried to keep away.

Even the elevator was nicer than a lot of the places I've lived. The carpet felt super soft, even through my sneakers.

The ride was long, giving me more time to agonize over who I was about to meet. *Who will they be? What will they look like? Is it some decrepit old skeleton-looking guy? Why does he need a nanny?*

I shuddered. Probably for his son who he had with a woman a quarter his age. The idea revolted me enough that it may have been enough to send me running.

Finally, the elevator reached the top floor. I stepped out. There was a hallway with a single door. Honestly? It felt sort of ominous. The door was large and wide, enough for three of me to walk in side by side. Must have made moving in and out easier, at the very least.

A shiver went down my spine. Part of me wanted to just abandon this. I had a bad feeling about this, as if that whatever happened when that door opened was going to be something I was never going to forget.

It was an absolutely silly thing to freak out about. I just needed to be a professional.

So I knocked, and suddenly wondered if I was going to regret it.

Shut up, brain.

The door opened, and some of my suspicions suddenly came true.

I wasn't going to forget what I saw easily. No, it wasn’t the decrepit old man and his barely legal squeeze.

Really, it was the furthest thing from it.

A square jaw, clear, azure eyes staring my way on the most handsome face I could ever imagine, mounted on what was pretty much an old Greek statue made flesh.

I think I was so overwhelmed that my vision was going blurry and I was suddenly seeing two of them.

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CHAPTER THREE

JULIAN

Well, well, well. This was not what I expected. Not at all.

What I did expect? Someone like Isabella. Maybe someone who looked like my grandmother.

Not a fucking porn star. Or super model. Or whatever. She was incredibly hot and was hitting all the right buttons for me.

Suddenly, I was a whole lot more on board with Jack's insistence we get a nanny to care for Tiff.

When he originally told me, I said we should go get Aunt Sue or something to do it, and it may have seemed selfish, but I quickly decided Tiff deserved a true professional. Aunt Sue would be fine without the extra money we would have thrown her way. She'd married well.

"Hello there," Jack managed to say, a gigantic smile on his face. I'd call it smiling like an idiot, but I was pretty sure I had the same stupid look on my face.

"Hi," she managed. A girl like her wasn’t something I thought of when I thought of childcare workers.

Outside of maybe teenage babysitters, but she wasn’t that either. She was a quite bit more grown up—the girl next door made super hot. That innocent body filled out with curves in all the right places.

Fuck, did I just get a chub from looking at a fully clothed woman?

I pushed the thoughts out of my head.

At least for now.

"I presume you're Cassie Moore from the agency?"

She nodded. "Um, yeah. Uh, Julian Barnes?" She didn't know who was who.

"I placed the request, yes." I nodded. Apparently, Jack liked the idea of playing games with Tiff and delegated the bureaucracy of getting a nanny to me, since I was the “responsible one.” Yeah, right.

If Tiff didn't want to play games so bad, I wouldn't have allowed it to happen, but sometimes you had to let other people win, and all things considered, it was a pretty easy process when I told them I had Isabella's agencies' recommendation.

There was a definite awkwardness to her, and I could catch her eyes roaming up and down my body—and up and down Jack's, too. I knew that motion. She was checking us out. I got blessed with good genes, and I had always been able to attract no shortage of girls, and when a girl looked at me like that, where I knew she was most definitely interested, let's just say there was blood in the water, and I was an incredibly hungry shark.

Jack stepped forward and offered his hand. "Jack Barnes. This is my brother, Julian."

She accepted the handshake. Jack was squeezing. That bastard was measuring her up, too. "Pleased to meet you, I think. Um...twins?"

I nodded. "Yes, unfortunate sometimes, fortunate others."

"Sorry, I thought I hit my head or something walking in and had double vision for a moment. I don't get guys like you requesting nannies too often."

"Well, things suddenly changed on us. Our mother's gone..."

"I'm so sorry," she said, looking suddenly guilty.

"No, no, nothing like that. She's..."

How did I say what Mom did nicely? Probably not bringing up Jean Pierre Jacques. If there was anything that worried me about who my Mom ran off with it, was that. Could his name get any more aggressively stereotypically French?

"She's in need of a mental health retreat. My brother and I are busy establishing our empire and preparing to keep it going for years to come, and unfortunately, that leaves young eight-year-old Tiffany over there." I gestured over to the TV. She was now just playing games alone, some super colorful game with catchy music. "Without day-to-day supervision."

"I see. Well, that's what I'm potentially here for."

"Potentially?"

"Usually, there's an interview process. You grill me. See if I'm a good fit for your family. You said you want it to be a full-time, live-in thing, correct?"

I nodded. "You've got the job."

Her jaw sort of dropped. "Excuse me?"

"You're perfect." Even I didn’t know what I was saying. I knew it was completely insane to take in some girl I just met and then put her in charge of my little sister.

She was perfect, though. *God, is this me just thinking with my dick?* I thought myself more clearheaded. Someone who always thought with the head that was on top of my neck. A girl like Cassie, though, inspired my dick to throw a rebellion and fuck, it won, and won fast.

"All you know is my name."

"You heard the man," Jack spoke up. "You got a job."

"I could be a serial killer. A junkie."

"I trust your company's vetting systems. Should I show you around the place? Let you get used to your new home?"

"Um, uh...sure." She shrugged. She clearly wasn't expecting to be hired so easily.

I wasn't expecting to hire her so easily. I really did care about my little sister and wanted her to be properly taken care of. I had no idea what came over me, and I couldn’t seem to make myself try to correct it.

With what was guiding me, though, I knew that I wanted a little bit more privacy.

"Hey, Jack," I said. "Why don't you take Tiff out for some ice cream or something?"

"Hmm? We got plenty in the fridge."

"You know the parlor ice cream is better." I glared his way.

He looked my way then toward Cassie and back again. He was deciphering my words pretty loud and clear.

"Oh sure. She needs it probably. Rough day with Mom taking off and all."

Jack, though, made sure not to leave completely quietly. He stepped toward Cassie, looming over her. "It's an honor to meet you. I'm sure you'll fit in with us just fine."

"Um, uh, thanks." She forced a smile. What was going through that beautiful head of hers, I wondered. It was clear as day she wanted me.

Also that she wanted Jack just as badly. Sensibly, this should have been a mark against her. It seemed like drama waiting to happen, and yet I still couldn't make myself do that.

Fuck, I'm such a horndog.

Jack called our little sister over and easily convinced her to go out for fancy ice cream. They soon left the penthouse, and I was left all alone with my new prey.

"Come along now. Let me show you around."

She took an inventory of what was around here. "This is almost too rich for my blood."

"After you get over the initial shock, everything becomes a whole lot easier to deal with. It just becomes home, just with a wonderful view instead of hot water that may or may not work."

"What, did you actually live in a place like that?"

I glared at her. "What, you think I just inherited this?"

"Don't most rich kids do?"

I laughed, shaking my head. "They do. But no, me and my brother are self-made. Our poor mother worked herself to death for us, which is why I don't hold this bizarre outburst against her."

"Well, I guess that's good."

"Let's just say I want the best for myself and for my family…and any future family I may have."

The oddest thing about that line was that I was playfully furrowing my eyebrows at her, as if I was trying to be suggestive with a fairly innocent statement.

She, to her credit, was mostly unfazed by this. "You're going to be waiting a while for more family, if that's your idea of a pickup line."

"Aren't you a sassy one?"

"You gotta give like you take sometimes. A good offense is the best defense, or however they say it."

We continued to chat as I took her around. Showed her the kitchen. The living room. The balcony.

She didn't fawn over the rich people stuff. I guess the people she'd worked with in the past had inoculated her to the worst of it, and at the end of the day, Jack and I came from middle-class roots, so we didn't see a lot of point in investing in a golden, diamond-encrusted shark tank or something similarly excessive. Our biggest indulgence seemed to be a nice TV, a nice computer, a good selection of video games—things that most cost thousands of dollars instead of hundreds of thousands.

All that said, her not being all wowzers over the *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* only endeared her more to me. I liked a girl who could be real, a girl who wasn't just impressed by my bank account.

Trophy wives were for men without any real game or good qualities outside their stacks of cash. I would be ashamed if I claimed a woman in such a way.

I wanted a woman to fall madly in love with Julian Barnes the man, not the entrepreneur or whatever my technical job title was nowadays. They needed to fall in love with my personality, my body, my... You see where I'm going with this, no?

More so, I could tell more than ever that I wanted Cassie to be that woman.

"Would you like to see your bedroom?"

"Oh, you already have one picked out for me?"

"We have plenty of spare rooms. Come."

I took her to her room. It was an extra, and it was currently empty because we didn’t really know what to do with it just yet.

"This is...quite spacious," she noted.

"Yeah. Put some stuff in here, and it'll look cozier. I'll see to it that it's fully furnished and up to the quality of mine."

"The quality of yours, huh?"

"Do you want to see what you can expect, Miss Moore?"

She hesitated a moment. Did she see right through my not-so-subtle suggestions?

If she did, she was fully on board. "Sure, show me."

I led her along. I still couldn't keep my eyes off her. Those thighs, that ass, those breasts...fuck. I just wanted to see more of it. I wanted to see all of it.

On top of that, I was pretty sure I wouldn't be able to resist for long.

She followed me along, and I took her to my room, which was quite nice. A pretty good-sized TV, dressers, mirror, a desk with a laptop resting on it, and most importantly, a wonderfully comfortable king-sized bed.

I walked into it and gestured broadly to everything around me. "This is what you have to look forward to."

"Do I now?" She took her time, taking in the sight. "I don't know why you're showing me everything though. It's not my job to wander the place and clean everything. I'm a glorified babysitter, not a maid."

"Indeed you are, and I wouldn't treat you as anything less. No, I'm not showing you this, Cassie, because I want you to get used to cleaning it. Quite the opposite. I want to show you this because I want you to help me make this place very, very dirty."

I heard her swallow as my suggestiveness got more and more obvious by the second.

"I want to you to get familiar with this room. Get familiar with me." I felt like I was moments away from flat out telling her I wanted to fuck her brains out.

With the way she was looking at me, such an upfront approach just may have worked.

The things this girl was doing to me were fucking amazing, and she hadn't even touched me beyond a handshake.

"Are you trying to imply something here, Mr. Julian?"

"Just Julian, if you would."

"Same question. Are you trying to suggest something less than typically professional? Because I'll have you know Children's Organization for Kindness doesn't encourage fraternization between their employees and their clients."

"That depends, Cassie. Are you saying you would turn down such a thing?"

I began to walk around her. She was struggling pretty hard with everything I was throwing at her.

"Truly, I can't help but admit that this might be a case of love at first sight. Or maybe I should be honest with myself. Lust. I didn't expect a girl like you. I expected the furthest thing from it. Then you walk in, and suddenly everything changes."

She trembled nervously. "Is this some sort of shakedown or something? Like where you say I have to blow you to get the job or you'll fire me?"

"Oh, no, perish the thought. I'm sure you'll do a fine job. The biggest threat, of course, is just having you around, your mere presence being a powerful temptation for me. At the end of the day, though, I am a man, not a beast, and I'm perfectly capable of controlling myself."

Cassie let out a long breath. "Thank you, I guess?" She was still absolutely confused by all of this, though.

"No, no. What I'm offering is entirely separate. Personal, not professional. I've seen how you look at me. No, I'm not full of myself enough to think every girl wants me so damned bad. You, though? You want me? Out of the corner of my eye, I see you staring at me in amazement. Looking at my body. Wishing you could see more of me. I can't read your mind, Cassie." I step in front of her, my presence consuming her. "But I don't need to."

"You don't need to?"

"Let me prove how I know you want me. I'm going to do something that if I was any other person, you would run away screaming. You would potentially file a police report, maybe. You're not."

She crossed her arms. She was very much intrigued with where I was going with all this, and frankly? So was I.

"So let's test my theory."

As much bravado as I put out there, I was hoping I wasn't the least bit wrong, because if I was? I was about to look like a gigantic fool.

I pulled off my belt. I undid the button on my pants and I pushed them down, underwear included.

Just seeing her put me at half-erect. My imagination easily took me the rest of the way.

My cock was throbbing hard, pointing at her, aching with need.

"I'm a busy man, Cassie. Let's just say I can't tolerate a long chase. Me serenading you over dinners? No, I want you. You're going to be living in my home, so let's just get it over with."

She was glaring at my cock it as it throbbed her way.

"Do it. Put my cock in your mouth and suck me off, Cassie."

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CHAPTER FOUR

CASSIE

It's pretty obvious what my initial reaction was.

What?

It'd been "What?" ever since I saw him drop his pants.

One part of me wanted to slap him in the face. Where did he get off being so crass about all of this? No man had ever walked up to me and asked—no, commanded me to do something like this.

Yet…

I couldn't just go and make myself do the most rational thing, which was turn around and walk far, far away from this penthouse. File a sexual harassment complaint with the company, hope that'd give me more leeway with keeping me on board.

Ever since I walked into this place, I'd been salivating over him like I had no other man before. His brother, too, which made me feel even more insane.

I wasn't this. I was the good girl. I took my time getting to know people, and I'd have to know a guy at least a month before I would go and fuck them.

Yet I'd barely known this guy an hour and he was demanding I suck his dick.

As insane as it was, there was definitely something sexy about being so brashly assertive to ask for such a thing. He didn't care about customs and traditions; there was something there and he wanted it.

It was a drive that was definitely alluring to me. Power was sexy, I'd always heard, and was this why?

"Well?" he said, still standing tall before me.

I did something incredibly stupid, incredibly foolish.

I dropped to my knees before him.

"Good, good." His smile became even wider, more devious.

He took a step forward. I began to reach out for his cock. I was going through with this. I still couldn't believe it.

"How about you take off your shirt first? You wouldn't want it to get messed up, now would you?"

As odd as it was, he had a point, although I knew he couldn't care less about getting his jizz all over my shirt. I was pretty sure a guy like him

would only get harder with the thought.

I pulled my T-shirt over my head and put it off to the side. I was still sitting there in a bra.

Not for long, though.

"Take that off, too. Let's see what's been taunting me so damned much since I've laid eyes on you."

Reaching behind my back, I unhooked the bra and set it to the side as well. I leaned back, looking up at him, letting him get a full view of my chest.

"Fucking amazing. You should get a better bra. I mean, they looked good already, but seeing them like this? They're on a whole new level, my dear Cassie."

Blushing, I shook my head. I didn't dress to seduce my potential bosses. I was a practical girl, yet here I was doing something that was decidedly impractical.

"What are you waiting for then? I asked you to do something. You should be about doing it."

Nodding, I reached out, touching that throbbing cock which recoiled at contact. I caressed it, getting a feel for it. God, this guy was well equipped. I wondered if his brother was packing as much heat as he was, and I guess since they were identical twins, they ought to be?

God, how greedy of me, thinking of another cock when I had a perfectly good one right in front of my face.

Stroking him. Jerking him. Bringing him closer. Learning him, feeling his balls and how heavy they were. Was I really ready to feel him unleash that down my throat? On my face? What if I took it elsewhere?

He came closer, stroking my hair, urging me to take more of him.

So I did. I kissed the head of his cock, bringing out my tongue to run up and down its throbbing form. I heard him do the masculine version of purring as I slid my tongue down his shaft, coming back up and lashing at him with enthusiasm. Coming to his head, teasing it more. A good blowjob wasn't just about sucking a guy's dick as hard as you could. It was about building anticipation. Desire. Need. You wanted them to want nothing more in the world than to finally come when they got to that point.

I parted my lips ever so slightly as I began to bring him in. Inch by inch, licking and teasing him the whole way. I heard a gasp, a moan, and it only emboldened me to keep going, taking him in deeper. If I was going to

give a blowjob to a guy I just met, a guy who was about to become by boss, I decided I definitely wasn't going to half-ass it.

Feeling him throb in my lips, stroking him, urging him. He staggered back to his bed, and I scooted right up to stay on top of him.

"Fuck, I didn't expect you to be so damn good at this.

I could only laugh to myself. I didn't think I was some sort of master cocksucker, but I guess Julian was hardly typical and inspired me to greatness, even if that greatness was in fellatio.

Bobbing up and down on him, I was pushing myself harder, faster to please him. He didn't even promise me anything in return, yet all I could do was anticipate what would come if I did everything just right.

"You're not supposed to be so damn hot and so expert at this at the same time, girl. Don't you know you're supposed to coast on your good looks? Oh, damn." That last part was him reacting to me sucking him particularly hard for a moment.

Little droplets of his seed hit my tongue, almost encouraging me to go after him even stronger. One little taste and I was suddenly inspired to want all of him. I wanted him to empty himself down my throat. I wanted to swallow every last drop.

Julian, though, the curiously devious bastard he was, had other ideas.

He pulled my head off him by the hair. "No. I gotta have you all the way now after that. I'm not wasting this down your throat."

I raised an eyebrow. Not wasting it? What, shooting it all over my back and stomach was considered not wasteful to him?

Wait, he couldn't have considered...? He wasn't that crazy, was he?

"First, though, I need to pace myself. Seeing half of you naked has been heaven, Cassie. Let me see the rest."

I noticed I had been mostly silent since I dropped to my knees. I really didn't know what to say on the matter. So I did what I was told and trusted him to make me not regret this madness.

Standing up, I started to wiggle off my jeans, trying to throw a little sexiness on it, some gyrations as I revealed my ass and thighs. I felt a little but bashful that the panties I was wearing were hardly the sexiest things in the world. After all, I was dressed for comfort and practicality, not to fuck one of a set of two stupidly hot twins.

"Mm, liking more and more I see at the moment."

Shoes, socks, off. I was there only in my panties, and soon enough, those were going down, too. I didn't hate my body, but I didn't think I was extraordinarily sexy either.

Julian, though, was quickly changing my opinion of myself. The way his eyes moved, how he devoured me with them as his cock throbbed harder, watching me. Perhaps I was wrong and I was the sexiest woman on the planet—at least where it truly mattered.

"I just realized this hardly seems fair. I should remedy that."

He started to strip off his shirt, button by button, finishing the job of making himself as naked as I was. When I laid my eyes on him, I suddenly just wanted to repeat everything he said about me back at him. Besides the breasts thing. He had a nice chest, but the adjectives he used weren't the same as the ones I'd use for him.

"Ah, I see you're enjoying the sights, too, Cassie. Don't worry. You'll be able to experience all of me soon enough."

Then, for the first time, he embraced me, brought me close, and kissed me square on the lips.

It dawned on me that I hadn't even kissed this guy and I'd already sucked his cock.

With how he kissed, though? God, it felt worth the wait. Everything about him consumed me, including his lips, his tongue, how those deft hands ran through my hair. How they went down my back, creating gooseflesh no matter where they went. Soon, both hands came down my back, grabbing me by the ass, and hoisted me straight up, carrying me to that massive bed, setting me down, his body covering mine.

Kisses rained down my form, bit by bit. My skin was coming alive. He came to my breasts, found those sensitive tips, and latched onto them, sucking them in and sparking something wonderful in me with it, something strong. Everything about him felt so skilled, so deft. This was a man who had been around the block, yes, but he had been honing his skills, and now I was feeling the result of that training.

More and more down my body, he came to my legs, spreading them apart, kissing me on the nub. I suddenly gasped, the precursor to something that would be truly amazing. His fingers were more than active, too, sliding down my valley, teasing me, and letting me know he was fully invested in making me scream for him.

Suddenly, it became perfectly clear why his brother took their sister out for ice cream.

Julian started slowly at first. Licking me. Tickling me. It was a fire inside that was slowly spreading over my body, pleasantly warming me, but I knew that it would soon rage into an inferno.

I let myself fall back flat, but it wasn't long before I was arching and moaning for him. He held me down, making the feelings inside me all the more chaotic. A suck on the nub, and lightning tore through me. God, when he crassly asked me to suck his cock, I had no idea that it could possibly lead to this.

Gritting my teeth, I grabbed the sheets, tossing and turning as he took me—aching for him. He kept going. Julian was unrelenting. At this point, I knew that there was no way he was going to stop until I was damn near screaming for him.

The thing was, I didn’t think I was that far away from it.

His tongue pumped in and out of me as if it was a thick, powerful cock all its own, and his thumb over my nub rubbed me relentlessly. I struggled against him, but ultimately was thrusting my hips toward him, making my legs wrap around his head. I grabbed that head of hair of his and held on tight—almost too tight. Aside from a playful look, it didn't stop him one bit as he continued to orally assault my poor sex.

It was becoming too much to cope with—too *hard* to cope with. I was already panting and moaning nonstop, but it would soon be just too much.

An eruption of delight jolted through my entire being and I screamed out for him. I bolted straight up, holding onto him for dear life as the orgasm pulsed through my body, ravaging me, all while he kept going, forcing me to milk everything I could from this thorough tongue-fucking that I possibly could.

The aftershocks hit me, and he slowed down, his gaze still locked firmly on me. "God, you're so fucking beautiful when you come. I'm going to have to make you come a whole lot more because of it."

I wasn't going to protest that. I wasn't going to protest that one bit.

Panting and sweaty, lying naked on his bed, Julian stood tall, his cock still twitching with need for me. Oh God, he was going to fuck me now.

I was simultaneously enthusiastic and horrified. I really shouldn't be fucking a guy I just met. Or doing anything that I'd already done with a guy I just met. Was I that weak to a pretty face?

All the same, fuck, I welcomed it. If his fucking was anything like how he used his tongue, I was in for something absolutely wonderful.

My heart pounding, he climbed back on top of me, looking me in the eyes. "You do things to me, Cassie. I have no fucking clue why, but you do."

I felt his cock slide over my nub—my poor, aching nub. Jesus, I was totally at his mercy. Soon, he guided himself in, his cock parting my lips in a way that temporarily made me worry about taking a guy so big, but I knew my body would adapt. Especially for a handsome hunk of man like Julian.

He filled me to the hilt, almost unable to fit. God, though, he felt so good so firmly implanted inside of me, his arms wrapped around my body, holding me close. He waited only briefly before drawing himself out—the friction sending such bliss through me—and coming right back in, adding a dose of wonder.

He repeated this, every little movement being its own little piece of paradise. They started to come at me faster and faster, testing my limits.

I trembled around him as he took me, holding me close. Soon, I was bucking against him, my heart racing as my need for him grew. If just having this guy shoot me a glare was going to turn me into a wanton slut, I should just go all the way and be the biggest slut for him possible—urging him, desiring him, needing him.

I felt those thick, firm muscles under my hands, clawing at them as he sent me through a blissful fit with another penetration. Again and again, he rocked into me, and in turn, rocked my world so damned hard. Soon the pace only increased, and it felt as if he was an actual fucking machine, pistoning in and out of me with his cock, taking my gradual increase of delight and sending me flying upward into a soon gibbering pile of an orgasmic mess.

Even his breathing was growing ragged as he was so wholly consumed by me—kissing me, holding me. Needing me. Driving himself home again and again.

A finger had slithered between us, rubbing me as he fucked me, making sure that I would be coming right when he did.

I was near. He was, too.

The train couldn't be avoided, the orgasm hitting me, and hitting me hard. I screamed out for him, holding on for dear life as it pulsed through me in endless waves. I heard him groan, felt him hold on.

Felt him quiver deep within me, then spewing his seed into me, lashing me again and again with that warmth, filling me to absolute capacity.

Our breaths ragged, him holding me tight, we were slow in regaining our sensibilities.

Slowly but surely, I drifted back down to earth. Our breathing was almost synchronized, and it was honestly sort of calming.

I relished the afterglow of what I was enjoying—feeling him on top of me. The ache of it all.

The seed inside me.

The seed inside me from which I was completely unprotected because I hadn't had a regular relationship in six months, so I had no reason to be on birth control.

In moments, I went from blissfully happy to suddenly incredibly worried. "You—you came inside of me."

He sat up, finally withdrawing. His cum seethed out of me, tickling me ever so slightly. It would have been sort of nice if I wasn’t suddenly panicking.

"That's a problem?" he asked, as if he'd taken the last slice of pizza.

I sat up, too, but my eyes were focused between my legs. "I'm not on anything. No pill. No IUD."

"Well, I certainly didn't feel the last one, so no, you're not."

I stared at him. He seemed entirely unconcerned about what he did. "Birds. Bees. Pregnant. Bad!"

"Why is it bad?"

More staring, my brain freezing over as it tried to process how he could be so unconcerned about what he had just done. "Do you want to get me pregnant or something?"

He looked me up and down and again and just smiled. "Fuck, that would actually be incredibly sexy. I thought you couldn't get more perfect, but those milk-filled boobs and that little baby belly? You'd be even hotter."

Even more staring. "I haven't even known you for a day and you want to father a child with me?"

"You're the one who likes taking care of kids. I thought you would be thrilled at the prospect." The way he was looking at me, that sarcastic grin? He knew he was being willfully dense.

"God." I shook my head, trying to think of anything to say to that. "You can't be for real."

He was though. Right before I had that sting of dread, I'd had the best sex of my young life. The adrenaline pumping, the wildness, the mystery.

Even him coming inside of me at the end contributed to it.

Julian stood up and picked up his clothes. "Don't worry about it. Anything happens, I'll take care of it. It's not like I don't have the money. I could afford you giving me two dozen kids and not even put a dent in the bank."

I didn't know what to say.

Two dozen? He had to have been exaggerating.

Right now, one was horribly exaggerating.

No doubt, money wouldn't be an issue.

There was just the whole personal belief that a child should be born as the result of love and not just lust.

Julian stretched out. "Mi casa is su casa. I'll get a key made for you and get you all the codes and stuff you need—garage passwords, Wi-Fi info, you know, the works."

I wasn't done staring at him and his audacity. Going along with all that as if it was nothing.

He bent down and started gathering his clothes. "I hate to fuck and dash, but I still have business to attend to. All of this stuff with hiring you, you know, was just so damn sudden."

So damn sudden. The whole fucking me pregnant thing.

Yeah, it was sudden. Understatement of the year there.

"Take it easy. I think Tiff is back. You should go introduce yourself and get to know her. Form a bond, a rapport. She's a playful girl, even if as her brother I'm also supposed to inform you that she's an utter brat."

My head was shaking—or I guess more accurately, wobbling back and forth. It was just pure disbelief, really.

"Her bedtime is drawing close, actually. You might have to wait till tomorrow to do proper introductions."

Why was he going on about business when I was still stuck in a crisis of worrying if I was just put on the road to being pregnant?

Again, if I had a lick of common sense, I should have turned away. Ran. Take the good fucking and run. Go get a morning-after pill. Just hope fate's dice dropped in my favor.

Yet, I couldn't.

I felt like a damn idiot.

All the same, though, I would be a damn idiot if I tried to push Julian out of my life as soon as I found him.

Ugh, I was getting a headache from all of this.

Talking to an eight year old was a lot less difficult, and that was why I wanted to work with kids. They were simple. They didn't play eleventh-dimensional chess with you. It was refreshingly honest.

Moreover, I needed something like this. A break from my own mess of a mind, my own pseudo-schizophrenic thoughts.

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CHAPTER FIVE

JACK

There was a bit of a bro-code Julian and I followed.

Bro in the sense of being close buddies, not so much actually being brothers.

Although the blood relation certainly did intensify our bromance.

Regardless, we had rules with one another. When we saw a target of seduction, and we needed the other out of the way, we gave them space and helped them out when possible.

Thing is? The way Julian asked for space rubbed me wrong in a few ways.

Like how the girl he was crushing on was meant to be Tiff's babysitter.

Or how I had a crush on the same girl, despite my previous line.

I wasn't out as long with Tiff as I'd expected to be. It was already pretty late, and Tiff was pretty solid at passing out at around 8:30 exactly and without fail. When I was riding the elevator up to the penthouse, she was already pretty much out, and I was carrying her.

Then I got back in proper. I heard the unmistakable sounds of… well, fucking. I took Tiff to her bedroom and was thankful that part of having a super-nice place was also having decent soundproofing. At least enough that Tiff couldn't hear things that would wake her up and ask me questions about why Julian was screaming at Cassie and vice versa. I wasn't the world's best liar, and I didn't want to be the one to give my sister the birds and bees talk either.

Me, though? My curiosity got the better of me.

I approached, envisioning what must be going on. It might be weird to think of your brother fucking someone, but when he looks exactly like you, the rules change a little.

That girl was screaming her tits off and having the time of her life.

Judging by Julian, well, he was, too. God, just hearing it all made me hard.

I couldn't think of anything lamer than jacking off to my own brother fucking a girl, and yet the temptation was still fucking there.

That's how unbelievably hot Cassie was.

So hot that I was incredibly surprised that Julian had given in so quickly.

"You—you came inside me," I hear her say behind the door.

I wasn't expecting that either.

Their conversation goes on. I listen in, the snooping bastard I am.

This was very unlike Julian. Very unlike him indeed.

It also meant that they were likely almost done in there, so I had better scoot before I looked like the perverted bastard that I actually am.

Heading for the kitchen, I poured myself a drink. Nothing too strong, just something to take the edge off, a nightcap I guess some people called it. I still had to do some studying and other stuff, so getting completely wicked drunk wasn't a particularly good idea.

Just like clockwork, though, Jack came strolling out, looking disheveled, and even if I hadn't heard him, it would have been pretty obvious he just finished fucking someone.

"Hey there, little brother," I smugly said as he came into the room, pouring him a drink, too. "You look rough."

"Two minutes does not a little brother make, Jack."

"Just going with the technicality. It's not important though."

"Why have you been reminding me constantly over these past twenty-three years then?"

I didn't take the bait. "Not important. What is important? You having a bit too much fun with the babysitter in there."

His expression turned dour. "You're going to give me shit about going after a girl I found hot? Are you that petty and jealous?"

"It's not that, man. It's..." I paused a moment, realizing there was no way of me telling him things without revealing myself as a big ol' creep, but ultimately, this was too important. "The fact that I heard you apparently planted some seeds, if you know what I mean."

He raised an eyebrow.

I lied. "You didn't close the door all the way. You're lucky Tiff was already out for the count when I got back."

"It's none of your business how I enjoy myself, Jack."

"But it is. Dude, we agreed. We hit it big. We're going to be smart about it. No buying dozens of Lamborghinis, no high-class call girls who cost thousands an hour, no stupid shit like caviar. Just functional stuff, like a

nice place, relief for Mom, and all that. We go to school, we learn how to manage the money. All and all, be smart about it."

"And?"

"Fucking the babysitter and knocking her up so she can baby trap you seems pretty counter-productive to all that, don't you think?

He shook his head and poured himself another drink. "It's not like that, man. Cassie's not going to do that."

"How do you know? We've barely known her for more than a few hours."

"It's just this feeling. This intuition."

I crossed my arms. "Really? Mr. Cold Logic Julian is going off the feels. Especially with a girl."

"Man...she's different. I mean it. When I'm in the throes of passion with her, she feels like the one. Like I'm there with my soulmate. Like I want to build a future with her, all while doing dirty, nasty things to her."

"So you're trying to knock her up."

"Dude, when you get around to fucking her, I'd like to see you try not to do that."

My eyebrow quickly raised. "When I get around to it?"

"I'm not blind, man. You were fucking her with your eyes as hard I was. This? This is just jealousy. I'm betting dollars to donuts you won't be responsible either."

"Man, I wrap it up."

"You're not with her." He leaned in, whispering into my ear. "You saw her. Now imagine her swelling with my child. Your child. Our child."

I thought about just that.

I tried to envision it.

It helped that she walked up right behind us, obviously looking as if she had been fucking just like Julian did. Seeing her walk with a little bit of waddle from Julian's spirited railings gave me enough of the fantasy to see it. To see her.

"Where's Tiff? I guess she fell asleep already?" she asked, looking around the room, still blushing. Apparently, the evidence of what she just did was clear even to her.

"She's pretty punctual about passing out half past eight," I replied, sipping some of the wine. "Mark eight-thirty as your quitting time with her."

Cassie then looked at Julian. "I thought you had important things to do. Drinking is important?"

"I'm just loosening myself up before I get to the stresses of the day, dear." Julian smiled, desperately trying to explain away what was clearly a celebratory drink for him. "But yes, I do have business to attend to. Trades and the like to confirm and deny. It never ends." He finished his drink and took off toward our home office.

Leaving me alone with Cassie.

"Does he usually work this late?" she asked me.

I sipped the wine before responding. "I do too sometimes. The day gets a hold of you occasionally, but things need to be done. Today? Our whole Mom-freaking-out-and-taking-off thing ate a lot of what were going to do earlier. It's why we need you, you know."

"Taking care of your little sister is unmanly, huh?"

She sat down on the stool across from me.

"Nah, it isn't like that. It's just a time thing. We grew up poor, our mother never having time for us just due to having to pay the bills. Julian and I just learned to fend for ourselves, and it was rough. The last thing we want is the same thing for Tiff. We want to her to have the caring upbringing we were denied."

"People usually just say that about their kids, not their little sister."

"The age gap is enough that she's sort of both, no?" I shrugged. "Like all brothers, we're her heroes, but we take care of her like a dad. Life is just weird sometimes. It's not going to turn out like a storybook, so you take the good as it comes."

"That's something very easy going coming from a guy in a collared shirt and khakis."

"The collared shirt and khakis came my way, so I rolled with it." I shrugged. "I feel you'll get along fine here."

"I haven't even met the girl I'm supposed to be taking care of."

"Eh, Tiff loves everyone if you're not an asshole, and if you're getting along with my brother how you are, well, you're definitely no asshole. Julian usually has a stick up his ass."

"Does he?"

I nodded. "You know how we play Dad for Tiff sometimes? He plays Mean Dad sometimes, but actually aimed at me, as if he were my father. 'Oh, Jack, you shouldn't do that, or this, or we should do that. I'm the

responsible one, you know. That's why I always play the older brother card when I can."

"You're twins, though."

"Two minutes older. I'm the expert at vagina escapes, clearly."

She shook her head, chuckling. "You two…well, you're something." She grabbed her purse off the table and ran a comb through her hair.

"Where you going?"

"Well, I wasn't exactly prepared to get hired instantly. I didn't bring my things, and you guys don't have a place for me to sleep."

"We have my bed, you know."

She froze a moment. She was going to be a fun one.

"Or a sofa. Or you can go home until we get you a bed delivered. It's all your choice."

"There's more to me than just being in beds, you know…" she trailed off, walking toward the door. "Like all of my things. Personal effects. Hygiene stuff. You know, the disgusting lady stuff you really don't want to see."

"Sure, sure. Keep in touch then. I welcome seeing your face around the house, Cassie."

Our new babysitter really didn't know how to take that. She moved to the door, and I watched her go.

I'd come back thinking I was going to condemn my brother for being an idiot.

Now I thought I was in absolute agreement with him.

Fuck, I wanted her, and I wanted her raw.

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CHAPTER SIX

CASSIE

I told a half-truth to get out of there.

Yes, I needed my things. I needed to gather them and prepare to move in. I was meant to be a live-in nanny, and this meant I had to live. It was right there in the job title.

The other?

If I stayed in there for too much longer, I may have just jumped Jack's bone.

Shortly after fucking his brother.

When had I become Turbo Slut?

The next morning came pretty easily. I got there in the wee hours to help Tiff off to school. She was a nice girl, just a bit confused to see me is all. I figured eventually we would get along well. Kids were always somewhat averse to sudden changes.

When I got back to the apartment, I figured it was time to settle in. The guys were about, but luckily they hadn't yet made any moves on me.

Hanging up my clothes, filling my cabinets, I managed to snag a backup supply of something from my mother's house before I came here.

I knew I would be needing it, especially with how Julian acted.

Setting them aside, I ran through some hygiene things—a shower, brushing my teeth, and the like.

Honestly, it was nice having my own bathroom. They were also incredibly quick about ordering me a bed and other furniture. I guess when you have money you can really grease the wheels to get stuff done.

I wasn't going to want for comfort with this job.

There was just the matter of everything else.

Looking at myself as I brushed my teeth, I thought, fuck. Turbo Slut indeed. There was no reason for me to fuck Julian so quickly. Now I was under the same roof as him, and I knew that wasn't going to lead to a happy, platonic friendship where we played Apples to Apples and innocently laughed with one another.

I finished brushing my teeth, gargling some water and spiting it out into the sink.

The way Jack was looking at me too...fuck.

How could my so-called morality and principles be tested even more?

Just when I thought that, the world decided that I needed a bigger challenge.

Jack.

"Hi there."

I jumped, clearing what may have been a vertical leap of a good, solid meter.

Clad in only a towel and fresh out of the shower, I turned around to face him. "What are you doing in here? Do you think you just have a right to barge into my room like this? Even if you technically own it? You know, expectation of privacy is a thing!" I ranted at him.

"Yes, yes, I know, I'm just here to check on one thing, and then I'll leave you be. We did take you quick without vetting you, you know."

"That's your problem, isn't it?"

"Look, Julian and I just want to make sure it's a child-friendly environment for Tiff. You seem fine, but you know how it is sometimes. People are really good at hiding it."

"Hiding what."

"Regular use of illicit substances?"

"You think I'm a druggie?" I raised an eyebrow at him, almost insulted.

"Oh no, just making sure, though. It's my dear little sister, okay?"

Shaking my head, I sighed. "Sure, fine, whatever."

"Unfortunately, I see one of those illicit substances right there."

He was just confusing me more and more. I looked down at my bathroom sink and the stuff I was going to cram into the medicine cabinet.

Aspirin. Some allergy stuff. Birth control, and a few other prescriptions. Some pink stuff, and some antacids. You know, just equipping myself for life's little annoyances.

"I'm not following? None of this looks like cocaine or meth or whatever else you might think I'm on. And I got legit prescriptions for that, and it's not even the stuff people really abuse."

"No, no, not anything like that." He urged me to the side, and I obeyed. Stepping forward, he reached into my medicine pile and pulled out the disc-shaped package—the birth control.

"What? You think that's drugs? Did you not get sex ed and learn what birth control looks like?"

"This is the illicit substance, Cassie."

More staring and even more confusion. "Did I miss something? Are you guys super religious?" I didn't exactly see crosses everywhere or medieval paintings of Jesus. I saw a Bible, but that was just on a bookshelf, not seemingly held in any particular high reverence.

"Nope, nope, not that. We just can't have you taking these. Sorry. House rules."

"I can't be on birth control? What kind of psycho boss are you to be trying to regulate my body?" I'd worked with Christian parents before, and even they didn't have the audacity to suggest what I did in my personal life, as long as it didn't affect them.

He laughed, setting them down and turning his attention to me. "The kind of psycho boss who wants to see your nubile little body swell with my child."

I glared up at him. There was determination. Ferocity.

That same assertiveness Julian had. Confident.

For some reason, sexy.

Insane, but sexy.

Why was I attracted to all of the bad ideas?

Then, to make it even more insane and sexy, he kissed me.

Like the insane person I was, I accepted it. I kissed him back.

God, I really was Turbo Slut.

I staggered back, and he unhooked my towel; it fell to the floor. He paused only briefly to see what his brother had seen but he had not—my totally naked body.

"Fuck, Julian was right. You are ludicrously hotter like this."

Julian had told him about what we had done? What the hell was I dealing with here? What was I coping with? Did they both want me? Was I being shared? Or was I cheating on Julian?

Were we a couple?

After one fuck session? Where he was my boss? Or was he? I didn’t know!

My head was starting to hurt, but with how Jack was kissing me, pushing me toward the wall, I wouldn't need any of that aspirin to feel better.

Jack wasted no time taking full advantage of my nudity. He ran his hand down my chest and quickly reached to my sex, shoving a pair of fingers in, forcing me to gasp for him. He found my nub so easily, tickling it, making me yearn for him. God, were they some sort of duo of super skilled sex gods?

His kisses left my lips and rained down my body, bit by bit. He suckled on each of my breasts, the surge through them taking on a whole new meaning, making my nubile little body swell with his child. Did he mean it?

Did Julian mean it?

What the hell was I doing here?

I couldn't stop it. I didn't want to. Not with how he was touching me. How he was taking his shirt off to reveal that he was a twin, absolutely ripped just like his brother.

Jack wasted little time dropping to his knees and spreading my legs apart, making me put my back against the wall and kissing my nub. He was voracious right after in devouring me.

I struggled against it. I was soon shaking, holding on for dear life as he kept tongue-fucking me. Unlike his brother, he was fully consumed with making me come. No playing around, just pure, unadulterated lust for me. Licking. Sucking. Massaging my ass and holding me up. I was already nibbling on my lip, the ecstasy that was spreading through my body building up and ready to unleash through me without any semblance of restraint. He was so damn good at this. Fuck, if giving them children was the price to pay to being eaten out like this all the time, it would be totally worth it.

My eyes went wide in shock at the idea that such a thought could cross my head.

No, don't think, just enjoy. None of my previous boyfriends had taken such driven pleasure in pleasing me like this.

These two? If I wasn't screaming for them, they were taking it as a damned insult.

I wouldn't want to insult them, now would I?

Fuck, at this rate, I wasn't going to have a choice in the matter. I was writhing against Jack's tongue, my legs tightening as it was coming my way. A slight worry of slipping and falling passed through my head as I

desperately clawed for the towel bar to hold myself up. I twisted my body around in the process, but that didn't deter Jack.

Even with my ass in his face, he kept licking my pussy, massaging me, feasting on me. Fuck, this man wouldn't be stopped.

I think I'm in love.

I desperately tried to dissuade my own crazy thoughts, but he never stopped. He was relentless. Licking. Sucking. Fingering. It was all hopeless.

My voice echoed through the bathroom as he finally got the first thing he came for out of me: forcing me to come for him.

It hit me hard, pounding through my body without restraint. As I screamed, my grip on that towel bar only grew tighter. My heart was throbbing against my chest, and he didn't even stop. He wanted to own me, dominate me through pleasure alone, and I honestly thought he was succeeding.

Even as his mouth left me, his fingers remained, stoking the flames of passion inside of me.

He was standing up, stripping himself with the other hand, kicking off his shoes, his socks, those pants, and leaving only his throbbing cock as the thing catching my attention.

Jack was Julian's twin again, and that was most definitely a good thing.

His cock rubbed against my ass, but with the way he was talking, I knew that he wasn't going to go back there. The strength, the warmth moved down my crack and came at my sex from behind.

I was already soaking wet for him, his tongue so strong and adept at pleasing me. He slid right in, almost impaling me on his cock.

"God, how the fuck are you so damn tight?"

I whimpered in delight for him. "Maybe you're just too big."

"Am I now?"

He was fully inside of me, and now was railing me hard against the wall, each thrust a powerful vibration rushing through me.

Jack leaned in, arching me against him, kissing me right on the lips. His hands wandered down my body, letting all of me feel so absolutely loved. His hands cupped my breasts, squeezing them, tweaking my nipples. Then, slowly coming down across my abdomen, the strange sensation of him massaging it with his intent of taking me that way clear.

He wasn't going to pull out. He wasn't even going to entertain the idea.

I hated that my mind immediately told me it was worth it. All of my discipline, my beliefs, all for mind-blowing sex.

Yet all I could do was moan for him. Moan as he jackhammered his cock into my sex harder, every penetration rocking my body, shaking me from my core, up my stomach, my breasts, my shoulders, my wet hair whipping with the motion.

I was trembling against him, bucking back into him because everything I said was happening. That somehow wasn't enough for me. Jack's arms wrapped around my torso, him thrusting deeper, harder, stronger. It was almost painful.

Almost.

Instead, I was simply screaming for him. Yearning for him. Hearing the echoes of my moans bounce through the bathroom.

I reached back, ran my hand through those bouncing locks of his, holding him close, ready for the ecstasy to finally unleash through me by his hand.

Oh. Fucking. God.

When it hit me, it hit me damn good.

As if it was building on the day before, that previous ache exploded into a grand pounding pleasure, wholly consuming me like wildfire. My voice was hurting from all the sounds he was forcing from me.

Jack held me close, pinning my body against his, thrusting fast, but growing slower, his own breath more ragged.

As my vision went blurry from the sensory overload he had inflicted on me, the only thing I could feel was absolute bliss—and his cock’s final thrust inside of me, his seed rushing out of the head, injecting me with his essence, blast after blast and showing absolutely no restraint.

I was flooded with him. Filled with him.

Honestly, it felt as if I was completed, the part of me that was missing finally found. It was just right having my cunt dripping with his cum...with Julian's cum.

God, I was such a damn whore.

Jack wasn't just going to let go after having gotten his rocks off. He held me close, held me steady. There was an affection in this seemingly primal fucking.

Even if all we were doing was leaning against a wall, he held me close for a time.

Then he used his great strength to sweep me off my feet and carry me to my bed. God, I usually wasn't one for naps, but Jack had managed to fuck the energy out of me. I was spent.

Setting me down, he laid another kiss on me. "Fuck, I really can't believe how great you are. How hot you are. How sexy you are. Where the hell did you even come from, girl?"

I wanted to say something. Something clever. Snide. Witty. I couldn't muster the strength.

He threw a blanket on me, a strangely caring action after everything that had happened.

Then? He left.

The door to my bathroom was still wide open.

I could still see on top of my bathroom counter where he put the birth control down.

It wasn't there. I had no illusions that I would be getting it back.

What on earth had I gotten myself into, and why couldn't I tear myself away?

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CHAPTER SEVEN

JULIAN

Signing off on some business, reading documents, blah, blah. The game of managing my finances was a necessary evil, but it didn't mean that it was a fun one.

Getting back home was something I always looked forward to. I could take a load off, have a drink, get some food, just a rare time to chill out and take it easy.

More so than ever, though, I was looking forward to getting back to the penthouse. Let's just say something I very much enjoyed had taken up residence there.

I stepped through the door, and I could smell it. Sweat and cum—the undeniable scent of sex.

Coming out of our guest room—now a room for Cassie—was Jack.

"I see you've gotten time to bond with Cassie," I said, going to the kitchen table and taking a seat.

"What makes you say that?"

"Look at yourself. Do I really have to explain it?"

He did as I asked. "Right. Um. Yeah."

"I knew you wouldn't be able to hold back if I couldn't."

He sat down beside me, dropping a tin in front of me. I reached over and pulled it to me. "Birth control? Did you try to get her to take these?" I raised an eyebrow.

A soft smile came to Jack's face. "On the contrary. I stopped her from taking it."

"Really now? And then you fucked her, and for some reason I'm doubting you showed the proper discipline in pulling out before you busted your nut."

"Hey, you didn't, so why should I?"

"Because I remember you chewing me out yesterday about not littering bastards everywhere."

"Well, little brother, let's just say you painted an incredibly vivid picture for me, and I liked what I saw. Fuck, she's hot enough already to be doing this to us. What other girl had driven us this batty?"

I delved into my thoughts. The twin game was fun to play sometimes. I wouldn't say every girl, but damn near close to it, liked the

idea of being fucked by a pair of buff identical twins. When we wanted easy mode for our conquests, we readily exploited.

We always chased, but only for a night and after a few drinks. Furthermore? We wrapped our dicks up, no matter what the girl said. We weren't going to take chances.

Cassie made us a slight bit crazy. We didn't need the slightest drop of alcohol, and using a condom with her almost seemed criminal. As if she was so much of a goddess that you didn’t bring a soulless and artificial piece of latex into a situation like that.

"I expected you to throw more of a fit, Jules."

I shrugged. I didn't know why I wasn't terribly offended either. "She's something special. And I guess my primal monkey brain can be a bit rational sometimes."

"Primal monkey brain?"

"We're both fucking her. No protection. No restraint. There's something inside us that sees Cassie as our one true mate, and it's kicking us into wanting to make her bear our children. It's our most basic biology. We think we're above it, what with being geniuses and creating massive, effective numerical algorithms, but we're still human. Still primates. Still not much more than beasts."

Jack gave me a funny look. "How does that make a rational, primal monkey brain?"

"Well, who else on this planet has the exact same genes as I do? Who's pretty much my clone at the genetic level?"

He laughed. "Me, unfortunately. It's a horrible burden to carry, believe me."

"Not what I mean, bro. Whoever’s seed does claim her, we both claim her. She belongs to both of us."

Rubbing his chin, he smirked. "I see where you’re going. I guess you're fully on board with the whole knock-her-up train, even though we both know it's a bit crazy?"

"Are you going to stop? You going to keep your dick in your pants, or at least remind yourself to wrap it up?"

"Uh..." He thought to himself.

"Exactly."

I stood, grabbing the birth control pack, and walked over to the kitchen sink. I opened each slot, emptying the pills down the drain, and then

throwing on the garbage disposal, utterly destroying any semblance of chemical protection in the way of our twisted plan.

"The way I see it," I continued, leaning against the sink, "is we stop fighting our instincts. Our bodies are trying to push us toward something good, and I'm not going to deny it."

"Give in to our baser desires to the fullest, huh?"

"It's not like we can't afford to treat our whims, and hey, maybe being a grandmother will help bring Mom back down to earth and back from this Jean Pierre Jacques asshole, whoever he is."

"Yeah, use our success to make ourselves happier, huh?" Jack was silent for a moment. "What if she's not on board with it?"

"She sounds like she's pretty on board with it."

"Yeah, but she hasn't really been able to think about it. We just sweep her up in the moment, take her, and not even let her rationally think it through. I mean, it's fun and all, but I can't help but feel I'm taking advantage of her."

I hated when Jack had a point. "Well then. If she comes up and tells either one of us she wants no part of this, it's hands off. She makes us both hot as hell, but if she says no, then we don't go. We deal with it. We let her do the job properly and care for Tiff. We'll just have to get used to walking around with raging erections until the novelty wears off."

"Fuck, that sounds painful."

"You're the one who had to bring up ethics, man."

"It's for the better, I know, but damn."

"You really think she has a chance of turning us down? She's the same sort of monkey-brain driven sack of hormones that we are, man."

"I know, just..."

I hated seeing that Jack had some doubts. It suggested to me that there was a possibility that everyone wouldn't be on board with our insanity. That having Cassie was a short-term prospect.

What a horrible thought. As much as I talked about rational, biological impulses, though, human beings were above that.

We were controlled by desires, purpose, morals, and a whole lot of things.

Cassie was a woman, yes, and one we enjoyed very much and who enjoyed us back.

I loathed the thought that what I wanted might not be what she wanted.

That I would only get to taste heaven once, and then I never would again.

God, I hoped she was as twisted and horny as we were.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

CASSIE

Jack must have been born in a barn, the old, stupid proverb went.

He didn't close my room's door all the way.

Then he proceeded to have a long discussion with Julian which I could easily overhear.

One in which my birth control was shredded in a garbage disposal.

One that was really scaring the crap out of me.

They had some pathological attraction to me. Some need for me. It was way beyond just sex.

If it was over the top just wanting to fuck me, I could almost understand that.

They were completely and utterly determined to knock me up, though, make me have their children.

I couldn't wrap my head around it.

It wasn't that I thought they would be a bad set of guys to have a child with. They were speaking about all this biological drive, and God, it applied to all of them.

Hot, sexy, rich, yet still kind enough to their mother and sister.

There was more to it than that. We weren't just genes and hormones, and we weren't just guided by those alone.

I wanted love. Stability. A career. I didn’t know.

Yet I didn't want to lose them either.

God, my head was hurting again.

I was supposed to be taking a nap, not listening in on a conversation not meant for me. Yet I continued to lie there, staring at a wall clock, knowing that the time for me to pick Tiff up from school was drawing nearer.

All I could think was for time to hurry up. If I was doing things with their little sister, they weren't going to do anything seriously adult to me. She was my shield and how I was going to buy time.

The time drew near to actually do my job. I tried to keep my mind blank as I got ready, running myself through the shower again. As I ran a rag across my belly, I was hit with the thought that they might have already

succeeded. I did some period math in my head and realized that yes, it was well within possibility.

Fuck.

Again, I pushed the negativity out of my mind. I put on clothes and realized I had chosen to dress more conservatively than I usually did. A long-sleeve shirt and pants, showing off as little skin as possible.

It was probably for the best.

As I exited the bedroom, I passed Julian sitting at the kitchen table with his laptop open.

"Hey there, beautiful."

"Um, uh, I gotta go get Tiff," I said as a completely asinine response to his greeting.

"All right, then, go ahead and do that. We have to talk about something, you know. About you. About me. About Jack."

He leaned forward, looking at me with longing. I knew that if it was practical, he would have gotten up and rushed me right then and there, tore those clothes off and deposited another hot load inside me.

I wouldn't stop him. I wouldn't even try.

That's what terrified me. My reactions.

Pushing it away again, I nodded and headed for the door.

My mind was taxed. Why couldn't this be a normal job? Tiff seemed like a good girl and wouldn't be nightmare to take care of. If Julian and Jack didn't have raging boners for me on sight, they seem as if they would be fine employers, too.

It wasn't that they were bad people. Far from it. God, finding a man who actually cared if I came was amazing, yet finding two? I'd won the damn lottery.

Picking Tiff up was pretty easy. They had already cleared all the red tape of allowing me to do so. "Hi, Cassie!" she was so happy to declare. She really was a happy-go-lucky kid—nice until you gave her reason not to be.

"You have a good day at school?"

"Yeah! I drew a dinosaur. Wanna see?"

She didn't give me a choice in the matter, fishing out the art before I could say a word. Luckily, I hadn't started the car yet, so I wasn't dealing with having to appreciate an elementary school kid's art while driving.

It was pretty good work for an eight year old. "This is pretty good. Did you want to be an artist when you grow up?"

"Maybe. I don't know. I want to do lots of things. Maybe art. Maybe astronauts. I don't know. Can't I just do everything?"

"It's not that simple, little girl."

With Julian and Jack looking out for her, she didn't have to worry about career viability. She was free to grow and do what she pleased. She'd lucked out; the world truly was her oyster.

I sort of wanted to watch her grow into it. Be supportive. I hated when a parent was so crushing on their child, and I had to just stand by and be told not to contradict them, no matter how much I disagreed.

Taking her up to the penthouse, I continued to use her presence as a shield—playing board games with her, then some video games. I even tried to teach her some card games. She was a quick learner, but anything above blackjack seemed beyond her grasp.

All the while? Jack and Julian came and went, eyeballing me as if I were prey, ready to leap on me as soon as I was alone and they wouldn't have to expose little sister to something very much too adult for her.

The night continued to pass. She ate dinner. I looked at the clock. Eight-twenty-five.

She was already yawning. Damn, she really was punctual in passing out so early.

When she was asleep, she wouldn't be there to protect me from her horny brothers, and it definitely seemed that they were both in for the night.

I knew from what they said I could wave them off. I could put a stop to all of this.

There was just the problem of not knowing if I wanted to. It was a problem I didn't want to face, didn't want to answer, and kicking the can down the road and maintaining the status quo was the best I could hope for.

Little Tiff yawned. I picked her up and carried her to bed, tucking her in. A deep breath. I knew the brothers would be waiting for me, desperate to leap on me and strike. Daunting as hell, I felt as if I was on a funeral march as I walked out of that little girl's room.

Which was odd since I knew I would absolutely enjoy the fate I was walking into. It was only like walking to the gallows if the hangman fucked you into the best orgasm of your life instead of executing you.

Closing the little girl's door, I hoped I wouldn't wake her with what was inevitably due to happen.

I dragged my lead-like feet out of the room. They were there, sitting in the living room, Julian in a fancy arm chair and Jack sprawling out on a fancy sofa. God, they were looking at me, the desire so strong in their eyes.

"Well, the children are asleep now, Cassie," Julian said, bearing a sick and twisted smile.

"Yeah, she sleeps well," I replied, desperate to keep it innocent.

"Now the adults can play."

I swallowed.

"What's the matter, Cassie?" Jack piped up, standing from the sofa.

"You don't like playing with us?"

"Guys..."

"Do you think we play too rough?"

"No, it's not that..."

"Too messy for you?"

"I don't know, maybe."

Julian leaned back, interlocking his fingers. "You know how it is by now, don't you? We don't need to be so coy."

"I really do, and that's what worries me."

"How so? Speak to us. You're sexy as fuck, Cassie. You're our obsession, but you're also a human being and should be able to be heard."

I swallowed. They were pretty much asking for a decision—bluntly—and wanting me to voice my concerns. If I had any. I couldn't tell you if I did, honestly.

They approached me, dwarfing me with their stature as they stood over me.

"What's the matter? Talk to us," Julian insisted.

"Well...I...don't know. I heard everything earlier, and I don't know."

Julian flashed a glare back at Jack. "You talk too loud, brother."

Jack shrugged. "What?"

Julian returned his gaze to me. "Then you know what we want. What we want of you, and that I'm completely honest that we'll respect your decision from here on out. My thoughts have been wholly consumed by you, Cassie. I can't close my eyes with wanting to see your naked body again. It's only been a day, and it feels like it's been too long."

"Fuck, I'm already hard and I had you, what, twelve hours ago?" Jack nicely added.

"Tell us. What are your feelings? What do you want from us?"

I audibly swallowed, still so intimidated by all of this.

"I want....uh... I want..."

My mind was just in chaos.

I had what I wanted. My life goals. My dreams. What my long-term plan was: to do well in high school. Go to college. Get the degrees. Go out, get the experience working. Then pursue a higher career. Love wasn't on the agenda because I wasn't foolish enough to think I could plan it happening.

Yet what they were proposing? It was taking that plan and smashing into it with a whole new plan. I didn't know what to think.

I barely knew them. I knew on any rational level it was insane, but there was something there, something in my heart and in my sex telling me to go for them.

To enjoy the plan that life is throwing my way, even if it was something I never would have planned myself. It was something Jack said, wasn't it? Nothing ever went according to plan. You just rolled with it and made the best of what was coming your way.

I knew I wasn't going to be able to resist either of them—not after what they had done to me. To go without that for the rest of my days seemed a special kind of insane.

Yet...

"She's confused as fuck, Jules."

"Yeah, I'm getting that."

"How about we help her decide?"

Julian shot Jack a glare. Then it was replaced with a twisted smile.

"All right. Tell us you want us to stop at any moment, and we'll stop dead in our tracks."

"Our?" I mouthed.

"Well, yeah. We both want you. Mom always told us that we should share our toys."

I blinked, more surprised than ever, and wondered just where the hell something like this was going.

Julian fired first.

He took me by shoulder, running his hand up through my hair, and guided my lips to his. A deep, passionate kiss. Something powerful, yet passionate, his desires all too clear for me.

Tongue against tongue, he was about to make up my mind with that alone. Fuck, just kissing me was making me powerless before them.

Jack snuck up behind me and grabbed the bottom of that long-sleeved shirt, rolling it up by body, Julian only stopping to let him strip me of it. Jack wasted no time unhooking my bra and freeing me from its constraints as well.

With my breasts free, Jack took two handfuls of them, massaging them, tweaking them a bit. Julian continued to kiss me, only stopping to let his brother sneak in a peck here and there. Hands were all over me, creating an endless trail of gooseflesh where ever they went. My whole body was being consumed with need for them.

If this was how they were going to argue their case to me, damn, they were doing a good job of it.

At their mercy, there were massages everywhere. My breath was already growing ragged, the anticipation of it all so great, so intense.

Julian shot his hand down between my legs, rubbing me through my jeans. Even with such a thick barrier, I could feel his strength, his drive to please me. I knew I was already getting wet down there; there was absolutely no doubt in my mind.

Jack, too, was there, running his hand down my ass, prodding me, running his hand there. It was definitely building some anticipation of what was to come. If they were here trying to take me, what terrible yet wonderful thing did they have in store for me?

They worked together so well. Julian undid the button of my pants, and Jack was quick to begin pulling them down my legs, taking care of all the hassles that would be in my way. Soon I was standing completely naked in front of them, clad in nothing more than a pair of panties.

With less of a defense against him, Julian was quick to take full advantage, his hands rubbing me outside my panties, making me feel the weight of his fingers against me, pressing against my nub. Jack too was busy on the other end. He was running a hand down my ass cheeks...and poking at my hole? I gasped as he ran a finger around it. What on earth was that guy up to, and why wasn't I as terrified as I should be?

The kisses still came for my face, them trading off, enjoying my charms to the absolute best of their ability, and doing their mother proud by properly sharing my attention.

Me? I was just trying to manage it. Having two guys want to take you was a common fantasy for sure, but I was quickly learning that it was a challenge all in its own. I was mostly relying on them to strip themselves so

I could run my hand over those firm chests, enjoying those pecs and abs that they had for me to enjoy.

Soon, though, my fascination with the two of them was abruptly interrupted.

They picked me up—one half of me being carried by each of them—and started to haul me off.

"Wait, what—what are you doing?" I asked breathlessly and very much confused.

"This is our first time as three, babe," Jack said. "We're not going to take you on a sofa. We're going to fuck you on a proper bed."

Sure enough, I was dragged into Julian's room and planted on a massive, king-sized bed, soft and super comfortable to lay on. Yeah, this would definitely beat a couch.

The two of them were back on top of me, ravenous with need. Each had a hand going down my panties, rubbing my nub, sliding fingers into me, making me gasp with need. The panties were soon nothing more than a hassle, and those, too, were being thrust down my legs and thrown away. I wouldn't be needing them for the rest of the night.

Julian's hand slid down my midsection, his lips leaving mine and raining an endless barrage of kisses down my body. My legs spread for him, and his lips drifted in the direction that I had hoped they would.

I gasped as he laid that kiss on my nub, a blissful bolt firing through me oh so suddenly.

He started to get to work, licking and sucking my folds, all to get me really burning for him.

Jack, though, was going to be a little bit more selfish, but I really wasn't going to complain one bit. He stripped himself down, dropping his pants, quickly making himself buck naked and showing me just how hard I was making him. Throbbing and hard, that hunk of meat loomed near my face, and I reached out to take hold of it playfully.

Stroking him, bringing him closer, I was more than ready to please him as his brother pleased me. Down to Jack's balls, cradling them ever so slightly, thinking about the seed he wanted to inject me with. Did I really want to go that far with them?

No, I wasn't going to screw with this moment by thinking too much about that.

Playfully, I brought his cock to my lips, teasing the head with my tongue before running it up and down his rod. It shouldn't have been so alluring to me, but it was. I wanted to give these guys every bit of delight they had given me, and I hoped they would repay that favor tenfold.

An endless chain of making one another come hard and come often.

Julian wouldn't let himself be ignored, though, his tongue thrusting through my cunt, sending that blissful jolt of delight right through me. Fuck, I had to break from Jack just to moan out a blissful praise of Julian's hard work.

Then right back to my diligence. Another lick of cock, then I took Jack into my mouth, inch by inch, swallowing him whole. It was growing so hard with what Julian was doing to me, but I wouldn't let myself be distracted too much. I was going to make him come, then Julian right after. If I could get them to bust their nuts elsewhere, I could enjoy the uncertain status quo for just a little longer.

Slathering myself over Jack, I urged him deeper, sucked him harder, pulling him down. Massaging his balls, I wanted to get all that seed nice and flowing so I could enjoy it somewhere far safer than he had deposited it before. Even as I tensed up from Julian's tongue inside my pussy, I remained determined and driven, bobbing my head up and down Jack's cock, finding my own rhythm that somehow let me cope with the wonderful job one brother was doing as I sucked the other.

Jack grunted as I took him, jerking him, pleasing him with a determined ferocity.

Julian, though, saw right through my plan. He was right there with me, letting his tongue lash at me, slathering me with his special brand of love, spiking my orgasm through my body higher and higher by the moment.

It was becoming a race. A sweet, twisted, yet delectable race—Julian trying to make me come, and me trying to make Jack come. Jack, to his credit, held me steady, a playful grin on his face, more than happy to participate in our twisted games.

Unfortunately, I was having to break to moan out for Julian more than I would have liked. The pressure was becoming too much, the power inside me becoming so strong, so abrupt, I knew I would soon be trembling and on my way to becoming a useless heap of woman who, undoubtedly, these twins would use well.

Trembling beneath them, I struggled to jerk and suck, struggled with one last Hail Mary to “win” this battle. It was too late, though. The pressure, the desire, the pleasure all became too much for me, and I had to abandon my quest, screaming out louder, harder, stronger for Julian. He was just too damn good at eating me out for me to have stood a chance.

I grabbed him by the hair and held on tight as my body dealt with the overpowering shockwaves pulsing through my body. Fuck, how was he so good at this?

Breathing hard, I laid there flat, both of the twin brothers still lurking over me with clear, predatory intent.

"Shall we?" Julian suggested.

"You think she's ready for that?"

"She seems ready for anything, bro. She's that sort of girl. She can take anything we throw at her."

"True, she is fucking sexy like that."

I swallowed audibly. Just what the hell were these guys up to?

Luckily, or unluckily, I didn't have to wait long.

The shuffling of a drawer and Jack was right on top of me. A kiss, then turning me on my side, running his finger down my body. Curving around me, squeezing my ass cheeks, he then zeroed in on his target.

My dainty little pucker.

I gasped, but he kept prodding, kept poking.

He only stopped ever so briefly to coat his finger with a cool oil then slather it back there. Oh God. I gasped, trying to cope with the strange invasion of his fingers as he applied copious amounts of that lube all over me. He was going to take me back there.

On one hand, he definitely couldn't get me pregnant back there.

On the other, I was still of a bit of a virgin when it came to that sort of sexual endeavor.

Yet it felt overblown. With how these two had treated me so far, I had doubts that having one of them back there would be anything short of absolutely wonderful.

Gasping, I just coped with the invasion of a finger, and coped more as he kicked it up to two. I wondered how many fingers he would shove back there to get me ready for him, because honestly, it seemed that he needed a whole lot more than two to get me properly prepared.

"Think she's ready for me, bro?" Jack asked.

"She seems like she's ready for anything."

Jack followed this up by bringing some of that cool lube to my hand, putting it there, and bringing my hand to his cock. I knew instinctively what he wanted, slathering it on him nice and hard, definitely curious to where this was going to go.

What I expected? For him to bend me over the bed doggy style and take my ass from there.

I didn't get that typical thing, though. No, pretty far from it.

What I got was Jack lying on the bed, urging me to climb on top of him, cowgirl style.

I was confused, but I wasn't going to fight him on it. He had clearly done stuff like this before, where I had most definitely had not.

He wrapped his arms around my body from behind, and I craned my neck to greet him with another kiss. He guided his cock around my ass, spreading that lube around, clearly doing his part to make sure that there would be no pain involved in this.

Soon, that cockhead was pressing at my backdoor, tickling me. Anticipation and dread competed in my mind, and he didn't waste an entirely huge amount of time pressing himself inward.

I gasped, this cock so huge and immense invading my ass.

Most definitely, it felt like something that should not be. Not painful, mind you, but something that I had never experienced before this point. Throbbing within, it took me some time to get used to something so strange, so unusual back there, but to Jack's credit, he wasn't rushing me. I knew all too many guys who, once you gave them permission to shove themselves back there and start hammering, they thought it was as easy as taking a girl from the front.

You know, where I had natural ways of helping things along.

This? Most definitely unnatural.

Breathing steadily, I held on as my muscles got used to Jack's invasion. I was most definitely curious about where this was going. Slowly, he began to move back there, but not too fast to suddenly hurt me. A steady and strong thrust, sliding in and out of me.

I was panting from it, it was so intense, so strong. I don’t know what I had been expecting, but it wasn’t this. It wasn't as if I regularly touched myself back there, so he was opening me up to a whole new world.

Jack kept a finger on my clit as he penetrated me, which most definitely helped matters. Keeping me relaxed, keeping me pleased was all part of the bigger plan.

"You liking that, babe?"

I nodded and whimpered my affirmation.

"Good, good, because this is just the beginning. You ain't seen nothing yet, Cassie."

All the while Jack was prepping my asshole and getting me used to the idea, Julian was finishing stripping down.

He was standing tall at the side of the bed, his cock throbbing and most definitely ready for its fire to be quenched inside of me. Stroking himself, it looked as if he was more than ready for his turn, and I guess hoping Jack would hurry up and get done.

Or so I thought anyway.

Apparently, when I thought I was a one-player game for them to share, I was wrong. I was totally a two-player game, and they were about to show me how.

Julian planted a kiss on me, his hot body pressing against my own, the sweat and friction something fierce between us. His throbbing erection was tickling right outside of my slit, and his eyes locked with mine, clearly communicating the devious ideas these two had.

They weren't going to... Fuck, they were, weren't they?

I gulped. They were expanding my horizons, fast, and showing me just how to cope with two men who wanted to fuck me.

"Going to fill you to the fucking brim, Cassie," Julian whispered in my ear. "You're going to love what we're going to do to you."

Oddly, I nodded, more or less automatically. Stupid instincts and horniness were about to literally get me torn apart.

Thankfully, Jack slowed down as Julian approached. They were going to be nice with me, at least, and not just wantonly thrust things into me.

A deep breath, Julian massaged my clit, making me anticipate the end result as he brought himself to my entrance and slowly yet surely… well, entered.

God, immense was a word I would use for it, and yet it felt like an understatement. I really was being torn apart by them, both of the twins' cocks inside me, feeling as if they could rip me apart.

I truly was completely at their mercy.

Bracing myself, I nodded again, but I didn’t know why. Stupid monkey brain was taking over and just wanted satisfaction, no matter what the risk.

"Fuck, she's crushing me. I like it," Julian said.

All Jack could do was gasp and agree wholeheartedly with enthusiastic nods.

The fucking would soon begin. Jack would slide out as Julian slid in. The friction, the pressure between them was so great. Usually, when I was fucked by one of them, it was a tidal wave rolling in and out, my body being the beach, a brief reprieve between each impact.

Now? I didn't even get that break. It was an endless tsunami crashing into me, defying physics and just overwhelming me with sheer, raw power. I was shaking, screaming for them, and tears were in my eyes. I couldn't move, just endure this bliss and not one thing more when sandwiched between the two hunky twins.

I could barely hear their own grunts, what all of this was doing to them, far beyond what a normal girl would be giving them. That I was able to take this without erupting into a bloody mess, well, I suddenly felt a whole lot more special, as if I was some sort of sexual super-heroine.

In and out, pumping from both sides. I was losing it so damn fast. I fought it, wanting to be aware of everything that was happening and being overpowered with orgasms was not how that was done.

They were pushing me closer and closer to the edge, essentially just dangling me off the cliff at this point.

"Say it," Julian whispered into my ear. "Tell us you want it."

"Want—want what?" I somehow managed to spit out.

"You want us to fill you with cum. Fill you from both sides with our seed. You don't care about the risks. You want to have our child, Cassie. You want all of us."

I was shaking in place, my mind a fog. I didn't want to think about the present, the problems, my anxieties, or anything like that.

Julian and Jack had slowed to a point, though, where I wouldn't be coming unless I gave them an answer. Unless I told them what they wanted.

Unless I accepted my fate as their slut, as the mother of their children.

In the state I was in, I didn't have the brainpower to overanalyze things. All I could do was say what I wanted at the basest part of my being.

"Yes, please, fuck me, please, fill me up, give me it all!" I screamed out, the torture of being right on the edge too much to cope with any longer.

They had permission. They had my wishes.

They took full advantage.

Faster than ever before, they went back to pushing me to my absolute limits as a woman, pumping in and out of me, sending me screaming past what I would have once called a climax.

I was lost, plunging into the sea of ecstatic orgasm.

My entire body was pulsating with it, every little nerve there was writing with need and desire. I was screaming for them, but I couldn't hear my voice. I was just far too overloaded to properly comprehend it.

Even in that over-stimulated haze, though, I could feel them quivering inside me. Their cocks pulsing, the cum rushing through them and exploding out and into me.

Into my ass, where it felt so weird yet so wonderful. The warmth back there? It was wrong, but it was the right kind of wrong, if such a thing could be said.

Then Julian unleashed himself as well. Blast after blast of his cum running into where nature intended it. This just felt the right kind of right. Warmth emanating from deep within my core. It was spreading through my entire body, so blissful, so great.

"Fuck, she's just too good to be true, man," Jack said, his breath ragged and rough.

"She is true. She's good. She's ours, brother."

They both let me go, freeing my body from the blissful tyranny of their cocks and letting me rest in between them, feeling copious amounts of seed leak out of both of my holes.

Disgusting yet wonderful.

They held me close between them. God, this was perfect.

I had finally made my decision, and I doubted I could have possibly made a better one.

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CHAPTER NINE
EPILOGUE

"Cassie," that youthful, curious voice asked me as she helped me mix things for dinner, "can I ask you a question?"

"What's going on, Tiff?"

"Are you pregant?" She pointed to my slightly swelling gut that was now poking through my T-shirt.

I paused and looked down at her. I always thought that was a rude question to ask someone. At least a lot of my friends thought so. Given she was an eight-year-old girl, though, she didn't have a full grasp of proper etiquette around such a thing.

"First, it's pregnant. There's an 'n' in there. Second, you should be careful who you ask that in the future, okay? Three, yes. Yes, I am."

"You are? You're having a baby?" Her eyes lit up, like she was more excited about the prospect than I was.

"That's what being pregnant means, Tiff."

"Wow. So you're going to be a mommy?"

I nodded. "And you're going to be an auntie."

"I am? But I'm not old enough to be an auntie."

"What do you think aunts are, Tiff?"

"Um...these old women who hang around Mommy?"

I shook my head. I supposed I could teach her something. "No, no. Those can be aunts, but an aunt is your parents' sibling. You can be an aunt just fine."

She scratched her head. "How am I going to be an auntie then?"

"Your brothers are going to be daddies. That means you are the sibling of this child's parents. You're going to be an aunt, Tiff."

"Oh, I see. Can I do aunt things with the baby when it's born?"

"Depends on what you think aunt things are."

She shrugged. Which was fine, because I didn't know what she thought she was going to do.

The penthouse was a warm place now. I did my part in taking care of Tiff, but the whole professional babysitter thing at this point was just excess, something that I could put on my resume in the future.

I'd still pursue that, yes. I'd take it as it came. I had ensnared two fine men and was already building a family. Why not embrace it while it was sitting right there? There was no way I was ever going to find anything better.

Even as I cooked, though, I had to deal with the predatory glares of Jack and Julian.

They knew they couldn't take me right now. Not with Tiff watching.

As soon as she wasn't, though?

God, my nights were never boring, even less so since they found out I was pregnant. I always heard that pregnancy hormones would make you horny, yet the only thing I'd noticed so far was that it made the two of them even hornier.

Which really was surprising because I didn't think that should be possible.

Our lust was quickly morphing into love, too. Sure, we went about the whole relationship thing in terribly the wrong order. You got to know someone a lot through pillow talk, and we'd even arranged for Isabella to watch Tiff every so often—for a nice bonus—so we could go out and on a proper date.

A tour of the city, more sights and sounds than I had ever dreamed of seeing, and even some dirty time in places that were hardly appropriate for us to be dirty in.

I carried the dish over to the oven and slid it in, turning back around to catch Julian licking his lips my way. There was no doubt in my mind that it wasn't for food, just letting me know what was I in for.

I set the timer for the oven, and it also reminded me that I had time where I didn't need to show full attention to the dish.

"Tiff, why don't you go play with your Xbox for a bit?"

"Okay, Cassie." She happily ran off, pleased to have permission to go sit in front of the TV like a potato for a change.

I walked over to Julian, who proceeded to pull me into the room and closed the door.

He immediately embraced me, a deep kiss and a hand on the small of my back. "You can't wait until tonight, can you?" I shot him a playful glare.

"Tiff isn't in bed for almost four hours. What do you think I am, some sort of machine who can resist you for that long?"

"I thought we agreed that we would hold back, as long as she's awake."

"Yeah, but, um... I sort of want you now."

"You're lucky that what I'm cooking takes an hour in the oven, you know."

"The only oven I care about is this one." He placed a hand on my abdomen, massaging it gently.

"You got your wish. Fuck me enough times like you two do, and it's bound to happen."

"Whelp, you were worried about getting pregnant. The way I see it is you don't have to worry about it for another half year now."

"Ah yes, the birth control of pregnancy. Brilliant."

"I know, isn't it?"

His hands had wormed under my pants and into my panties.

The door to the room opened.

"Am I hearing adult activities happening early in here?"

It was Jack.

"I'm trying to convince her to have some fun with us."

"You two are insatiable man-sluts, you know that?" I murmured.

"Ah, but we're you're insatiable man sluts."

They led me to the bed. I wasn’t getting out of this one.

Not that I would want to.

"Just a quickie. I am technically cooking right now," I pointed out.

"Sure, sure. Everyone gets to have a grand ol' orgasm," Julian said, rubbing me through my jeans and wasting little time digging deeper to get to the fruit he truly wanted.

"What, we both can't fuck her?" Jack added.

"Maybe later. For now, we have to be practical guys. Jesus."

I cupped both of them in the crotch. My duty as their lover was a daunting one, but I was committed to seeing it through. They were going to come for me. Again and again. I was going to keep both sets of their balls drained and dry, whether it be through mouth, pussy, or...other methods.

Jack's words from a while ago echoed through my head. This was a hardly typical life, but it was mine, and it was wonderful. I was going to enjoy it to its absolute fullest.

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Chapter One

Meg

There was nothing more annoying than your own mother assuming you couldn't care for yourself. "I don't really need a babysitter, Mom." I spoke into my iPhone, well balancing my books in one hand as I walked out to my car. I was in the process of packing my stuff and moving out of the dorms for the summer. My plans were to move home, and enjoy the next three months blogging about books, and reading.

"I'm not saying you do sweetie. I just don't want you staying at the house alone for a month…." There was a long pause. "Which is why Richard and I have arranged for you to stay with your stepbrothers. You'll be safer there, and plus it'll give me the peace of mind to actually enjoy my vacation without having to worry about what's going on with you here at home." I unlocked my car, and through my backpack and books into the passenger seat.

"You want me to stay with Evan and Elijah?" My mouth went dry just thinking about it. My stepbrothers weren't like everyone else's. They were billionaire twins who looked as if they walked off the cover of GQ. Not only would my presence cramp their style completely but I doubted they would be okay with it.

"Yes I do. Richard has already spoken, to them and they're perfectly fine with having you there. They've designated a room for you to use, and promised to keep the girls to a minimum while you're there." I rolled my eyes at the last part.

If she believed that then she would believe just about anything. "I doubt that, but if it's going to make you happier than I'll stay with them." I sighed. I didn't want to stay with them but my options were pretty slim.

"Great. I'll let Richard know. You can come by the house and get whatever you want or need to stay over there. I'll see you in one month sweetie." My mouth spoke into the phone before, saying her goodbyes and hanging up.

I sagged against the side of my Jeep, wondering how the hell I was going to make it through the next month with a pair of drool worthy billionaire twin stepbrothers on my ass.

It had been two years since I had last seen them, outside of the normal holidays. They never noticed me, but I always, noticed them. Which made it seem odd that they were okay with me staying.

“Why the long face?” Kara my best friend questioned, walking up to me. I shook my head trying to get the sour look off my face.

“Oh, nothing….” I sighed. “My mother is refusing to let me stay at the house by myself for the next month while her and Richard drift off to the Bahamas. Instead I have to stay with my stepbrothers Evan and Elijah.”

Kara’s eyes widened, “Bitch please, you have no reason to complain. Have you seen those fuckers? All that ripped muscle, and those smiles… Fuck me…” The drool was all but pooling in her mouth.

“Shut up.” I slugged her in the arm. It was hard enough to see them as my stepbrothers and not some celebrities that I could lust after.

“No you!” Kara shouted. “You’re being a little whine ass, standing out here pouting about having to sleep in the same house as the Princeton Twins.” I rolled my eyes at her comment.

Great, she has nicknames for them again.

“I will stop whining if you stop coming up with nicknames for them. They’re my brothers, not frat boys that you can fuck….” Kara smirked.

“Stepbrothers. Get it straight. They’re not your brothers by blood, which means it’s perfectly fine to fuck them and move on with your life.” She made it a point to prove that she was right and I was wrong every time Evan and Elijah got brought up, which thankfully wasn’t very often.

“Whatever. I’m not fucking them, and I don’t want to stay with them anymore than I want to put a fork through my eye.” I pushed off the Jeep, and opened the driver’s side door.

Kara smiled, her white teeth reflecting back at me, “Liar. Liar. You’re such a bad liar it’s not even funny….” She teased.

I bit the inside of my cheek to stop myself from smiling. She knew my secret. The one from two years ago when I first met the Princeton Twins. There was no hiding the truth from Kara.

“Get in or you’re walking…” I shouted over my shoulder sliding into the drivers seat, and buckling myself in. No matter how much I told myself I didn’t have a tiny crush on them, the feelings I had still lingered and Kara knew just as much as I did, that deep down inside, living with them for the next month was going to be the hardest thing I had ever done.

“So, who are you going to let take your v-card first?” My mouth popped open, and my jaw all but hit the floor as I turned in my seat to face my supposed best friend. I looked at her like she was crazy, more than crazy, absolutely fucking psychotic.

“What? It’s the truth. You won’t last a month in that house with those two hunks lusting after you. I give it a week…” She tapped her chin as if she was pondering my future.

“Kara. I’m going to need you to shut up.” I gripped the steering wheel as I put the car in reverse. Catching the grin that pulled at her lips out of the corner of my eye. I was now a ball of nerves.

“I’m sure it’ll be fine Meg. Your secret is safe with me…” She giggled, and it took everything in me not to slug her from across the car.

***

After dropping Kara off at her parents I headed in the direction of my own home, hoping I could catch my Mom and Richard before they left. My heart fell into my stomach when instead I noticed a silver BMW in the driveway where my own mother’s car should be.

“Fuck!” I muttered under my breath, pulling my Jeep into the spot next to the sleek BMW. I wasn’t sure what cars the twins were driving nowadays but this one was just the kind they would like.

I put the car in park, and pulled the keys from the ignition, before slipping out the door very slowly. My heart was pounding against my ribs as I walked up stone steps and to the front door.

“Hello there, Princess….” The air left my lungs as the door opened, revealing Evan or maybe it was Elijah. I wasn’t sure.

“Don’t call me that.” I blurted out with more effort than I expected. Evan, I presumed, narrowed his chocolate colored eyes at me.

“And why not?” He oozed cockiness that normally I found to be a complete turn off, except for right at this moment.

I licked my lips, “Because I said not too…” I shrugged. The confidence I had right at that moment evaporated as Elijah came around the corner, rolling up one of the sleeves on his white button down.

“Holy fuck!” I heard the words before he could stop them, his eyes roaming up and down my body before coming back up to my face.

“Excuse me?” I lifted an eyebrow knowing all to well that I had just been checked out.

Elijah’s eyes clashed with mine, before a smile formed on his lips. “I’m just surprised how much you’ve grown little Sis…” He sounded happier than he should which made my anxiety climb.

“Well, a couple of years will do that to you…” I brushed past Evan and into the kitchen, hoping they wouldn’t follow me.

“I agree… Don’t you Elijah?” Evan cleared his throat behind me as I walked up to the fridge and grabbed a bottle of water out of it. When I turned around I felt their eyes on me. There was this possessiveness that had formed in both of their stares.

The air in the room seemed to grow hot as we stood in silence. My mouth went dry, and I directed my eyes to the floor and away from their perfectly toned bodies. It should be against the law to look as gorgeous as they did.

“Get upstairs and get your shit, Princess.” Elijah ordered. I swallowed around the lump in my throat, and lifted my eyes to his. There was an unsaid warning that lingered in his gaze and strangely I desired to disobey him just to see what him and his brother would do to me.

Instead I mumbled a, whatever, under my breath and hauled ass up the stairs and into my bedroom feeling the heat of their eyes against my skin even after I was out of sight.

“Shit!” I whispered to myself, grabbing a bag from the closet to put all my shit in. Kara was so right. There was no denying the attraction I had for them and this whole month of living with them was only going to make that attraction more fucking noticeable.

“Hurry it up, Princess. That is, unless you want us to come up there and help you pack your stuff…” I could hear the amusement in Elijah’s deep voice. I was positive that by the end of the month I

would be asking myself just which brother it was that was going to claim my virginity.

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Chapter Two

Elijah

Agreeing to have Meg live with us for an entire month was the worst fucking idea that we had ever conjured up. When we agreed to letting her stay, we were under the assumption she was still the same brace faced kid we had seen nearly two years ago. Not the hot as fucking hell twenty something that was begging to be fucked.

I couldn't stop looking at her legs, and thinking about the way she would scream my name as I pumped in and out of her.

"I know E, she's hot as fuck. Way hotter than I expected…." Evan rolled his shoulders. He was tense just from her presence, as was I. Unfortunately we would remain this way for the next month while our parents were off gallivanting the ocean.

"Fucking-A…" I cursed, running a hand through my hair. I needed a fucking haircut. I also needed to get laid.

"This is going to be a problem for both of us…." Evan stated the obvious. We were currently upstairs in the loft of the apartment complex that we owned in the area we designated as our work from home space.

"She's caught me off guard is all. I didn't expect her to be so… not little sister like." All I could picture were her long shapely legs and long chestnut brown hair paired with those green eyes that promised to disobey my every word.

"Then we will do whatever we can to avoid her…" Evan clasped his hands together as if he had solved all of our problems. It hit me then, that what if we did the total opposite of avoiding her. What if we did whatever the hell we could to get her to want us?

"Wait… I think I've got an idea." I slapped my hand onto the hard wooden desk, startling Evan, who was sitting on it.

"Dude what the fuck?" He questioned.

"Are you still into sharing women? Like we did back in our college days?" I wiggled my eyebrows. Those were the fucking days.

When we could screw all, the woman we wanted and drink all the booze the world had to offer.

Evan shrugged, “It wouldn’t bother me. I mean if you’re talking about sharing Meg. I’m sure it could be arranged.” He smirked at me just like I was smirking at him.

I licked my lips, the thought of sweet little Meg on her knees before my brother and I would be my undoing. I could feel my cock jumping to life in my slacks.

“We just need to find a way to get her between the sheets of our bed. We’ve already got her under our roof….”

“I’m almost positive she still has her virginity so maybe we could encourage her to let go of it. A once in a life time thing with two of L.A.’s hottest bachelors?” I rubbed at the stubble along my jaw.

“Mmmm… You think she still has her cherry? I mean how could someone as gorgeous as her still be a virgin in there third year of college?”

Evan glared at me, “I’ll put money down on it. She’s still got her virginity and something tells me she’s holding onto it for dear life.” The desire to know was eating away at my insides.

“Let’s find out…” I trailed off, pushing from the desk and heading in the direction of the huge wooden doors that lead out of the office. I was never one to beat around the bush and when it came to Meg there was something inside of me that wanted to get to know her better.

I descended the stairs faster than I ever had before, stopping only once I was standing in front of her.

“Can I help you?” She looked up at me over the top of the paperback book that she had been engrossed in.

I narrowed my eyes, which in turn caused her to narrow her green ones. I wanted to spank her ass, and make her beg for my forgiveness for talking back to me like she just did.

“Evan and I have this running bet, Princess.” Evan popped in right at that second, his ass landing on the back of the leather sofa right next to Meg.

“And what’s that? Whose dick is bigger?” She tried to sound annoyed but even I could see the curiosity that lingered in those soft green eyes of hers. The need to touch her was overwhelming me, so I did something that was complete out of line. I leaned into her body, and gripped

her by the chin, forcing her beautiful face to remain on mine. My grip was gentle, even through the flurry of emotions that I saw form on her features.

"No, Princess. Though, I'm sure you would like to know which of us has the bigger cock." Her eyes grew wide with apprehension and it took everything in me not to laugh at her innocence. Maybe Evan was right after all?

"Oh, don't be so coy Meg. We would never hurt you. In fact we want to do the total opposite to you." Evan's words seemed to wash over her in a way mine hadn't; because the book that was in her hand moments ago fell into her lap.

"You can't be serious can you?" Meg scoffed. Oh, this was going to be fucking great. I released my grip on her chin, and trailed my finger down her throat. Her heart was beating frantically, with excitement or fear I didn't know.

"Serious as a heart attack Princess, and we have a question for you." I lifted my finger from her soft supple skin and bopped her on the nose.

"Why don't you guys just go find someone to screw? I've got books to read and shit to do."

Evan smirked, "Why would we do that when the person we want to get to know most is sitting right in front of us?" Her eyes shifted from me and then to Evan and back again.

"What do you want to know? I just assumed that you guys didn't want me here." She crossed her arms over her chest, pressing her already large tits up higher.

That's right, just a little more, Princess. I want to see those hard pink nipples of yours.

"We have a going bet… You see Evan thinks you're still a virgin, well I think there is no possible way…." A bewildered expression formed on Meg's face.

"You've got to be kidding me. Why the hell do you two need to know about my sex life?" She tried to sound angry, even though excitement zinged in her eyes.

"Well, if you are a virgin, we can help you…" Evan started.

"In ways others can't…" I finished. Her mouth popped open and then closed again, her perfectly pink pouty lips forming into a

perfect “O” as soon as she realized what we were getting at.

“You… No…” She shook her head.

“Yes, Princess. Evan and I have needs, and since we can’t be seen with a girl here for the next month and you’re more than perfect for the two of us, it’s obvious that you still have that cherry between your legs to get rid of. I don’t see why we can’t all do each other a favor.” I wanted her to say yes, so right then and there I could drop to my knees, rip off those fucking tight ass yoga pants, and devour her pussy like a real man should.

Instead she laughed, and laughed, and I was pretty sure she thought it was a joke by the time she stopped laughing.

“You guys are fucking hilarious.” She wiped away the tears that had slipped from her eyes in her fit of laughter realizing then that we were actually fucking serious.

“We aren’t joking. We really want you. You have needs, and so do we. Let’s help each other out.” She blinked, and then it hit her. That this wasn’t a joke.

“You… you both want to fuck me? At the same time?” She sounded shocked. Though Evan and I had done some crazy shit in our time, double penetration wasn’t one of them.

“Well, not at the same time, but in the same room, with the other watching, yeah.” I wanted to beg her to say yes, but understood why she was so hesitant. I mean we were her fucking stepbrothers.

“You guys are my stepbrothers though…” I could see the want in her eyes and knew I had her in my grasp.

“We aren’t related by blood, so there isn’t anything wrong with us fucking. Plus, you know you don’t see us as your older brothers anymore. Now you see us as the hot assholes that we’ve always been.” Evan cupped her cheek, his touch and voice gentle.

Would she fall for the bait, and give herself up to us?

“I…. I can’t. It would be too weird and we don’t really know each other that well right now…” She stumbled over her words.

Fuck me, Princess just say, yes.

“But we want you, and we can take care of that pesky little cherry you still have. Don’t you just want to get it over with? You can pick either of us to take it from you. We will do the honor…” My mouth was watering with need, as she wrung her hands together in her lap, indecision marring her features.

“I’ve ummm… I’ve got to go and let my cat…” She shoved from the couch and headed in the direction of the front door. She picked up her keys and wallet that were hanging up next to the door.

My entire body was on fire as I watched her walk out of the fucking house. What the fuck?

“You didn’t close the deal.” I growled to Evan as I unbuttoned my slacks, and headed in the direction of my bedroom. I needed a cold shower, and a long, hard fuck. The only problem with all of that being the only person I wanted to fuck was now the only person I couldn’t have.

“And you fucking scared her off, so we’re even.” He shot back. I didn’t care though. I could have any woman I wanted, so why the hell was I so hung up on my little stepsister?

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Chapter Three

Meg

"Oh my fucking God." I whispered under my breath unlocking my Jeep, and getting inside it. I locked the doors behind me, and started the engine. Elijah and Evan were different, way different than they used to be when our parents first got married.

They both want you.

I couldn't stop myself from thinking about the way they spoke to me, and the fact that they had been so straight forward about what they wanted from me. It all came as a huge surprise. I hadn't expected them to want anything to do with me, let alone to claim my virginity. Yet, I couldn't lie and say the thought didn't cross my mind as Elijah spoke about it.

They weren't my blood relatives and, not to mention experienced where I wasn't, plus they were sexy as fuck. They could show me the ropes, and prepare me for the dreaded dating scene all while I ogled over them, giving them the ego boost they didn't really need.

No. No. I shook my head gripping the steering wheel. I was not sleeping with my stepbrothers regardless of how good looking they were. I gripped the steering wheel with my sweaty palm.

I could feel the wetness of my arousal against my panties. The very thought of what they could do to me if I gave myself over to them consumed my thoughts. I licked my dry lips, and tried to convince myself why I couldn't go through with it. There were no feelings there, just lust, and need. And no one had to know about it unless we wanted them too.

I put the Jeep in reverse and decide to go and talk it over with Kara. She would know what to do. I backed out of the driveway slowly, my hands shaking as I did so. If I was going to live here with them, then I was going to need to decide where that left all of us after what was said tonight.

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"Kara?" My voice echoed through the large wide-open foyer. They lived in what was practically a mansion in a gated community

just on the other side of the city in a small suburb.

"Shut your face. You're going to wake my Mom up from her beauty sleep…" Kara shushed me coming from around the corner and grabbing me by the arm and dragging me out into the sunroom off the kitchen, before I could say another word.

"You do realize it's like six o'clock at night right?" I shook my head confused as to why her mom was already asleep.

Kara shrugged, "I don't ask questions girl. That leads to hearing things that I don't care to hear about." She plopped down on one of the wicker chairs that looked like they were from the nineteen nineties.

I needed to cut to the chase and spill the beans to Kara about what Evan and Elijah wanted from me.

"I'm actually here for some advice…" I wrung my hands together nervously, my anxiety growing as a sinister smile formed on Kara's face.

"Ooooo…. What do you want to ask me? Did the Princeton twins ask to see your little man in a boat?" I shook my head, confusion settling into my features I'm sure.

"What the fuck is a little man in a boat?" I whispered, my cheeks warming in embarrassment. This is when being sexually inexperienced had it's down falls.

Kara erupted with laughter, her entire body shaking as she slapped a hand down on her knee, trying to catch her breath.

"Your clit. It's your fucking clit. Jesus, you need to get laid girl." She announced, tucking a strand of her strawberry blonde hair behind her ear.

"Oh…" My voice fell flat. Maybe asking Kara about this wasn't the best idea. I knew she was just going to tell me to go for it but I wanted real advice. I wanted to know if it was worth giving it up to them. The attraction was there. The need and desire to cross that forbidden line was on the verge of being snapped.

"Okay, in all seriousness what's going on? You never just show up here, and especially in such a frazzled manner." I sunk down onto the other wicker chair facing her.

"Well, it's actually the twins. They've propositioned me for sex, and I'm not sure how to react or answer them." I was lost in my own whirlpool of thoughts.

Kara's mouth popped open, and then closed before she spoke again. "I fucking told you they wanted you. Damn girl!" Sparks of excitement flickered in her eyes. Her being right never came as a shock to me. When it came to men, Kara knew what she was talking about. I, on the other hand, had no clue what the hell I was doing.

"So, what should I do?" I licked my lips nervously. This entire predicament had me reeling. I wouldn't be surprised if they had called my mother and Richard and told them I couldn't stay with them any longer after the way I had walked out.

"First, let me make you something to drink to loosen you up a bit. You seem way tenser than usual." Kara skipped away and into the direction of her fathers coveted whiskey bar. There had been a time or two when we both got wasted off of her father's expensive bourbon.

In a flash she was back, a brown liquid swirling around in a crystal glass appeared before me.

"Drink it and let it warm your body. As for your stepbrothers, don't look at them as a problem. Look at them as a solution…" I shook my head confused with her logic. Sometimes I wasn't sure how we ever became friends.

I brought the glass to my lips; the smell of the whiskey burnt my nostrils. "Jesus is this straight Bourbon Kara?" I exasperated, shoving the glass back into her hand. I didn't need a drink. I needed to just stop over analyzing everything.

"Oh stop being a pussy and drink it. It'll help relax you, and from the way you're acting right now I'm going to say you could use whatever relaxation you can get." I rolled my eyes and taking the glass back, and bringing to my lips once again. I tipped it back a bit, and sipped some of the liquid into my mouth. The whiskey burned as it slipped down my throat and into the pits of my stomach where anxiety festered.

"I don't want to make the wrong choice…." I sighed. Kara was right, the liquor was relaxing.

"Like I said, don't look at them as a problem. Let them be the answer to your pesky little v-card. Let them help you get rid of it. They can teach you some moves, and help you get ready for the dating scene where you find your own personal prince charming." Kara wiggled her eyebrows at me, causing me to smile.

I bit at my nail, weighing my options. She had a point. They were hot, experienced and not to mention someone I knew, so I could trust that everything would be okay. The only issue I had was that there were two of them.

“I don’t think I can’t handle both of them at the same time though.” The thought of taking them both excited me though.

Kara shook her head, “You have a lot to learn sweetheart. Let them do the teaching. You’ll be surprised what kind of things turn you on.” The unknown frightened me, as much as our parents discovering we were all sleeping together.

“I guess I’m going to do it then. What do I have to lose?” I shrugged my shoulders, and brought the glass of whiskey to my lips once more, downing the rest of the beverage before I could stop myself. Kara had a point. If I wanted to be ready to find the man of my dreams then getting rid of my v-card now could help me later down the road. Men didn’t want inexperienced girls, right?

“That’s my bestie! Now pull yourself together. Were going to crash a party tonight!” Kara jumped from her seat, excitement zinging through her.

“A party? Seriously, I’m not dressed for a party Kara.” I complained. Plus I didn’t want to go to a party. My nerves were already shot to hell.

“It’s a good thing you have a friend with a closet full of clothes you can borrow then, isn’t it?” My face fell. There was no way I was getting out of this.

I would just have to grin and bare it, and then deal with the consequences of whatever happened afterwards.

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Chapter Four

Elijah

Frustration was real as fuck when you were dealing with something you wanted but couldn't have. In all the time our parents had been married, Meg had never been my type, but now, now she was way more than just my type.

I wanted her to be mine.

"You scared her. I bet that's why she left." Evan joked, or at least I hoped he was joking. I had called her phone three times, and sent her two texts. I was starting to think I was that creepy ex-boyfriend that could never get her in my bed.

"I didn't fucking scare her. She wants this. I can tell. She's just shy, and needs a little push to go forward." I leaned back in my chair… I needed to fucking figure out where she went, and drag her ass back to the house.

"Right." Evan laughed, and I shot him a look that told him to shut his teeth. I didn't need his input right now.

"Maybe she went to the library, or to one of her friends houses?" I wasn't really sure where she went, but I was certain she would come back. I might've scared her off a little bit but not enough, for her to not show her face again.

"Or, maybe she ran to her Mommy and told her how dirty her stepbrothers really are?" There was a glint of evil in Evan's eyes that I had never been able to decipher.

"Evan…" I growled, fed up with his nonsense. I was on the verge of imploding, and I was irritated beyond disbelief with myself. How could I want someone so badly, from the very first sight of them? I just didn't fucking understand it.

"Okay, okay. I'll stop. I do want to mention, before you lose your shit on me once again, how easy it really is to find a girl like Meg…." I twisted around in my chair, my face turning to steel.

"What do you mean find? Do you know where she is?" That piqued my interest. If Evan knew where she was then maybe we could

just go get her?

"Possibly…" Evan rubbed his hands together like he was about to unveiling something to me. "Social media is a very, very easy way to find people. People that are Megs age post everything they can on Facebook, and Snapchat." His comment had me reaching for my phone.

I opened up the Facebook app, and typed in Meg's first and last name then hit search. A photo of Meg from what was probably Halloween popped up with her name beside it. I clicked on the photo and was taken directly to her profile.

"She's got her shit locked down tighter than fort-knocks, but her friends don't…" Evan smiled, as I clicked over from Meg's page to some chick named Kara's. Her profile picture included herself and Meg.

I scrolled the page a bit, stopping once I stumbled upon a status that had been updated twenty minutes ago. Kara posted it, and tagged all her friends, including Meg in the post.

It read: **PARTY at Davis's, he's got FREE booze, and hot chicks!**

The iPhone in my hands shook. What the actual fuck was she thinking? A piece of my sanity when out the window right at that moment. The only thing that mattered was finding Meg, and bringing her back our place, where she belonged.

"We have to do something." I growled placing my phone against the wooden top of my desk. It took everything in me not to throw the device across the fucking room and watch it shatter into a million pieces just like my patience had.

Evan smiled, "I've already done something…but I want to extend an offer to you before I reveal what it is that I've done." My face fell, and I couldn't swallow past the bundle of nerves that had now taken up space in my throat.

"What?" This wasn't like Evan to barter with me, especially over a girl. Something was up I just didn't know what it was.

"I'm interested in a threesome with sweet Meg, but that's as far as it goes for me right now. I don't want a relationship, and I'm not stable enough to handle one. I want to taste the sweetness that oozes from her… so I'll tell you where she is, how to get her, and help you keep her here, but you've got to let me have a chance to get between her thighs." His

remark shocked me a bit. Whenever Evan and I shared it was fifty/fifty. This time though he was insinuating that I wanted more. I clenched my fist, did I lie and tell him I didn't care or did I just own up to the fact that there was something about Meg that made me want to be a different man?

"Deal." I spoke without thought. I knew I wanted Meg, I just wasn't sure what I was going to do with her once I had her.

I stared at my twin brother for a moment as a silent message was exchanged between us. It was one that said Meg was mine, and that his one chance with her would never happen again.

I didn't know why I was staking claim, but I was sure I would find out soon.

"Alright, get your shit on. We've got to go catch ourselves a rowdy college girl." Evan moved from the desk and in the direction of the office door. Excitement zinged through my veins, at the anticipation of catching of catching my sassy stepsister doing something she probably shouldn't be.

"Okay, I'm coming." I hollered back, grabbing my phone from the desk and slipping it into my pocket. I was going to own this girl the way she was owning me right now.

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Evan parked the BMW along the side of the road next to the Davis residents. How he got the address for the place, I didn't know.

"Fuck! The place is packed bro!" It brought me back to my college days, where drinking and sleeping with abundance of women were the norm.

You could hear music bumping from the speakers inside the house, and laughter from a bunch of people that were lingering outside the house.

"It is, but I contacted little Davis, the fucker throwing this party, and I can assure you that he's made sure our little Meg hasn't be touched, or fucked with once the entire time she's been here." Evan seemed so sure of himself, and though I knew my brothers negotiating skills were badass, I didn't think they could simply make people do things he wanted them too.

"All I want to do is find her, and get her ass back to our place." The thought of spanking her bottom until it was pink made my cock

hard. She needed a spanking for making me seek her out and dragging her back to our place.

“Well, we’re here, so go in, get the Princess, and meet me back here in say ten minutes?” I narrowed my eyes at my brother from the passenger seat.

“What the hell are you going to be doing?” I questioned grabbing the door handle to get out.

“Whatever the hell I want.” He snickered, getting out and jogging off into the crowded street.

I licked my lips nervously. I wasn’t the type to get anxious over a girl, so everything I was feeling right at this moment was unusual.

“Hello…” A drunk girl, sauntered up to me. Her eyes were blood shot and she smelt like a French whore drenched in wine. I could’ve pushed her away, and went on my way but instead I didn’t. After all, I was businessman who used his head. Instead I decided I would use her to help me find Meg.

“Hi, I’m looking for someone, do you think you can help me find her.” I gave her my signature melt-your-panties-off-your-legs-look.

“Depends on who you’re looking for?” She hiccuped and then giggled lightly as she swayed back and forth on unsteady feet.

“Meg Collins. Is she here?” I wrapped an arm around the chick, my body begging me not too.

The drunk chicks eyes nearly popped out of her head as she looked up at me like I was a Greek God or something.

“Ohmyfuckinggosh.” She said the entire thing in one sentence.

“What? Is something wrong?” Worry consumed me. If something happened to Meg because of me and my foolish need to possess her, I would never fucking forgive my self.

“Oh, um no… I’m Kara though, her best friend…” She smiled, and some of that worry faded. Still, if Kara was out here, where was Meg?

“Alright Kara, it’s nice to meet you. Where’s Meg though?” My voice was tight. I was over playing nice. I wanted Meg, and when I found her I was going to let her know how much trouble she had caused me.

“I know all about you Mr. Princeton.” Kara poked me in the chest, a grin marring her features.

“That’s good. I’m glad you do and I’ll tell you more about myself if you help me.” I tried to guide us in the direction of the front door, but Kara put the brakes on, her feet refusing to move from the ground.

“Oh no you don’t. Meg told me all about your plan to fuck her. I think it’s a good idea, but…” She leaned into my face, her boozy breath fanning against my cheek. “She’s scared of what would happen if anyone discovered she was fucking her stepbrothers….”

“Let’s go!” I snapped. If I had too I would find Meg on my own. When Kara refused to move from the spot she was placed in I decided I would go into the house without her.

“I’m trying to get her to hook up with Davis!” Kara shouted as I made me way into the house. Her comment had made my blood boil. No fucking way was Meg going to give it up to some frat asshole who wouldn’t take care of her.

Music vibrated through the floor, and walls of the house. I couldn’t hear myself think, let alone hear a word that was spoken to me. The place was loud as fuck, and there were people everywhere. I eyed the elaborate living room, my eyes gliding over the couples that took over the couch with there making out.

Nope. Not here.

“Chug, chug, chug….” A crowd had gathered around a table in the kitchen off the right of the living room. My eyes glided over all the people, and as soon as I saw her I lost it. I crossed the room with purpose, as I shoved my way through the crowd and plucked Meg off the table she had been dancing on with a bottle of wine in hand.

“What the…” She grumbled, her words a drunken mess.

“What the fuck is right!?” I growled, my grip was bruising as I pulled her away from the crowd and out the front door.

“You can’t make me go home!” Her nails sunk into my hand as she tried to claw at my grip. My teeth ground together in anger.

I stopped dead in my tracks. “What the hell are you thinking? You can’t just get wasted like that. Someone could’ve hurt you, and then I would’ve had to hurt them…” My eyes slipped from her face, and down to her lips.

I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to kiss her badly.

“Where’s Evan?” She hissed, looking around me.

Did she want Evan and not me? We always shared, sometimes it didn’t work out because the chick couldn’t handle being with both of us. This time that wasn’t the case though. Meg was mine, and Evan just wanted a taste.

“He’s busy, so lucky for you, you get to deal with me.” I wasn’t about to let her run away again. I tugged her along the way dragging her to the car. We were nearly there when some asshole called out to Meg.

I turned around, my eyes burning with anger as I noticed the way he was looking at her, and then looking at me like I was some perpetrator or something.

“Davis!” She shouted back, reaching for him.

Okay, now I was really fucking angry.

“Hey, let her go asswipe!” He yelled, trying to get in my face. He was a good three inches shorter than me, and was scrawny as fuck. If he was smart he wouldn’t try and start something with me.

“That’s not going to happen.” I pulled Meg closer into my chest, wanting this entire night to end already. Meg was mine, and she was going to be going home with me one way or a fucking another.

“Dude…” The douche bag pulled his fist back like he was going to punch me. I didn’t have the time or need to deal with drunken shenanigans, so I clenched my fist tightly and pulled it back, landing a hard blow against his nose before he could move. My knuckles stung as the scraped against bone.

Meg shuttered against my chest. I’m sure she was scared, and she had a reason to be, because once I started with her she would be begging me to stop.

“Seriously?” Evan’s voice sounded behind us. The Davis kid fell to the ground a second later, his hand clutched against his nose.

That’s right fucker. Stay down.

“He fucking deserved it.” I shrugged, twisting around, and guiding us to the BMW. Evan gave me a flabbergasted look, and Meg simply sighed as I opened the back passenger side door. I lifted her small body up, and placed her in the back seat before moving into the seat next to her.

“What are you doing?” She asked, her voice cracking as she spoke. I smiled looking down at her.

“Teaching you a lesson…” I licked my lips as I slipped all the way into the backseat closing the door behind me. It didn’t matter to me that Meg was my stepsister. When my cock, or better yet my heart wanted something it went for it.

Meg’s eyes fluttered closed for a moment and I could tell she wanted this just as much as I did.

When she opened her eyes again she whispered, “Teach me, please…” and it was then that I knew we had struck a deal.

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Chapter Five

Meg

My entire body was on fire as I waited for the moment when Elijah would pounce. I had all but begged him to teach me a lesson for misbehaving the way I had and with all the alcohol that I had consumed running through my veins, it was a lot easier to be bold about what I wanted.

“Do you know how much trouble you’ve caused your big brothers?” He hissed, his hand tangling in my hair as he pulled my face to his. I could feel his warm breath against my lips, and I wanted him to kiss me.

I nodded my head yes, biting my lip to stop the moan that desperately wanted to slip from my mouth. Hours ago, I was unsure of what I wanted, but now I knew exactly what needed to happen.

“I’m sorry…” I cried out, as he arched my head back by pulling my hair. Sharp stings of pain radiated from my scalp.

“You’re not yet, but you will be soon.” Elijah growled his lips pressing against my racing pulse well his other hand slipped beneath the short mini-skirt that Kara had loaned me.

“Ahhh…” I moaned, arching into his touch further. I wanted this. I wanted it so badly. The crush I had on them was finally becoming a reality.

“I can hardly believe it…” He mumbled against my skin.

“Believe what?” I asked my words laced in confusion.

“You’re soaked with need, and all I’ve done is tease you,” He spoke pulling away to look me in the eyes. It felt like he was looking straight through me and into the dark depths of my soul.

“I… I want you…” I admitted out loud for the first time ever. He didn’t say anything in return, and instead moved his fingers gently against the tiny scrap of fabric known as my panties.

“How badly do you want me?” He leaned into my face, his nose pressed against mine. Everything that was going on around us became background noise. All that mattered was Elijah and I.

“Badly…” I purred like a kitten in need of attention. I lifted my hips, and ground my pussy against his hand, wanting so much more than what he was giving me.

His full lips lifted up into a half smile, while his eyes promised deliciously dirty things.

“Bend over Princess. I want your ass in the air, and your knees against the leather seat.” He ordered, releasing me in an instant. I felt the coldness of the AC as soon as he released me. I did as I was ordered, even though my belly was churning with anxiety. Letting my stepbrothers own my body was merely a fantasy before this, now it was becoming real.

“Fuck E, my cock’s harder than steel right now, and you want her bending over in the backseat while I’m trying to fucking drive.” Evan grunted from the driver seat. I smiled against the leather seat enjoying how turned on they were by me.

“Focus on the road Evan and as soon as we get home I’m sure our fucking Princess will reward you, won’t you?” Elijah questioned, as he lifted the back of my skirt shoving it up over my ass. The cold air inside the space against my clammy skin caused a shiver to run down my spine.

Next went my panties, and I licked my lips in anticipation as he slid them down over my hips, stopping at my ankles.

“I’ve… I’ve never done this before…” I blurted out, worried that I may be getting myself into more than I could handle.

“Oh, I know Princess, which will make this all the more sweeter…” My nails slid against the leather as I felt the first touch of his fingers along my ass crack. I was bare, and at the mercy of a man I had longed for since the day I met him.

I was panting with need as he slid his finger up and down the seam of my pussy impossibly slow. Then he stopped moving altogether and my heart dipped into my stomach.

“Please…” I begged, needing him so badly it almost hurt. Seconds passed where time seemed to stand still. Would he give me the pleasure I desperately wanted or would I have to beg for it?

A hard slap landed against my right ass cheek causing me to gasp, and moan at the same time. The slap stung but it also brought pleasure.

“You liked that didn’t you?” I could hear how pleased Elijah was with my moan of pleasure.

“Yes…” I sighed, wanting more, so much more.

“Good.” His words were saturated with need as he spanked my other ass cheek, making sure he gave them equal attention. My pussy came to life, throbbing with need as he spanked each side with precision moving the slaps up and down my ass, never spanking the same area more than once.

“Please… Please… fuck me…” I was all but melting beneath his touch my entire body begging for things I didn’t quiet understand.

“Not today, Princess.” Disappointment filled my belly.

It was Evan who spoke this time. “We’ve got other ways to get you off. Ways that don’t involve touching your pristine cherry just yet…” I couldn’t see either of their faces but if I could I was sure they would be grinning at each other.

The BMW came to a stop, and I pushed up off my knees looking out the window. I blinked. Some of the alcohol I had drunk was starting to wear off taking my awesome buzz with it.

I shifted around in the seat, becoming more aware with each passing second that we were now at their house and I was going to be forced to go inside with both of them. My eyes moved from Elijah and then to Evan. They both watched me like they were on the hunt for prey.

“Let’s go, Princess. Disobey and we won’t get you off. Behave and you’ll be swimming in pleasure.” Elijah’s words were sealed with a promise. Do as I was told and he would reward me. Misbehave and find out just how dirty these two men could be. Was it bad that a part of me wanted to disobey them just to see what they would do to me?

Elijah opened the door, and gestured for me to get out a second later. I adjusted my skirt, pulling my panties off and shoving them into the pocket of Elijah’s dress shirt. The chocolate brown of his eyes grew darker as I moved past him and in the direction of Evan who was unlocking the front door. The sound of the car door slamming behind me caused me to jump. Elijah wrapped an arm around me a second later, guiding me up the walkway.

“Let’s see how dirty of a girl you really are….” My legs wobbled at his words. As strange as all of this was, I had a need that had been

awakened the moment that Elijah spanked my ass and I wanted to see how far I would go.

"I've been a bad girl…" I responded, right as we entered the house. My entire body was tingling with need as I stepped over the threshold, moving away from Elijah and removing my skirt and barely there top.

I kept my back to the boys, as I picked up my skirt and shirt from the floor and headed in the direction of their office. I was anxious and worried I would do something wrong, but I let it be, knowing that they would soon follow. After all, I was headed in the direction of their office, with nothing but a pair of high heels on. They might've refused to fuck me before, but there was no way they could deny me now.

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Chapter Six

Elijah

“What the fuck just happened?” Evan whispered once Meg was out of earshot. I couldn’t even muster up a single word. My cock was throbbing and my hands were sweating.

Go to her. My body ordered.

I would bet my entire fucking fortune that she had no idea how hot she looked commanding the room in nothing but a pair of heels.

“I don’t know… nor do I care…” I cleared my throat, shucking my designer shoes, and undoing my belt. If she wanted us, then she would get us. If she wanted to see how far I would take things with her, then she would be in for a fucking surprise because there was no limit to the needs that I had. I could go for hours, or days.

I was going to devour her pussy, spread it wide, and take from it just as I knew it would take from me.

“Remember….” Evan started as he started removing his own clothing. “I get the first taste of that sweet pussy of hers…” I should’ve been jealous, or even angry but I couldn’t be. Not when it came to my twin brother, not when it came to pleasuring the woman I now had to have.

“You can get the first taste, because I’ll get to devour her cherry when the time comes.” I smugly said, running after Meg. Evan wasn’t far behind me, and as we ascended the stairs my heart pounded harder against my rib cage.

When we finally made it to the office my body was begging for a release, the anticipation of the unknown was coursing through my veins.

Evan and I both pushed the wooden doors open at the same time, our eyes honing in on Meg who was sprawled out over the top of the desk we shared. My mouth watered the longer I stared at her.

“I’ve been a bad, bad girl…” Her words were dipped in lust.

“Oh, we know you have…” Evan started towards her and I followed suit. I wanted her and I was certain she knew it. The question,

however, was how badly did I want her?

Evan reached her first, a hand trailing against her bare thigh while I went around the back of the desk, coming up behind her, so that I could play with her tits, and whisper in her ear.

“We’re going to show you what it’s like to be pleasured by real men.” Evan spoke placing a skin against her other thigh as he maneuvered her to the edge of the desk. She moaned with pleasure as I sunk my fingers into her hair, gently messaging the scalp as I pulled her head backwards.

“Be a good girl and let my brother taste that sweet pussy of yours…” I smiled, reveling in the way her eyes rolled to the back of her head. I could feel sexual tension between us all mounting and I watched eagerly as Evan slipped between her thighs and worked his magic. My cock becoming painfully jealous as it pressed against the wooden desk.

“You’re such a dirty fucking girl.” I whispered nipping at her earlobe, as I moved my hands from her hair, down her shoulders to rest against her breasts. “You like fucking your stepbrothers, don’t you?”

“Oh God….” She gasped as Evan gripped her by the hips, holding her in place while I plucked her perfectly pink nipples.

I could tell she was enjoying the things he was doing to her with his tongue and I couldn’t wait till I got my hands, and cock on that tight little hole of hers.

And I knew just from the way she was wiggling around, and the sudden intake of breath that she was on the verge of an orgasm.

“That’s right Princess. Come all over my brother’s tongue. Let him taste how fucking sweet you are…” I encouraged her, my dirty words giving her the final boost she needed. Her fingernails scraped against my flesh as she fell apart in my arms, my Evan swallowing every last ounce of her release down.

“I can’t wait to fuck your tight cunt, to spread you open real wide, and fill your hole with my cum. You want that don’t you?” My cock was begging for some type of relief and now that Meg had gotten off. Evan and I could focus on getting off as well.

“It’s never felt that good before… I feel like I’m…” She stumbled over her words a bit. “Like I’m floating…” She sounded far away, so Evan and I waited, letting her come down from the high of her orgasm.

We caressed her body, messaging and rubbing all her tense muscles.

“What a good fucking girl you’re Meg… You came all over my tongue, just like I knew you would.” Evan praised her, as he came up from between her legs licking his lips.

“Now it’s time to make your big brothers come…” I moved from behind the desk, coming to stand next to my brother. Meg’s green eyes seemed brighter in the dim lighting as she digested the words I had just spoken.

“But I’ve never…” Her cheeks grew red with embarrassment.

“You’ve never what? Sucked a cock? Beat a man off?” I countered, not fully believing that a woman like herself didn’t at least know her way around a cock.

Her eyes casted down towards the floor, and my heart jumped from my chest. Even if I didn’t believe her, I didn’t want to break that confidence that she had.

“Hey now, don’t be ashamed. Evan and I will guide you on what to do… okay?” My voice was soft, and gentle, and completely unlike myself. Joy filled my belly when she lifted her eyes to me, and nodded her head softly.

“Remember when we told you we wanted you to take both of us at the same time?” Evan questioned smugly, as he stroked his nine-inch cock.

“I remember…” The timid girl from earlier was starting to make her appearance again.

“Good, because we want you to take both of our cocks into your mouth, and watch as you wrap those beautiful pink lips around our shafts.” I gripped Meg’s hand in mine, helping her up off the desk, and guiding her to her knees on the floor. There was nothing like having a woman on her knees in front of you. Most men thought it was them that were in control when it was really the woman who had all the control.

“Can you handle that sis?” Evan arched a brow at her, and I wanted to yell at him for trying to shatter her spirit. Instead, she gave him a defiant look that said she was more than determined to show him up.

She took both of our cocks into her hands, showing no signs of anxiety or fear as she did so. She stroked us both gently at first, causing both of us to grunt out with pleasure at the same time.

“I like this… Having you both at my mercy…” She laughed softly, her nails gently ranking down the top of my shaft. Oh fuck me, how badly did I want her hand to be her pussy instead.

She upped her movements, stroking both of us faster, and faster… “Fuck Princess, I’m going to cum soon…” I growled, my hands fisting into her hair as I brought her face near my cock. Evan moved closer so that he too could shoot his load into her mouth.

“Yes, come for me. Please….” She begged, clearly turned on at the thought of us coming together. She squeezed my shaft tightly in her small hand; the last rub of her palm over the opening of my cock became my undoing.

With my fingers weaved tightly into her hair so she couldn’t move, I came, my hips jerking back and forth as hot semen shot from my cock and into her mouth, and along her lips. Evan followed suit with a moan of pleasure that mirrored my own. I stared down at Meg with longing, loving how sexy she looked with our cum on her face and in her mouth.

We owned a part of her, just as she owned a part of us.

“Was it good?” She swallowed down the cum, and licked up the remaining drops that glistened against her lips. I could tell she needed to know that she had done a good job so I told her.

“It wasn’t good…” I started and her face fell. “It was fucking great! You did fucking amazing Princess…” Her eyes lit up moments later and it was then that I realized how badly I wanted to pluck her up off the floor and haul off with her into my bedroom, shutting the rest of the world out.

I wanted Meg, and in more than just a sexual way. The question was, would she see it as more than just an experience once everything was done and over with?

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Chapter Seven

Meg

The things I had done last night with Evan and Elijah repeated throughout my mind. Was it wrong to want your stepbrothers the way I wanted mine? I had a connection to both of them. If I was being entirely honest, I would say I wanted Elijah more than I did Evan. He seemed to be into me on a moral internal level where Evan just acted as if he wanted to fuck me.

“Morning Princess.” Elijah’s deep voice resonated through me. It was strange waking up in bed with a man and even stranger that I enjoyed it.

“Morning.” I responded my voice still full of sleep. My eyes drifted over his naked torso. Chiseled abs and well-defined muscles grabbed my attention first. Damn, how could he be so good looking?

“Are you ogling me Meg?” Elijah tried to sound shocked, but the expression on his face said he liked that I was checking him out.

I nibbled at my bottom lip before nodding my head yes. Elijah bent down, his lips a mere inch from mine as he examined my face. We weren’t touching but I wanted to be. My hands inched closer to his on the mattress.

I had already crossed one line, what was crossing another?

“I want you…” I sucked in a shallow breath as I spoke. Elijah’s coffee brown eyes lit up with need.

“I want you too Princess, but I think some breakfast is in order first…” His lips pulled up on the side of his face and into a half smile that made my heart flutter out of my chest.

I was so caught up in that smile of his that I didn’t realize that he was pulling me to the edge of the bed by my foot.

“What are you doing?” I managed to get out, my body sizzling with need as he maneuvered himself between my legs. I was in nothing but a long white t-shirt, and pair of silk panties.

“Having breakfast…” He smirked, his hands slipping under the t-shirt. His long fingers snagged the sides of my panties pulling them down my legs. It hit me then what he was doing.

“Seriously? You want me for breakfast?” I was a little shocked. Evan was the first man to ever eat me out, and that was just last night. Now it was happening a second time in less than twenty-four hours?

“Fuck yeah I do. The most important meal of the day should always be served with a side of pussy. Now open up those creamy white thighs of yours and let me ravage your cunt.” My fingers sunk deeper into the bed sheets, my legs moving to their own accord. I knew then that my body would do whatever it could to have a taste of the Princeton twins.

A shiver ran down my spine as Elijah sunk to his knees before me. One of his hands was placed on my hip, holding me in place while the other explored my pussy.

“Your cunt is absolutely divine. You know that already though, don’t you?” I didn’t, so I shook my head no, my teeth sinking into my bottom lip to stifle my moan of pleasure as he sunk two fingers deep inside my already soaked canal.

“Use your words Princess. I want to hear every single moan of pleasure, every fucking whimper, grunt, purr, any way you what to express your pleasure. I want it all.” Elijah’s voice was menacing and I did as I was told, fearing he may take my pleasure away if I didn’t.

The two fingers inside me stretched my hole, making it easier for him to move in and out of me.

“More…” I begged. The friction of his fingers wasn’t nearly enough for me. I was like an addict waiting for my next hit.

Elijah laughed, “Patience baby girl. Your big brother is going to take good care of you…” The words were a whisper against my clit as he sucked the tight bud into his mouth.

“Dear Lord!” I moaned, pushing up onto my elbows so that I could see him in action. My legs were shaking as he flicked the tip of his tongue against that sweet bud all while moving his fingers in and out of me so slowly I was sure I would die.

My stomach was in knots as he devoured my pussy like a man starved of food. He licked and sucked every inch of flesh until I was withering beneath his tongue.

“Please, please…” I pleaded with him to give me some type of relief. I had only heard about these intense, shake your entire mind, body and soul orgasms from Kara but now that I was experiencing them first hand, I never wanted to go back to fingering myself.

“Beg for it.” He growled against my clit, his fingers moving in and out of me so fast I was positive my ass would be up the bed if it weren’t for his steel grip.

“Please let me come, please…” I begged, ready to say or do anything just to get my release.

“Your pussy loves my fingers, and tongue…” He released my clit, and in a flash I was flipped over onto my belly, my legs still spread wide open. “And I bet your asshole will love it too… On your knees Princess…”

I did as I was told, pushing up onto my knees, hoping and praying I would get to come next.

“Good girl. Push that tight ass out.” I could feel him at my back and wondered what it was that he was going to do.

Seconds ticked by as the anticipation built. “Has anyone ever fucked you here?” Elijah growled, the alpha in him finally making its appearance.

“No. My ass is a virgin too.” I sighed, letting my inexperience get to me.

“Don’t fret Princess, it won’t be for long.” I perked up at his comment, watching him over my shoulder. I could only see his eyes, and knew from the dilation in his pupils he liked what he saw.

One of his fingers trailed down my spine, making its way over the curve of my ass. His touch set my body ablaze.

“Please fuck me…” I pleaded with him, my head falling forward as I waited for him to own my body.

“Not yet…” And just like that he was back between my thighs, except this time he gripped my hips and brought my pussy to the edge of the bed, holding my lower half up, while my head was pressed against the mattress.

All I felt was his tongue dipping inside my tight hole, swirling around inside of me and lapping up every single drop of my arousal.

“Come pretty baby, come all over my tongue.” He ordered, and I did. The tension inside of me snapped, and an explosion of pleasure made it’s way through my body. I convulsed against the sheets, trembling as Elijah continued his assault on my pussy.

“Fuck!!!!” I cursed loving the euphoric feel that shot through my veins. I could feel nothing and everything all at the same time.

“Mmmm… You taste like honey, delicious virgin honey…” He pulled away, placing my legs back on the mattress, leaving my body completely spent. I had just woken up, but felt like I already needed a nap.

The sound of Elijah’s door opening pulled me from my euphoric state. “I was just about to bring you guys some breakfast but I see you’ve already got yourself a full meal…” Evan smirked at me from the doorway.

I noticed a bowl of strawberries sitting on the tray next a plate with pancakes and bacon on it and my stomach grumbled to life.

“Actually, Elijah had a full meal. I, however, am starving…” I shoved from my position on the mattress and sat up, awaiting the plate of goodness that Evan had brought in.

“Oh, are you?” Evan laughed softly, walking towards me with the tray. He set it down gently on my lap, and sat on the bed next to me. Elijah was on the other side of me and I could feel him tense up as Evan plucked a strawberry off the tray and brought it to my lips.

I sucked the tip, before biting it off, relishing in the sweet taste of the strawberry. “Thank you.” I mumbled. Evan winked before popping the rest of the berry into his own mouth.

“Your welcome, Princess.”

“Thank you for bringing us breakfast brother…” Elijah was still tense, and it made me wonder what was going on inside his head.

Did he not want to share me with his brother anymore? The thought of being shared excited me, but so did being kept for one man.

“Are we…” I licked my lips before continuing. “I mean are you guys still going to share me? Or my first time for that matter?” The question itself was getting me all hot and bothered. I rubbed my thighs together my bare pussy scraping against the bed sheets was only making it worse.

Elijah looked to Evan and then back to me before he spoke. It was as if they had some secret twin code that I wasn’t aware of.

“Evan’s going to help get you ready for my cock, but it’ll only be me entering you….” I felt Elijah’s hot breath at my ear, and I wanted so badly to turn and press my lips against his.

“I’m going to get that virgin pussy of yours so wet, and stretched that you won’t be able to feel anything but pleasure as my brother fills you with his length.” Evan whispered in my other ear his hand drifting up my thigh and in the direction of my pussy. My heart was racing and my entire body was still tingling from my last orgasm.

“I’m interested to see if you can succeed…” I challenged, wanting him to give me his all since Elijah got to take my cherry.

“Princess….” Evan growled, his teeth sinking into my ear lobe, causing my breath to flaunter and my body to straighten. “I love a good challenge… and what I love more than that is proving people wrong…”

I gasped for air as he released my ear from his teeth, and Elijah gripped me by the chin and forced my eyes to his.

“Kiss me.” I whispered so low I was sure he wouldn’t hear me, and then he did. He pressed his lips to mine and kissed me like a man that was deprived of air. I felt every emotion he was feeling right in that moment. Lust, anger, jealously, and dare I say love?

When he pulled away, he placed his forehead against mine, and whispered, “I want you all to myself Meg. Please let me have you…” The pain in his words couldn’t be missed, and it tugged at my heartstrings hard. As badly as I might want to explore a threesome with both of them I would much rather have one man who loved me and wanted this more than anything than two, with one walking away.

I made my choice then. “Evan…” I twisted out of Elijah’s touch, and met Evan’s lustful gaze.

“Yes, Princess?” He asked gruffly.

“I’m not sure what your intentions are here, but I want this moment to be between just Elijah and I. I can feel the emotions you’re putting out and they aren’t the same as your brothers. I hope you aren’t mad.” I bit my bottom lip praying that he would see where I was coming from. A few seconds ticked by and he pulled his hand away from my thigh.

“You’re right sweet Meg. You’re far too pure, and good for me. Plus, I’m not ready for whatever Elijah is, so no hard feelings sweetheart. I’ll still be your big brother…” He smiled, and winked at me as he got up off the bed. He gave Elijah a hard look that practically promised death if he hurt me.

“Enjoy her brother.” Evan saluted his brother and stepped out of the room, leaving the tray of food behind. I eyed it curiously wondering which I wanted first: Food or Elijah?

Elijah must’ve saw me eyeing the food because he spoke next, “Eat first, then I can show you how to ride my cock. You’ll need your strength for all that I have in store for you tonight.”

I picked up the tray and placed it on the floor gently. I wasn’t going to be told what to do. I was taking control, and showing this man just how badly I wanted him.

“What are you doing?” He asked, confusion lacing his words.

“What I should’ve done all along…” I pounced, landing on him, and wrapping my legs around his middle. His handsome face beamed with excitement. I bet a man like him never allowed a woman to take control.

“And what exactly is that, Princess?” I tilted my head at him, and grinned like a little girl who had just been given a giant piece of candy.

“Taking charge. I want you. I’ve wanted you for a long time. And even though I’m passing on the chance of having both you and your brother at the same time I know I’m picking the better option, because you have feelings that Evan doesn’t for me.” I grazed my lips against his and waited for the warmth of his touch to pull me under.

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Chapter Eight

Elijah

Did she just say what I think she did? Was I that fucking obvious? Did I wear my fucking feelings on my sleeve?

I should just man up and admit how I felt about her. But with her perfect fucking body grinding on me I couldn't focus on anything but her touch.

We kissed, our tongues saying the things words never could and surprisingly Meg was actually very good a kissing.

"I want you Meg. I want you so badly…" I pulled away, gently pushing her back so that I could see her face. I wanted to fuck her ten ways to Sunday but something was holding me back.

Your feelings for her asshole.

What I thought could be a quick, fun, fuck where my brother and I taught her everything she needed to know about sex, turned into so much more. Now I wanted her all to myself, and I wanted more than just sex.

"I want you too, so what's wrong…?" Her brow furrowed and she looked down at me with sadness in her eyes. Did she think that I was saying not to fucking her, because if she did I would put all those thoughts to shame right this second.

"Nothings wrong. Just things have changed. Something inside of me isn't the same anymore and I can't really pinpoint what it is. All I know is that it's come to life because of you…" I rubbed my hands down her arms, hoping to sooth any fears she had. I didn't want her to think I was giving up on us already.

Us. I thought on the word.

Meg smiled, a big toothy grin. "You want me. I want you. There doesn't seem to be a problem…"

"I do want you, but for the first time ever I want more than just sex. I want to get to know you. I don't care that we're stepsiblings. It doesn't change shit." I could feel the warmth in my cheeks. Was I blushing?

Meg's blue eyes doubled in size. "Wait… Oh my God!" She moved off of me, covering her hand with her mouth as she stared at me.

"You want a relationship. You don't just want to fuck me anymore?" I didn't know what had changed me so much maybe it was the fact that Evan wanted to fuck her and I might have to share her I don't know, but I knew now that the change had taken over there was no giving Meg up.

I sighed, and nodded my head yes. I scratched at the back of my head feeling completely out of my skin. I wasn't the type of man that talked about feelings, and love and all that girly shit.

"I told you something inside of me has snapped, something that refuses to share you, or just fuck you and move on." I pulled her back onto my lap, my eyes watching her face for any type of emotion other than shock. "I want you. I fucking need you. It's not even an option anymore. I have to fucking have you." Fire filled her eyes as she digested what I had said.

"You… you want to date? But how…?" I squeezed my eyes shut for a second, hating how the asshole inside me always had to come out and make an appearance.

"I don't hate you. I never have, nor will I ever. I was just attracted to you right off the bat and I never noticed you like I did yesterday." I gripped her hips firmly as she wiggled against my groin; her bare pussy was right there and more than willing to take my cock.

"But what about your Dad, and my Mom?" She frowned as she looked down at my chest. I gripped her by the chin, lifting her eyes back up to mine.

"I don't give a fuck what they have to say. I want you. What they want doesn't matter to me. What Evan wants doesn't matter to me. The only thing that matters right now is you." I released her hip and pressed a finger against her chest, right above her erratic heartbeat.

"Holy shit I can't believe this…" She shook her head back and forth like she was trying to wake up from a dream.

"Believe it baby, because I want you. All it took was one day to change everything and I don't want to give you up Meg. I refuse, so please…" I pleaded with her, the only woman I had ever wanted for more than just one night.

I could see her weighing her options and hoped like hell that she would decide to take me up on my offer.

"When I'm with you I feel different, like a piece of me has opened up. I feel free, and alive and I don't want those feelings to go away…."

"Then say yes, say yes to getting to know me, to letting me pleasure you until you can't walk, to giving this, whatever the hell it is, a shot…"

"Yes…" Her voice was silky smooth, and just when I was about to speak again, she covered her lips with mine. Her touch and scent sent me over the edge. Kissing had never felt like this before. It never felt like I was touching another human's soul with my lips and now that I had experienced it I never wanted to go back to kissing like I had before.

***

We soaked in the feelings we had for each other that entire next week with dates. Getting to know a woman before I fucked her had never been something I would do, but with Meg it felt right. Like it was what needed to done in order to enter into a relationship the right away.

Tonight we were discussing our parents even though we said we wouldn't bring them up since we knew they wouldn't approve of our relationship.

"At least your Dad treats you like an adult. My own mother wouldn't allow me to stay home by myself because she was afraid something would happen to me." Meg rolled her eyes as she took a bite of her pizza. I had taken the whole week off of work, spending every fucking second with this girl.

"You got me their baby, but then again you don't manage a multi-billion dollar company with your father…" I raised an eyebrow challenging her to try and find something that would one up that.

"You've got me beat Mr. Princeton." Meg wiggled her eyebrows at me as she finished up her pizza. I had just finished mine when she crawled over the mattress from her spot and onto me.

I had learned a lot about Meg this week like where her favorite spot to be kissed was, her favorite color, how she took her coffee,

and how many times she had her heart broken. She was an open book, and I was reader, thirsty for the next chapter.

"You're looking at me like I'm your next meal…" I smiled, my cock growing stiff at the thought of finally getting to taste her. Even though I enjoyed the last week of just talking, and kissing. I couldn't wait to slip between her thighs again and taste the sweetness the flowed from deep inside her.

"That's because you 'are. I'm ready. We've waited a week, and I thought you would be the one to act first but since you aren't, I'll be the one to initiate the sex…" She stood on the mattress peeling off her t-shirt, and unbuttoning her shorts.

I watched with a gaping mouth as she removed her shorts so slowly I was sure they were never going to come off.

"Fuck…" I hissed the words through my teeth. This woman had no idea the things she made me feel.

"Yes, I want you…" She leaned down, her shorts being kicked to the floor. "To fuck me…" Her blue eyes connected with mine, as she undid the button on my cargo shorts. I never in a million years would've thought I would be rolling around in my bed with my stepsister, but life had a way of changing you and I was seeing Meg in a whole new light.

"Can you handle my cock sweetheart? I'm not sure you're ready for it just yet." I placed my hands back behind my head and watched as she pulled my shorts down. I knew the moment she realized that I was stark ass naked underneath them because her gasp filled the room.

"Elijah!" She squealed, and I took that moment to flip us over, her body beneath mine to give me the chance to worship her, as a woman deserved to be worshiped.

"Yes, Princess…" I teased, kicking my shorts off the rest of the way. My rock hard cock poking against her stomach as I leaned in and peppered kisses across her silky smooth skin. Meg was beautiful, and not the kind you got from wearing a shit ton of make up.

"God, you make my body feel things it's never felt before. Every kiss sends my body to new heights." I choose then to nibble at the bottom of her earlobe, which in turn made her squirm against my cock.

"You better watch yourself sweetheart. My resistance to not rip off those panties right this second and fuck you senseless is just

about gone.” My voice was gruff and filled with need. I was tired of waiting but I knew when it came to Meg I would wait however long it took.

“Rip em’ I want to see you try…” She challenged me and I did just as she asked. With both hands on her hips I gripped the flimsy fabric ripping it as I pulled it away from her hips. When I lifted my eyes to Meg’s blue ones she looked shocked, but she also looked turned on.

“Don’t challenge me if you don’t think...” My words were cut off when Meg’s mouth slammed into mine. Her tongue slipped into my mouth, and forced the words that I had wanted to say back down my throat.

Fuck did she know how to kiss.

My hands slipped into her hair as I pressed her body into the soft mattress while I kissed the fuck out of every single inch of her flesh. There was no part of her that she could hide from me.

“More…” She moaned as I tweaked one of her nipples through her bra.

“Shhh, sweetheart. It takes time. I’ve got to warm you up before I give you my cock… Plus I need a snack and your pussy looks ripe for the taking…” I left a trail of kisses all the way down her body while she tugged at my hair. The feeling of her nails scraping against my scalp nearly sent me over the edge.

“Elijah, just fuck me!” Meg panted, trying to push up onto her elbows. If she thought I was going to just sink deep into her tight pussy and not make sure she was drenched with need before doing so then she obviously didn’t know the kind of man that I was.

“No can do Princess. Sit tight. I hear the dinner bell…” I laughed against her belly as she slammed back against the mattress in frustration. My hands trailed over her hips, and then down to her V before moving to the apex of her thighs to open her up further for me.

My eyes honed in on the prize. She was freshly shaven without a single scrap of hair in the way and all I could think about was diving in to lick her from bottom to top. God, she was fucking perfect.

“Elijah, I need you…” Her plead for me was all it took to break my resolve. Without a care in the world, I sunk my fingers into her legs, and pulled her ass all the way to edge of the bed. Once there, I spread her as wide as I could, and slipped two fingers into her tight hole, relishing in the fact that she was already soaked with need for my cock.

“You’re so fucking wet already… You want my cock that badly don’t you?” She looked up at me, lust in her eyes and I knew then that my heart would forever be set on one woman: her.

She nodded her head yes, as she bit her lip trying to stifle her moans so Evan and want the cleaning maids wouldn’t hear her.

“Use your words…” I growled, flicking my tongue against her clit. She shoved the straps of her bra down and released her tits from the cups, her hands grabbing at them instantly.

“Please fuck me…” She whimpered. I shook my head, and turned my flicks into sucks, taking that sweet little numb of hers, and turning it inside out. Meg withered against my tongue, her entire body convulsing as the release she begged for so badly rose up like a wave, and crested. The tension inside of her, releasing like a rubber band that had been pulled too tight.

“Elijah!” She cried out, as she fell apart against my tongue and fingers, her pussy squeezing me so tightly as she came down from her orgasm. There was nothing like watching a woman come, and it was even better when it was someone you longed for.

Gripping my length in my hands, I pumped myself a couple times before moving up the bed and over top Meg. Her hands trailed over my chest, and her eyes told me all the things that she couldn’t say right then and there.

“Next time you come Princess, it’s going to be all over my cock.” I brushed my lips against hers, before gripping my length and centering it at her entrance.

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Chapter Nine

Meg

Elijah's lips brushed against mine in the most sensual way. I was still reeling from my orgasm, but I couldn't get over how reactive my body was to his words and touch. I could feel the head of his cock at my entrance and wondered how badly it was going to hurt as he slid inside me.

"Is it going to hurt?" I blurted out, hoping I hadn't ruined the moment. Elijah focused his eyes locked on mine, shifting between my face and where our bodies connected as one.

"A little, maybe…" His voice was strained as he pushed a little further inside of me. I could feel my muscles stretching to accommodate his large girth.

"Ahhh…" I moaned so loud, I was sure everyone could hear me. Elijah stopped moving his entire body was shaking as he stared at me with concern in his chocolate colored eyes.

"Did I hurt you? I'm so fucking sorry Meg…" His hand moved from beside my head, and to my cheek where he cupped it tenderly.

"No, you didn't hurt me. It felt good." I assured him with a smile. I knew he didn't believe me fully but I was ready to get this done and over with and see how much fun having sex could be.

Sweat formed against his brow as he slid all the way inside me, a burning sensation spreading through my pussy as his length stretched me like I'd never been stretched before.

"You're so fucking tight and perfect. It's like we were made to be." Elijah spoke through clenched teeth, his muscles bulging as he tried to restrain himself from fucking me.

I could definitely tell he was inside of me, but it didn't hurt like everyone had said it would.

"Let go. Fuck me Elijah. Fuck me like you would any other chick." His eyes shot to mine and I could tell he was angry with what I had said.

"You aren't like any of the other chicks Meg. You're mine." He kissed me so fiercely I couldn't breathe. Something inside me ignited, causing my entire body to burst into flames.

“Christ…” Elijah muttered his forehead against mine as he moved in and out of me so slow I was sure he was trying to kill both of us.

“Yes. Yes. Yes.” I encouraged him trying to move my hips as he moved his. Slowly we came into a rhythm and when Elijah was certain that I wasn’t in any pain he upped the pace, slamming into me so hard I could hear his balls slapping against my skin.

We were wild and frenzied with need as we frantically kissed each other, our hands mapping out every inch of our skin. Elijah’s movements became jerky as he tried to hold on, wanting me to come with him.

“Come on my cock Princess. I want your release all over me.” His dirty words coupled with the friction of his body against my clit sent me tumbling over the edge. My body skyrocketed into the sky, as lights flickered behind my lids. Pleasure like I had never felt before consumed me.

The feeling of Elijah’s warm seed inside me only intensified things. The thought of getting married and having his children consumed me, as I came back down to Earth.

“Fuck me baby…” I popped my eyes open and almost burst into a fit of laughter. Elijah was between my legs, staring at my pussy, and I wasn’t quiet sure why. I moved up onto my elbows and looked down at him with a smile.

“What are you staring at?” I questioned curiously.

“I’m watching my cum slip out of your tight pussy. It fucking turns me on. God, I want to fuck you again already…” His alpha tendencies turned me on more than I cared to admit, but I couldn’t tell him that. It would go straight to his head.

“That was exhilarating and nothing like people described…” I sighed, inhaling our scents that were now mixed together with sex. There was nothing like the smell of Elijah.

“I’m glad it was everything you wanted it to be baby…” Elijah moved up the bed once more, his eyes on me as he pulled me in tightly to his chest. The warmth of his body, and the steady beat of his heart calmed me. It was strange how I had longed for someone like Elijah, and he had been here all along, right underneath my nose.

“You have no idea how great it was. You were perfect, though I’m sure you already know that.” I smiled against his clammy skin. I wanted this moment to last forever, even though I knew it couldn’t. All good things

had to come to an end, right? We fell asleep together wrapped up in each other's arms. There was nothing that could pull us apart, nothing that could ruin this moment.

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Chapter Ten

Elijah

From the moment that Evan discovered that Meg and I were fucking he went out of his way to poke jokes at me. Annoyance wasn't even a word I could use to describe the way I was feeling today.

"What are you and Meg doing tonight?" Evan wiggled his eyebrows at me like he knew we were secretly going to screw or something.

I shrugged, "Don't know. All I know is anywhere she is… is where I want to be." I shoved a fork full of my Chinese food into my mouth right as the front door opened. My entire body lit up as Meg walked through the door, a shopping bag in her hand and her best friend Kara who I had previously met at the party in tow.

"Mmmm… I smell Chinese food." Meg gave me a cheesy grin as she walked over to the dining room table that I currently had set up as my office for a bite.

I licked my lips, thinking of all the dirty things I wanted to do to her tonight. It had been one month of non-stop fucking between us. We were doing it every night, against every surface we could. It was like we couldn't get enough of each other and I never wanted the feelings she gave me to stop.

"Hey pretty boy…" Kara flirted with Evan who rolled his eyes at her advance. I knew my brother better than anyone so I could tell right away that he liked Kara.

"Hey girl…" I wanted to laugh at the way he talked to her. His voice was so robotic it was nearly hysterical.

"Do you think he likes her?" Meg whispered in my ear, taking the fork right out of my hand so she could stuff her own face with my food. I smiled as she settled into my lap.

"Like? I don't know. He want's to fuck her though. I can see it in his eyes." I whispered back, hoping they couldn't hear us.

"I can hear you asshole." Evan grumbled under his breath and Kara shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly.

“Alright, I’m going to get out of here. I’ve got a bottle of wine, and an episode or five of Shameless chilling at my apartment.” Kara headed towards the door, the indecision in Evan’s brown eyes was more than visible. He wanted her just as Meg and I had assumed.

Meg and I watched like we were watching one of those dramatic soap operas. Evan leaned in and whispered something in Kara’s ear before they both stepped out the front door, closing it behind them. I wanted to get up and look out the window and see if they were making out right there but I didn’t because the love of my life was on my lap for the first time all day.

“Do you think they’re in love? Meg asked, her eyes melting into mine. I brushed a strand of her chestnut brown hair back into place behind her ear.

“Were you in love with me from the moment you met me?” I couldn’t stop staring at her. There was this glow about her that made yearn to near her, inside her, with her.

“Mmmm…’ She pondered. “No I wasn’t, but I think…” My heart was racing in my chest. “I think I love you now though…” The shy girl I fell for the very first month that she was here finally showed her face again.

“You think?” I growled, moving her so she was facing me with both her legs on either side of mine.

“Yes, Mr. Princeton, I do.” She teased, and I liked it, but so did my cock.

“Prove it to me….” I challenged her, loving the look of heart, and determination that poured from deep within her.

“Kiss me.” She ordered, her fingers digging into my jaw as she forced my lips to hers. I couldn’t even fight against her touch if I wanted to. I was under a fucking spell, her spell. A month ago I had thought I could share her with my brother but after one taste, one moan I knew I couldn’t and now I understood why.

“I love you Meg.” I whispered, right before I pressed my lips against hers sealing our fates together as one. She kissed me hard, her lips pressing back against mine with a fierceness that set my body on fire.

My cock grew harder in my jeans as our tongues mingled together speaking a language only our hearts understood.

I couldn’t take another minute where we weren’t connected physically. Standing, I cradled Meg against my chest, and carried us both of and into the direction of the bedroom we now shared.

With our lips still pressed against each other we made it to the bedroom, after running into a couple of things along the way. Meg’s shirt was gone, as was my own. Our hearts beat furiously against our chests, beating to the same rhythm.

“I want to tie you up, and spank you Princess…” I finally confessed the one thing I wanted to do most to my sweetness.

Meg’s blue eye’s shined bright in the dim lighting and for tiny second I wondered if she would tell me to fuck off.

“Whatever you want Elijah, I’ll give you.” I couldn’t help but fucking smile. Meg was fucking perfect from the tips of her hair to the tips of her toes she was everything I ever needed wrapped up in a perfect bow.

“Take off your pants. I want you in nothing but your panties.” There wasn’t even a pause and she was off the bed shucking her jeans to the floor. I could feel the heat rolling off of her. She was just as excited about this as I was.

“Turn around, and crawl up the bed on your hands and knees.” I ordered, keeping my voice firm and clear of all emotions. I wanted it to be just as I had imagined. Me in control, and Meg my little virgin doing just as I told her too.

Meg looked at me with so much trust that my heart almost leapt from my chest. I was blown away by her desire to please me even when she knew she didn’t have too.

I clenched my fists together, stopping myself from reaching out to touch her. I knew if I did this would end all too soon. She looked so sexy crawling up to the center of the mattress on her knees, her ass in the air, with her pink pussy on display. Yeah I wanted to fuck her now.

“What now?” She asked innocently over her shoulder, her long brown eyelashes batting against her cheek.

“Fuck me, you look so hot right now…” I growled. “Stay right there while I get something to tie you up with. I don’t want you escaping while I fuck you into submission.” I slipped away for a moment

grabbing the first tie I saw in the closet. I ran the silky material through my fingers.

"Are you ready?" I swallowed around the lump in my throat fearful that she may back out.

"I'm more than ready. Give me your best…" That's my girl.

"Put your hands out in front of you against each other like you're praying." She did as she was instructed and I wrapped the tie around her wrists, knotting it before tying it to the headboard in the same manner. With her head down, her ass in the air and her hands tied to the headboard, she was now at the mercy of my cock.

What I didn't tell her was the toy I had gotten on the off chance that one day my dream would become a reality.

"Do you trust me?" I questioned, running a hand down her spine. I watched as a shiver made its way down the path I had just created, my touch causing goosebumps to erupt across her skin.

"Yes. I trust you." Her voice was so eager, and full of love. I hurried to the closet to get the anal plug I had bought for her. It was medium sized and I knew she could handle it. I grabbed the lube as well, and brought it both the items over to the bed. I was going to rock her fucking world.

"You've been a bad fucking girl Princess…" I growled, rubbing my hands together as I prepared myself to spank her.

"I have…" She sighed, her head hanging low. I lifted my hand and landed a smack right on her creamy white ass cheek, a red blotch formed almost instantly, and my sweet naïve Princess lifted her head up, a moan like I had never heard before falling from her perfect lips.

"You like being spanked don't you?" I baited, knowing the answer already. I took that moment to check for myself how wet she was for my cock.

"Fuck me Princess, you're soaked already." I grinned, my fingers slipping into her cunt easily. I stretched her with two fingers, envisioning my cock sliding in and out of her.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" She panted trying to back her ass onto my hand. I laughed, loving how much at mercy to me she was.

"Not just yet Princess. I've got a surprise for you." I licked my lips as I grabbed the bottle of lube, and squeezed it out onto her

puckered asshole. She squealed a bit, and squirmed for a moment but then settled quickly back into place.

"Please fuck me?" She begged. I could hear the need she had for me in her voice. She wanted my cock as badly as I wanted her pussy. We were hungry for a need neither of us understood.

"Shhh…" I ordered as I massaged her puckered asshole. It was tight, and definitely ready for my cock.

"I want your ass baby, can I have it?" I would get down on my knees and beg if I had too.

"Yes, take whatever you want… Just fuck me…" Frustration laced her words, and I lifted my palm slapping her other ass cheek. A cry of pleasure ripped from her throat.

Slipping my pinky inside her tight ass I worked the area, until I could slip two fingers inside her puckered hole.

"Your ass is so tight, and so fucking ready for what I have in store for it…" I grunted, my cock pressing painfully against my zipper. I rubbed the anal plug against her asshole, gathering up some of the lube, as I gently slipped it into place.

"Oh God… Oh fucking God…" She moaned, her arms pulling against the tie.

"That's right. Your asshole is filled, and soon your pussy will be too." I pressed the button on the very end of the plug and watched as my sweet Princess fell apart, the vibrations of the anal plug sending her plummeting over the edge.

"Elijah… Oh fuck, I'm coming…" She screamed. I unbuttoned my jeans and decided that was the perfect moment to slip inside her tight pussy. With one hand pressed firmly to her lower back I forced her to her belly. She complied mewling like a cat in heat as I rubbed my cock against her slick entrance.

With her hands tied to the headboard in front of her, she had no choice but to take whatever I gave her. Sitting on her legs I angled my cock perfectly and slipped deep inside her, stopping only once my balls slapped against her clit.

"Ahhhh… Ohhh…." She moaned, and I moaned with her my entire body vibrating with pleasure.

"Fuck baby, you're so tight, so perfect, so fucking mine." With both hands on the mattress for added support I pulled all the way out,

and slammed back into her, my cock hitting the end of the canal. I could feel the pressure in my balls as they rose, begging for a release that I refused to acknowledge just yet.

“Elijah….Oh, God…” Meg gasped every stroke of my cock inside her pushing both of us closer to the edge. I clenched my fists together trying to hold off on coming.

“I know baby, I know. It feels so good. You gripping me so tightly and me piercing you with my cock.” I was panting as I felt her pussy convulse around me. I didn’t want this moment to ever end.

“Come Elijah. Come inside me.” She encouraged as I continued to pound into her. At her word I came, my toes curling into the mattress and body shaking as I spilled every single drop of cum I had to give her into her womb.

“I love you.” I peppered her shoulder with kisses. Meg was my everything and how I hadn’t ever noticed that before this last month I didn’t know. But I wasn’t going to pretend that I didn’t love her anymore.

Not when I couldn’t see myself living another minute without her.

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Chapter Eleven

Meg

Fear radiated from deep within me as I stared at the positive pregnancy test. It was one thing to sleep with your stepbrother but an entirely different thing to have a baby with him.

Then there was the worry that he may not take to having a child like I did. I couldn't picture myself being with anyone else. I might have been a naïve woman before ever crossing paths with Elijah, but now that I knew what he wanted, and how much he loved me I could never see myself being with someone else.

"Hey baby, if you aren't ready yet we've got to be at the steakhouse in…" Elijah's words cut off as he looked from the pregnancy test in my hands and then to my face. I was shocked, my mouth dry, and my heart beating furiously against my rib cage. What if he wasn't ready?

"I…. I just found out." My voice wobbled. I couldn't move. I could barely breathe. Fear rooted me in place.

"Is it positive?" His voice was soft, and soothed the ache of fear in my chest. I handed him the test to let him see the results.

"I'll understand if you aren't ready, but I won't lie and say I'm not happy. I've always wanted children."

Elijah stared at me with disbelief reflecting in his eyes. "What do you mean you'll understand if I'm not ready?"

I wrung my hands together nervously, "I mean if you don't want a baby right now I'll understand, but I'm not having an abortion or anything. I want to keep it."

Elijah sat the plastic test down on the bathroom counter before cupping me by the cheeks. His touch made me weak in the knees.

"I would never tell you to get an abortion. Hell you have no idea how excited I am to have a baby with you. I love you, and knowing that you're carrying my child inside of you only makes me love you more."

Butterflies took flight in my stomach. I felt complete as soon as he told me he was excited to have children.

“You mean that? You really want to have kids?” Tears formed in my eyes. The positive pregnancy test explained all my cravings and mood swings over the last month. I was damn near surprised that Elijah was still around after the way I had been acting lately.

“I fucking mean it, Meg. I would rather have children with you than any other woman in this world. You’ll be the best fucking mom ever.” I couldn’t hold the tears in, so I let them go, showing Elijah just how much his words meant to me.

I sniffled, my chest heaving as the floodgates opened, tears falling from my eyes instantly.

“Don’t cry, Princess. I love you, and our unborn baby.” Elijah wrapped me up in his arms rubbing tiny circles along my back.

“I’m not sad. I’m happy, so happy.” I sucked in a breath.

“Good, because we have to tell our parents not only about us, but about their new grandbaby too.” I blinked, realizing his was right. We had to tell both his father and my mother about our relationship. Maybe we could wait a bit to tell them about the baby?

“I feel like that much news might send them over the edge…” I was back to worrying about what would happen once everyone knew about us, and the baby.

Elijah stared at me so much love, and care as he spoke. “Nothing anyone says about us matters. What matters is what we want. Don’t let the fear of what others will say make it so we can’t be happy.” I swallowed nodding my head yes. I wrapped my arms around his strong frame knowing he could hold us together when I fell apart. He was right, nothing else mattered but us and what we wanted.

“I love you Meg, and nothing anyone says is going to change that.” Elijah’s voice was slow as he pressed a gentle kiss over my thrumming heartbeat.

“I love you too.” I declared knowing no one could take this moment of happiness away from us.

***

Elijah and I walked into the BJ’s Steakhouse hand in hand. The place was packed and I hoped that a scene wouldn’t be made when both our parents realized that we were together.

“Everything is going to be okay baby… I promise.” Elijah assured me as our parent’s table came into view. They were smiling and laughing together as they saw us. I waved at them as we made our way over to the table. Elijah and I were still holding hands. My mother was the first to notice, eyes slipping from joint hands and back to my face.

“Hi Mom!” I smiled, allowing Elijah to pull my chair out so I could sit. Once I was seated he took the spot next to me.

“Son.” Richard greeted him, he too noticing our joined hands as we walked in.

“Thanks for having us. I hope you enjoyed your vacation.” Elijah started up an easy going conversation, but all I could feel were my mother’s hard eyes on me.

“Why don’t we just cut to the chase…?” My mother started. “Explain to me why you’re holding Meg’s hand when you walked in?” There was an accusing tone to my mother’s voice.

Elijah sipped from his water glass his eyes gliding from me, and then back to my mother. My stomach was in knots as I waited for him to speak.

“While we wanted to announce this after dinner, but since you noticed right away, we might as well announce it now…” I sucked in a breath nodding my head yes so that he would know I was ready.

“What the hell is…” Richard started but Elijah cut him off before he could finish what it was he was saying.

“Meg and I are together. We started seeing each other back in June. We wanted to wait till you got back to tell you.” Elijah was smiling I was filled with worry and my mothers expression was unreadable.

“Ummm…” Richard started and then paused. “I need a drink.”

I was going to second that but couldn’t since I was now pregnant.

“We also have more news…” My mouth went dry. This was my part. I had to tell them that we were expecting. I played the words that Elijah had spoken to me over and over again like a mantra.

“What could be more disturbing then my daughter sleeping with her stepbrother?” I could tell how displeased my mother was with Elijah and I seeing each other.

“Well, since you find it disturbing that were together I’m sure you’ll find it even more disturbing to know that you’re going to be a grandma.” I clenched my fist under the table, feeling Elijah’s hand against mine.

Anger like I had never felt before took over the fear that had been consuming me. How could she be angry with an unborn child?

“Dear Lord, this cannot be happening.” She looked to Richard for some type of encouragement but received none. He was to busy looking for the waitress so that he could order a drink.

“It is and you don’t have to agree with a single thing to be happy for us.” Elijah’s voice was strong and confident which only made him a target for my mother’s rage. I loved my mother, but when she didn’t approve of something she made it more than known.

“You’re right, but what will the media say? Will they be happy for you? Or will they twist the story and make it seem like we’re some inbred family?” She narrowed her eyes at both of us.

“What they say doesn’t matter. All that matters is what we want.” I gained the courage to speak.

“Sure, Meg. Do what you want, but don’t come crying to me when you’ve made a completely mockery of yourself and our family. I will not have any association with you if this comes out in a bad light.” I rolled my eyes trying to exhale the negative shit she was stirring up.

“Then don’t have shit to do with us. It doesn’t matter really, because it doesn’t change a thing. We’re still going to be together, and we’re still going to have this baby whether you like it or not.” Elijah made his final statement about us, and dinner carried on. It was tense, and very few words were spoken on my half but we stayed sitting through dinner, and enjoying our steaks. My mother’s dark eyes burned holes through me as I stuffed my face with a piece of cheesecake.

I was more than happy that dinner was coming to an end and that I wouldn’t have to spend another second in my mother’s unpleased presence.

Elijah and I stood, saying our goodbyes as we did so. My mother looked me straight in the eyes.

“Remember what I said Meg. If this comes out in a bad light I don’t want you contacting me, not even about the baby.”

My heart sunk into my belly. How hateful was it that my mother couldn’t even love our unborn baby

“We don’t need you, or your shitty words, but thanks.” Elijah sneered, pulling me in the direction of the door. Now all we had to do was break the news to Evan who I presumed wouldn’t want to be living with us anymore once he discovered he was going to be an uncle.

“I love you Princess. Don’t let her shit words worry you. I’m never going anywhere, not unless you’re right by my side.” Elijah’s words brought me peace that I never thought I would find in this life.

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Epilogue

Six Month's Later
Elijah

"Can you please uncover my eyes? I'm eight months pregnant and as big as a house. If I fall, you're going to feel it." Meg complained as I guided her into the nursery I had made for our son Parker. It was my baby gift to her. I wanted a special place for her to come after our son was born.

"Okay, just a second…" I navigated her through the doorway. The room was painted with soft browns and light greens and all the furniture was a dark mahogany wood.

I removed the blindfold from her eyes, and watched as she took in the entire room for the very first time.

"Elijah! It's so beautiful." Tears slipped from her eyes and down her cheeks. My heart was so full of love that in that moment for the very first time in my life I was speechless as to what to say.

I watched with awe as she touched every piece of furniture, her hands gliding against them as if she was envisioning our son using all the items.

"I cannot believe you did all this. How?" She turned her eyes on me.

"I kept you busy so you wouldn't notice." I smiled and she did too.

"You're evil, and sweet, and so damn perfect. You shouldn't even be real." She was stroking my ego more than she needed too. She was perfect too and it was impossible for me to understand how a little over a year ago I couldn't picture myself being with anyone.

Then I met Meg, really met her. Saw her for more than just perfect body needed to taste her. One taste would never be enough.

"There's something else." I cleared my throat, feeling the small jewelry box in my pocket. In between doing the nursery I had found a way to sneak out of the house and pick out an engagement ring. It was perfect just like my bride.

“What else could there possibly be? You’ve already made me the luckiest woman on the West Coast.” She gushed. I slipped my hand into my pocket and plucked the box out, feeling the weight of it in my hands. It was such a small item with a huge commitment one that I couldn’t see myself making with anyone other than Meg. I dropped down to my knee then.

“I’ve thought about making you my wife since the day I found out you were pregnant…” Meg placed her hand over her mouth covering her gasp. “I couldn’t see myself with anyone else and would love to have you as my wife.” I paused, watching the tears falling from her eyes.

“Would you do me the honor of becoming Mrs. Princeton?” My stomach was in knots because even though I was sure she would say yes, there was still a chance she could say no.

She nodded her head yes, “Yes! I would be honored to be your wife Elijah.” She hiccuped, her eyes growing wide as she took in the two-carat princess cut diamond ring.

“I had it made special for you.” I slipped it on her ring finger and watched with immense happiness as she moved the ring around, causing it to sparkle in the light. I stood from the ground, and was immediately enveloped in her tiny arms. This was my home, my life, right where I belonged.

“I love you, and I’m so thankful you decided not to share me.” I could hear the humor lacing her words.

“Me too Princess, me too, because now you’re all mine.” I nuzzled my head into the crook of her neck, hearing her heartbeat.

This was mine. She was mine.

My little stepsister.

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I hope you enjoyed Their Spoiled Stepsister! Please consider leaving a review, and read on for a BONUS book!

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Seducing The Virgin (Sold To The Billionaire #1)

By: J.L. Beck

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Chapter One

Fox

The smell of smoke and sex permeated the air, bathing me in the sinful deeds I was about to commit. I had never been to an auction where the item for sale was alive. Still, I was here with a pocket full of cash and a more than willing cock that needed some virgin action.

"Tonight, we have a beauty up for grabs…" Tony, the big burly man that always put these underground auctions together, spoke into the microphone. My body was already reacting to the tension and desires of the other men in the room. We all had our eyes on one thing and one thing only.

The virgin.

"Her name's Raven and she's going to use the money earned tonight to go to college…" Tony's voice trailed off in my head as my eyes went straight to the stage where the innocent little lamb would be standing any second now. Normally virgins weren't my cup of tea. They were inexperienced, clumsy, and always seemed to cling to you like you were a God or something, all because you broke their hymen.

"Shall we reveal the lovely Raven to you all?" Tony asked, earning himself a hoot and holler from the crowd of over aged and overpaid men.

Beads of sweat formed against my brow, as my stomach twisted in knots. I didn't know what was wrong with me but something felt off. Like I was about to have the rug ripped right out from underneath me.

Before I could comprehend what was going on, the stage lights were turning on, revealing a nearly naked woman with black hair that had purple streaks in it. I tried to suck in a breath but couldn't, my body refusing to do anything but stare at the temptress before me.

"The starting bid is fifty thousand. Do I have any takers?" Tony smirked at the crowd, as Raven's eyes sought out someone, anyone to protect her. Her curves were on full display and her plump breasts were pushed up, almost falling out the top of the bra she was wearing.

She was perfect, and exactly what I didn't need right now.

“Fifty thousand,” I announced, without even a thought as to what I was going to do with the brat if I won the bid. I could take her back to the mansion and fuck her senseless or I could give her to my brother.

Maybe we could share her?

“One hundred thousand,” another man across the room shouted, causing everyone to stir. I eyed the little lamb on the stage as she tried to look through the bright lights and out into the crowd to see who was her new master was.

Was she worth it?

She was naturally beautiful, and she wanted an education, which meant she had at least a good head on her shoulders. Then again, I had to question why she would be here trying to get the money to go to school when they had things like financial aid and shit.

“Five hundred thousand.” I licked my lips, wondering if she would taste as sweet as she looked. Silence settled over the crowd, and I knew I had won Raven. There would be other women that came through the auction tonight, and most of the men here didn’t want to spend their money on the first thing they saw.

It was a good thing I wasn’t like most men. I could see the shudder run down Raven’s back as she turned and walked off the stage, as one of Tony’s men came over to me to collect payment. I grabbed the checkbook from the inside of my suit jacket and wrote Tony out a check for five hundred thousand dollars. Then I signed it and walked backstage to find my new pet.

My legs were stiff and my feet felt as if they had bricks tied to them. I didn’t know why I was dragging so much. It wasn’t as if it was my first time purchasing sweet little thing like her. It was the first time I felt this way about a woman though.

“Let go of me.” A strong female voice pierced my soul, and I noticed one of Tony’s guards had his hand on my virgin. Before I could truly digest the scene, I was stepping between them, forcing the guards’ hand away.

“She belongs to me now, and I would appreciate it greatly if you didn’t touch her,” I snarled, seeing red for a second as I moved Raven away from the guard. The guard didn’t care though, he rolled his eyes and backed away, heading back towards the stage to do whatever else Tony

wanted. I had killed men for doing lesser things, so the control I showed surprised me.

"I belong to no one. My virginity, on the other hand, belongs to you. Once that's done I'll be on my way." She tried to look strong, but one could only do so for so long when facing evil head on.

I pushed her against the wall, my hand gripping her by the chin, forcing her dark eyes to meet mine.

"Your body, soul, and mind belong to me now. If I tell you to do something, you will do it or you will face the consequences." I narrowed my eyes, my cock growing hard at the defiance in her eyes. Breaking her wouldn't only be a joy, but it would be a pleasure.

She had backbone, and I could see that just from the way she spoke. I also knew she was afraid simply by the way her small frame shook as I raised my hand to push back a lock of her hair from her face.

"I answer to no one…" Her face was made of stone, showing no emotion as she spoke.

I couldn't help but smile, because the front she was putting up was one that I could easily break through with nothing but the touch of my hand.

"You, my dear, answer to me…" I trailed a finger over the top of her breast that was falling out of the top of her bra. She wasn't wearing any panties, and even though I wanted her pussy, I knew she wasn't ready for me to dip my fingers into her just yet.

She swatted my hand away and a deep robust laugh fell from my lips. I gripped her hand in mine tightly, squeezing it almost painfully.

"I will fuck you in every way known to mankind, and what's worse than that is that you will want it, little lamb. You will be dripping for me; your cunt will be soaked with need and there will be nothing that you can do about it." Her body shook, a shiver blanketing her skin.

The look in her eyes said she hated me already, but she had an entire lifetime to feel that way and I would change that look into need very, very soon. Raven was mine my little lamb. My pure virgin, and I would do whatever I felt like doing to her.

"I despise men like you." Her chest heaved with each breath she took in. I leaned into her face, feeling her soft pants against my

lips.

“Good, because I’m not out to love you, little lamb. I’m out to break you.” With the words already out, I gripped her hand tightly in mine, dragging her towards the back door where my driver always picked me up. Her bare feet tried to dig into the cement floor, but it was no use. She could fight all she wanted. In fact, it made me harder when she fought.

“You can have my virginity, but you’ll never have my soul. You’ll never have my mind. You’ll never have me.” God, the defiance that dripped from her words enraged me as much as it made me want to bend her over in the backseat of my limo and fuck her.

“Get inside the fucking car before I decide to do something crazy like fuck you right here where anyone could see us.” She looked at me straight in the eyes, testing me, wondering if I would really do it. Seconds ticked by before she realized I was serious and opened the door to the limo and slipped inside, her bare ass and pussy sliding across the leather seats.

“I knew you would see things my way, little lamb.” I licked my lips, climbing in behind her. I couldn’t wait to get her to the mansion and show her off to my father and brother.

“Drive,” I ordered the driver, my eyes slipping over to Raven. I would take care of her in the best way. I would give her the education she wanted, and she would be mine.

My little lamb.

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Chapter Two

Raven

I never thought the day would come when I had to choose between selling my body and providing for my family. The need to cry was so strong I clenched my fists together as tight as possible, my nails digging into my skin angrily.

I hated the situation and I hated even more that the man that had bought me was gorgeous, just like the devil in disguise waiting for the moment that I would slip up and he could drag me down into the pits of Hell. I squeezed my eyes shut, wanting this entire thing to be nothing but a dream I could wake up from.

“I have very few requirements, little lamb, but the most important are respect and honesty. If you respect me then I will respect you. If you tell the truth, I will as well, If you don’t do those two things, then your time in my mansion will be horrendous.” There was no warning in his voice. No, it was pure truth and though he didn’t say it, I knew what he meant: disobey those two rules and you’re as good as dead.

I didn’t bother to acknowledge him or even pretend as if I heard what it was that he was saying. I refused to give him that satisfaction. Forcing my eyes to the floor of the limo, I could feel the heat from his body slamming into me like waves against the beach.

“What did I just tell you Ms. Miller…” The growl that ripped from his throat resembled an animal’s growl before it attacked. I went to turn my attention to him, but was never given the chance to react because his large hands slipped through my long hair and dug into my roots.

Pain sliced through my scalp as he pulled my head back, forcing my eyes to meet his as he stared down at me.

“I’m going to assume you heard what I had to say, little lamb, and that you were just being a naïve little brat, because if you weren’t, I’m going to have to take you across my knee right now,” he whispered into my ear, his teeth grazing the bottom of my earlobe. Shivers racked my body, and as badly as I didn’t want to feel any attraction to this man, I did.

The thought of him taking me across his knee excited me. It brought to life something in me that I didn't even know existed.

"I heard you... Mr…" I went to say his name, but realized I had no idea who he was, which made this worse. Not only had I sold my virginity to help take care of my mother, but I was giving it to a man whose name I didn't even know.

"Master. You will call me Master. You're my little lamb and you will do as you're told. Understand?" His tongue scraped across the sensitive flesh of my throat, right underneath my throbbing pulse. I gulped, and nodded my head yes, praying he would release me. Relief filled my belly as soon as he did, my body missing his heat as soon as he let me go.

"Yes, Master." I mumbled underneath my breath, rubbing at my scalp. The stinging pain had subsided greatly and all that was left now was a dull ache.

The handsome devil smiled at me, his perfectly white teeth sparkling in the light. His features told me was Mexican, that coupled with the tanness of his skin, proved that I was right.

He had on an expensive suit and his shoes were made of leather. The watch he wore on his wrist probably cost more than my entire house, and the longer I looked at him the more handsome he seemed to get.

Little lamb. I narrowed my eyes at him for giving me such a dumb nickname.

"I expect you to be on your best behavior in front of my father. If you are, you will be rewarded. If you're not, then you will discover just how hard I can be…" The flicker of lust in his eyes told me that I didn't want to head down that road.

"Yes, sir… I mean, Master," I stumbled over my words nervously. A part of me wanted to screw up just to see what he would do to me, while another part of me was terrified of the unknown.

The limo came to a stop seconds later, and my stomach did a tiny flip, my breakfast threatening to come back up. I gazed out the window, sweat forming against my palms as I took in the large mansion. My new owner opened his door, and got out of the limo holding the door open for me. I slid across the leather seats and peeked out of the door.

"Welcome to your new home, little lamb…" He extended his hand to me, and I looked down at it wondering if it made me a bad person if I took it. I wanted his touch as badly as I didn't. I caved, giving

him my hand and allowing him to pull me from the limo. I was amazed, my eyes taking in every single aspect I could. From the perfectly shaped stone, to the well-manicured grass, to the beautiful fountain on the other side of the limo. This man had money, whoever he was.

He led us inside, where the beauty of the mansion seemed to amplify. Light shone in through every window, making the great room and kitchen/dining area seem larger, if that was even possible.

A woman that must've been a maid eyed me for a moment before scurrying past us and up the grand staircase. My entire body was on fire, and fear like I had never felt before filled my belly. I had no panties on still, just a see through black skirt covering my bottom half.

"We will go meet my father now. Remember what I said, little lamb…." He twisted me around forcing my chest to his so that he could see my eyes.

"Yes, Master, I remember what you said." My voice wasn't my own and my entire body shook with need, or fear, I wasn't sure which. All I knew was that I wanted to hate this man in front of me but my body refused to let me, that and knowing that he would be the reason my mother would live to see another day.

"Good…" He shoved a few locks of my dark hair behind my ear and pressed a hard kiss to my lips. I could feel every single desire he had for me in that soul searing kiss, and when he finally pulled away, I was left drunk with need.

He guided me up the stairs and then we turned right down a long hall that was painted red. *What is so important about meeting his father?* I wondered. Master lifted his hand to a large wooden door at the end of the hall, sounding a soft knock against the wood.

"Come in, Fox," his father spoke gruffly. Seconds later Fox pushed the door open with his hand, but not before giving me a dirty look. My knees wobbled as we walked into what I would call the lion's den. I couldn't feel anything but pain as my eyes zeroed in on the man that had ripped the rug out from underneath my family. He was the reason my mother was suffering, the reason that I was here right now. He was the CEO of Smith Industries. It all made sense now, and Fox was his son.

I smiled a little on the inside knowing that, either way, Smith Industries was still paying for my mother's medical insurance, even if it wasn't Mr. Smith that was paying but his son.

The old fucker smiled at me, literally fucking smiled, and my stomach rolled. It took everything in me not to blow chunks on the asshole's carpet. He deserved to die in the most horrible way.

"Hello, Father. I just wanted to show you my new pet," Fox spoke seductively, as if he was showing off a new toy or something. I kept my head low, praying he wouldn't recognize me from all the times I had come into the office to see my mother.

His large father pushed away from his desk and eyed me like a fine piece of jewelry. "She's young son… Pure from the way she's looking at me. Must've paid a pretty penny for something as fine as her." His eyes darted from mine and then back to Fox's. I squeezed his hand in mine, praying like hell that he got the message.

Fox's father was handsome, or at least he was at one point and time in his life. His hair was nearly white, and wrinkles blanketed his face. He was nothing but an old man one birthday shy of the nursing home.

"Oh, I did, Dad. I paid, but something tells me she will be worth every single penny." I hated the way Fox stared at me as he spoke to his father, like he had plans for my body. I wanted to snarl at him for being such an asshole, but didn't.

"I'm sure your brother will enjoy her as well." His father walked to the front of the desk slowly, his age showing in every step that he took.

"She's mine, Father. Not his. If I share, it's only for a short time." There was a defensiveness to Fox's tone that made me wonder if he actually cared about me for more than just the hole between my legs.

"Oh, I know, Son. I just also know how you boys are about your women." His father smirked at me as if he was trying to strike fear in me by stirring the pot. What he didn't know, was that I had fantasized about two men on more than one occasion. I just never dreamed of it being in situation like this.

Silence settled into the room, and as I stood there with my sweaty palm in Fox's, I could tell there was a silent battle brewing between the two.

"She is mine and I will do with her as I please," Fox practically yelled, the sound of his voice piercing my ear drums. He didn't take the time to see what his father's reaction would be. He merely dragged me out of the office and down the hall, before turning left and then right.

Before I realized it, we were down another hall and entering through another door. This time, when we finally stopped, I realized we were in Fox's bedroom.

"Take off your clothes and get on your knees, little lamb." I stood very still, my eyelids the only thing that moved as I tried to understand what it was that he asked me.

"You…. You want me to…" I didn't even get to finish my sentence and Fox was on me, his hand shoving the straps of my bra down.

"I said get naked, and kneel at the edge of the bed, before I blister your behind…." This time when he spoke, I felt his words deep down in my soul, and I knew if I disobeyed he would do just as he said he would.

Stripping myself bare wasn't something I wanted to do, but the repercussions were just as bad and humiliating.

"I will not ask again." Fox stepped towards me, and I decided then that I had no choice but to follow through with whatever he wanted. What if he called Tony and told him how horrible I was, and he never sent the money to my mom. Knowing my mother needed the money pushed me forward. I shoved the black skirt down, and ripped my bra from my body, leaving myself stark ass naked and fully at his mercy. Then I walked over to the edge of the bed, and got on my knees, ready to do whatever it was that he wanted.

I watched impatiently as he reached for the button on his dress pants, flicking it and shoving them down in one fluid motion. My eyes grew to the size of saucers when I saw his cock spring free, my pussy clenching with need even though I despised the man before me.

"Have you ever sucked a cock, little lamb?" I shook my head no. I had no experience with anything. Sex was the last thing on my mind when I was knee deep in tests and homework.

He smiled, clearly happy with my answer. I watched eagerly, my mouth watering all on its own as he stroked his length. Would he choke me with it? Better yet, would I enjoy it?

"I'm going to mark every single hole on this sweet body of yours, little lamb… but for now I think I'll just start with your mouth…" he hissed, bringing his cock to my lips. "Open wide, little lamb…" I squeezed my eyes shut and opened my mouth, praying like hell that I if

followed his directions and pleased him enough, he would leave me alone for the rest of the night.

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Chapter Three

Fox

My body reacted to her touch exactly as I assumed it would. She wasn't lying when she said she had no experience, but I could work with that. Sucking cock wasn't a hard thing to learn. I cupped her by the chin, my other hand in her hair, as I guided my length into her mouth. She looked up at me with fear and arousal, the two mixing together in her beautiful brown eyes.

"You've been a good girl, little lamb, so when you get done I'll give you a lick or two… Or maybe…" Her lips clamped down around my cock and she sucked like she was sucking on a lollipop. The sensations that shot through me left me fucking speechless. I couldn't form words. All I could do was encourage her to keep doing exactly what she had just done.

She moaned around my cock, saliva dripping down the side of her mouth, as she took more of my length into her mouth. I could feel my cock hitting the back of her throat, her eyes watering as she sucked harder.

"Breathe through your nose, little lamb." I could feel a warmth building in my balls and moving up into my belly. Raven did as instructed, continuing to suck my cock. I ran my fingers through her hair gently, loving and hating the feelings she was stirring in me. I squeezed the back of her neck harshly as pleasure consumed my body, my hot seed shooting into the back of her throat.

"Fuck, little lamb…." I tipped my head back, moaning out loud and showing her just how weak she made me.

She released me with a pop, and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. Love wasn't something I had ever felt before, but I was sure if I was ever capable of said emotion, it would be with Raven.

"Did I do good?" She batted her long dark eyelashes at me. Yeah, she was sweet and pure, but the look in her eyes said she desperately wanted to please me. Even if she did truly hate that I had bought her body in the auction, she wasn't showing it.

"More than good, lamb…" I smirked, giving her a hand and helping her up off the ground. It was my turn to return the favor. As

soon as she was standing I gently pushed her back on the large king sized bed.

She landed on her back, and came up on her elbows watching me with concern, as I shoved my cock back in my slacks and dropped to my knees before her.

“When you show the King love, the King shows you love,” I spoke, spreading her legs so that I could get a good look at my five hundred thousand dollar pussy. My body shook with need, as my eyes dropped from her flat toned belly and to her freshly shaved pussy. There wasn’t a hair to be found, and honestly, I was surprised.

“Do you like what you see, Fox…” I blinked out of my lustful state, realizing she had called me Fox instead of Master.

“What did you say…?” I licked my lips, wanting her on edge so when I did finally give her that good pussy eating. she would cum instantly.

“Master. I meant, Master.” I could visibly see the shudder running down her spine as she corrected herself. She had no idea the things that I had in store for her.

“That’s right, little lamb. I’m your Master. Only people who know me get to call me Fox…” I bit the inside of her creamy white thigh, kissing the pain away and replacing it with pleasure. She wiggled beneath my touch and her hands moved into my hair. I didn’t mind her touch but I wanted to see her hands against her tits rather than in my hair, so I moved them where I wanted them.

“I want to touch you, Master…” She protested, and I stopped kissing the inside of her thigh, my eyes meeting hers coldly.

“What you want is not my problem, little lamb. However, what I want is, and therefore you will do as you’re told, otherwise I might just forget to give you your release…” I took my pointer finger and slid it between her soaking wet folds. She whimpered, her hips wiggling back and forth.

“Please, Master.” She took a nipple in each hand, twisting the little buds tightly. Watching her writhe with need and pleasure pleased me more than anything.

“Your hands stay on your tits, little lamb… Understand?” I dipped between her legs again, just as she started to nod her head yes. So long as we were on the same page, I would give her, her release.

I eyed her pure pussy, and the glistening juices that dripped from it. She was so full of shit. She might despise me, but she definitely wanted my cock.

"Have you ever touched yourself?" I asked, mumbling against her cunt, my tongue flicking against her clit.

"Yes, Master…" The words came out in a rush, as she sucked air into her lungs. I was pleased, more than pleased, and I knew it was time to give her exactly what she gave me: pleasure.

Taking a finger, I pressed it against her hot entrance, slipping in her tight hole with ease. She was tight, so fucking tight, and my cock envied my finger for getting to go to a place he hadn't yet.

"Your so fucking tight, little lamb…" I purred against her pussy, right before I sucked her clit into my mouth. My finger moved in and out of her, until I knew she was ready for another. As soon as I slipped a second inside her, curving them upwards in the direction of her g-spot, she started cumming, her body arching off the mattress as her sweet release coated my tongue.

"Master… Fuck, Master…" She cursed, as I continued to finger fuck her. My cock was rock hard again, but I knew I had to shut that shit down. I couldn't be fucking her on the same day I bought her. I was a bastard, but I didn't want to claim her yet. I wanted her innocent and at my mercy for as long as possible.

Her sweet release coated my tongue and I knew I would never taste something as great as her in all the rest of my days.

"That's right, little lamb. I'm your master and you will answer to me and until the money I paid for you is worked off…." I pulled my fingers from the confines of her tight pussy and shoved them straight into my mouth.

God, she deserved so much more than a shark like me. She deserved a fucking man that would bend over backwards for her and, truthfully, that wasn't me. I didn't have time for love or even a relationship most days, so dealing with Raven was going to be a feat. Still, if I got to taste her every day like I just did, maybe it would all be worth it.

I stared down at the dark-haired beauty, my sweet little innocent lamb. I would break her. Snap her in two. I knew it now and I had known it when I bought her at the auction. Still, a part of me hoped that I

didn’t, a part of me hoped that she was strong enough to handle what I threw at her.

“Stay in this room. Do not leave. I will be back, and if I come in here and you’re gone, you don’t want to know what is going to happen,” I threatened her, stepped away from her before I did something crazy. I couldn’t be around her right now, not when the need to sink my cock into her was the only thing I could think about. I squeezed my eyes shut and walked out of the room, slamming the door closed behind me.

I needed to get my wits together. I still hadn’t figured out what she was going to use the money for, but I was certain it wasn’t for schooling. I ran a hand through my hair in frustration. I didn’t like how weak she made me, or the fact that she made my blood pump in a way it never had before.

I could always call Tony and ask him where the money was being sent. Then again, he may not even tell me. We weren’t on good terms and it was a miracle I was even allowed into the auction after the way things ended between us previously.

I clenched my fists tightly, knowing that I would have to either get the information from her or tuck my tail between my legs and go to Tony, and at this point I didn’t suspect that either of them would talk.

“I need a drink…” I mumbled to myself, shoving away from the door and heading towards my father’s parlor. I needed to let go of the attraction I had towards Raven. Yes, she was attractive, and sweet, and the purest thing I had ever tasted, but she was also bought and nothing more than an item. Treating her any differently than that would make a gigantic mess of the entire issue.

I walked into the parlor and straight towards the bar, grabbing a crystal glass and the bottle of bourbon. I poured my drink and twisted around realizing that the room was empty and that, thankfully, I was alone.

“She’s beautiful…” I gripped my glass hard enough to break it, my brother’s voice meeting my ears.

“ She is, but she’s also not made for this world. She’s pure, sweet, and in danger of being tainted.” I brought the glass to my lips and downed the amber colored liquid in seconds.

Seth, my “evil twin” brother, smirked, knowing he was getting under my skin. I wasn’t one to share and he knew that, but he also

knew that occasionally I could be persuaded to.

"I want ten minutes with her, little brother. That's all I need," He bragged, pouring his own drink. I watched the amber liquid swirl around in his glass and knew the answer to all my questions was right in front of me.

"You can have ten minutes with her, of course, in my presence only…" I started, Seth's dark eyes narrowing at me.

"But there's a catch… Do tell, little brother, I love knowing that you need something from me in return…" His evil grin filled my belly with fire.

"I need answers about her and I know for a fact she won't give them to me. Tony claims she needed the money for school, but looking at her I know she wouldn't just sell her body for something as simple as school. She could get student aide for that. I know there is something more going on, and if you get me the answers that you need, I will give you the time you want with her." I could feel the pain in my chest radiating deep into my bones.

"I'll get the information and we will go from there." Seth downed his drink as well and then sat the crystal glass on the bar. We were a reflection of each other. Both of us were powerful businessmen, who had the potential to run Wall Street. We were tall, dark, and handsome, and women from all over the world wanted to be with us. What they didn't realize though, was the darkness that lurked beneath the surface. We were the devils in fucking disguise, and once you signed your name on the dotted line, you would be forever indebted to us.

I nodded my head in agreement and Seth walked out of the parlor on a mission for answers. I slammed down onto the leather sofa holding my head in my hands, knowing that as much as I wanted to save Raven from the darkness that lurked at every corner, there would be no saving her.

If she wanted to survive, she would need to learn how to swim in the dark waters of this mansion.

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Chapter Four

Raven

I felt like I had been used and then discarded in the worst way. Yes, I had cum harder than I ever had before, but it wasn't without strings. I had to suck off Fox and then call him Master the entire time he claimed my body.

I looked around the room for as long as I could. Fox had a fully stocked closet with dress clothes and lounging clothes and, as badly as I didn't want to imagine him in a pair of ripped dark jeans, I couldn't help it. My body begged for his touch while my mind ran to the nearest corner for protection.

When the time seemed to drag into hours, I got in the shower and washed away the smell of sex from my skin. No, we hadn't fucked but he had fingered me, and my release coated my skin. I hated the smell because it reminded me of him and he wasn't here right now.

Once I was clean enough, I got out and dried off, taking one of his white dress shirts and slipping it on. I had no panties, and no clothing of my own, so I hoped like hell that he wouldn't have a problem with me wearing his shirt.

Then I slipped under the covers of the large king size bed, my body melting into the soft mattress. I hadn't realized how tired I was until my head hit the pillow. My eyes drifted closed, and my breaths became shallow, as I drifted off into nothingness.

"You don't have to do this, sweetheart. We can find another way to pay the medical bills. I don't need the medicine…" My mother was trying to find any excuse she could to stop me. What she didn't know was that I had already made my mind up. I had contacted Tony, who I knew through a friend, and decided it was the only way I could make enough money in time.

"You've lost all your insurance, Momma. You need the money. We need the money. If I can do something to help, I will." I held her hand tightly in my mine. The worry in her blue eyes scared me, but not as much as losing her did.

Without my mother I had no one, and I refused to lose her just because I was scared of something. The arrangements had already been made.

"I don't want you getting caught up in something bad trying to save me, sweetheart. I've worked hard my entire life to keep you out of the dark things this world has to offer…" She was pleading with me to not do it and I didn't have the heart to tell her that everything was done.

"I understand, Momma. I understand." I soothed her with a smile and stroke of the head. She was my everything and if I had to do something bad to keep her here on Earth for a little bit longer then I would.

The cancer she had was treatable but only with the right kind of medicine, and chemo treatements. Treatments that she was being denied now that she lost her job with Smith Industries.

I knew the second the letter came in the mail what I was going to do. College was no longer an option. I would take care of my family the best that I could, and if that meant showing a little skin or giving up my virginity then I was all for it.

I stared at her for a long time, the bags under her eyes made her seem older than her fifty-year-old self. It was times like this that I wished my father was still here. He would be able to comfort her like I couldn't.

"I've got you, Momma. I'll get you the medicine you need," I whispered in her ear, willing the tears that stung my eyes away. I wouldn't cry. Not over this. Not because of some rich bastard sitting in his high rise who fired my mom because she was on leave of absence. There were laws that could protect her but she didn't want to fight with them. It was hard enough being sick, let alone fighting with someone to keep the medicine that kept you alive.

"Little lamb…" Someone was shaking me, my body moving across the smooth sheets. I inhaled the masculine scent of the pillow and realized that it wasn't a dream and that I truly was living with the devil himself now.

"Huh?" I popped an eye open looking up at Fox through blurry eyes. I couldn't look at him and feel hate. Not with the way he made me feel deep inside. He owned my body in a way that no one had before. His father, on the other hand, was dead to me. I could feel the warmth Fox's

hand creeping up my thigh and wondered what it was that he had in store for me.

After leaving me alone like he had all evening I wasn't sure I wanted to give into his touch so soon.

"You smell like me…" I could feel his nose in my hair as I blinked away the sleep from my eyes. His voice was soft, and as I came to more, the smell of whiskey stung my nostrils. He had been drinking.

"I took a shower and then put one of your shirts on. I didn't know if I could or not, but I felt more comfortable with it on." I looked at him, really looked at him, the man that wasn't hiding behind a giant wall.

He was handsome, far more handsome than I had realized before, but he was also torn. The look in his eyes didn't mirror his body language. A large boyish grin pulled at his thin lips and his dark eyes twinkled with mischief in the dim lights of the room.

My eyes scanned over his sharp jaw line and then back down over his broad shoulders and muscled chest. My pussy clenched with need and I shifted beneath the covers, trying to hide my arousal for this man.

"Why is it that, little lamb? Did you think it would protect you from me? A little piece of cloth that I could easily rip from your body?" He nuzzled his head in the crook of my neck while unbuttoning his own shirt.

I sank my nails into the mattress, trying to resist his sinful touch. He promised me things that my body wanted, but that my mind refused to take.

"No, I didn't." I tried to remain strong, his lips pressing against my throbbing pulse. I couldn't help but lean my head back, giving him better access to my throat. My body begging me to give in to whatever it was that he asked of me.

"Good, because it won't save you. Nothing will. I'm a bad man, little lamb, and I'm trying so badly to do right by you, even though I know I don't really have it in me to do the right thing." Another kiss, and another slew of words that made my heart beat faster in my chest. I had never been in love, or felt for a man, but if I could, if things were different and I didn't have to focus on my mother, then I think, maybe, I could be with Fox.

Maybe things could be different between us. He was hardened by something in his life and parts of me wanted to crack him wide open and examine those broken pieces. Was he fixable? I didn't know.

"Being good doesn't make you weak. You bringing me here has been a blessing, regardless of being terrified of you and what may happen…" I treaded lightly over my next words, missing his lips and touch as he pulled away to remove his button down shirt. "I might have made the choice to auction myself off, but you provided the income for me to go to school." I tried to sound grateful and not like I was lying my ass off.

Especially when the very first rule Fox ever told me was never to lie to him. I was drawn into his body, my eyes scanning over his tight muscled chest, each muscled ab pronounced and begging to be touched. My breath faltered as he reached for his belt, undoing it.

"And I can easily take that income away at any point and time, little lamb…." I bit the inside of my cheek as emotions swarmed me. I couldn't let him do that. I would have to do what was needed to get by for now.

"But would you…?" I challenged him, feeling more awake now than I ever had before. His dress slacks fell to the floor, his belt clattering against the wood. The sound resonated through me, echoing a reminder of something I should never forget. Fox was in control and always would be, as long as I remained under his thumb. If he told me now to bend over so that he could fuck me, then I would have no option but to do so. After all, that was why I was here…

He stroked his semi-hard cock in his hand and I eyed it, wondering what was going to take place.

"Roll over…" he ordered gruffly, and I did so, rolling over to my belly without another word. A deep laugh erupted from his chest just as I placed my cheek against the soft sheets, the noise forcing me to turn my head and look at him. *What was so funny?* The laughter met his eyes.

"I rolled over, just as you asked me," I confessed, a blush creeping onto my cheeks. I didn't know what I had done wrong.

"You're so eager for my cock, little lamb, that the second I tell you to roll over, you do so, arching your back and showing that sweet virginal pussy off..."The crude words he spoke turned me on, burning a path of arousal straight to my core. "What you don't realize is, as much as I

would love to fuck you right now, I know it’s not right, so when I said,” Roll over," I meant move over so I can get in the fucking bed too.”

Realizing what he meant now, I pushed up off my belly and scooted to the far side of the bed. The sheets were cold beneath my legs, even though the embarrassment that burned my cheeks should’ve warmed me. It was hot enough, after all.

Fox must’ve seen my embarrassment, because as soon as he was in the bed and beneath the covers, he was pulling me across the mattress and into his warm arms.

“I wasn’t trying to make it seem like I wanted you to fuck me. I just didn’t want to disobey you…” I tried to cover up my arousal and lick the wounds that I had given myself silently.

“Shhh, little lamb. There is nothing wrong with wanting the sly fox to take a bite out of you. I don’t blame you at all. In fact, if I were you, I would be rolling onto my belly and arching my back for this cock often.” His smugness was enough to make me want to throat punch him.

“You’re not making this better,” I grumbled into his chest. All of this should’ve bothered me, the cuddling, the bed sharing, and me wearing his clothes but I couldn’t lie and say I there wasn’t a possibility that I could get use to this.

“Go to sleep, lamb.” He smoothed his large hand over my hair, trying to soothe me, or at least it seemed that way. Fox didn’t seem like he had a gentle bone in his body but when he touched me right now, all I felt was his soft caress. I promised myself then, that no matter what happened after this, I would always remember this special moment with him. That he could be gentle and maybe even kind.

“Goodnight, Fox.” I risked my neck calling him Fox instead of Master, but he said nothing, just hummed a silent tune in my ear, calming me and making me feel like I actually stood a chance here.

As my eyes drifted closed and Fox held me tighter against his chest, the lie I had told him and everyone else to get here, weighed heavily on my shoulders. Still, telling him the truth wasn’t an option, which meant I couldn’t fall for him. I couldn’t fall for this side of him. The sweet side that I was sure he never showed to anyone.

“Little lamb… Little lamb….” He whispered in my ear, right before I slipped into darkness, wondering if I could pull all this off

without hurting anyone.

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Chapter Five

Fox

I didn’t sleep, like ever, but last night in bed with Raven, I slept, and I slept hard as hell. When I awoke, Raven was still asleep, her head snuggled into my neck, her soft breaths falling against my cheek. I squeezed my eyes shut in frustration. I had been a bit shocked that she was wearing one of my shirts to bed and even more shocked at how willing to she was to let me fuck her.

I needed to shake off these feelings, whatever they were, that seemed to be forming in my cold heart. I had no room for love, or even lust in my life. Not in the line of work I was in. Smith Industries needed me, and some little girl with a virgin pussy and soft eyes wasn’t going to take that away from me.

I looked down at her peaceful sleeping form one last time before getting out of bed and entering the bathroom. I didn’t bother turning around to look at her, knowing that, no matter how I felt, nothing could change what either of us were born into. I was a businessman and one of the meanest on Wall Street. My mother would hate the man I had become had she lived long enough to see me at this point and time in my life.

Turning the shower knob to burn-your-skin-off hot, I stepped in under the spray of water. My body sank against the tile wall, as my hands went straight to my cock. The emotions that Raven stirred in me weren’t ones I wanted to acknowledge, but I could acknowledge this….My cock. The attraction and need it had towards Raven. I could definitely acknowledge that.

I gripped my length tightly, stroking it gently at first, my mind planting the image of Raven on her knees sucking me off. Her perfect pouty lips were wrapped around my length and her dark eyes were glued to mine, begging for my approval.

“Dear Lord…” I moaned quietly, not wanting to wake the little sleeping lamb in the room just on the other side of the door. My strokes became rougher and I moved my hips as if I was fucking Raven.

Every breath I exhaled came out in a pant and pretty soon my toes were curling into the tile floor and my head was tipping back as pleasure shot through me, my hot seed landing against the tiled shower wall.

I was still panting, my heartbeat thudding loudly in my ears. I had loads of sex with all different kinds of women but no one, and I mean no one,

caused me to beat off like the image of Raven had. I was content beating off to her image in my mind, until I realized she was under my skin.

"Fuck, this can't happen again," I growled to myself, washing away the reminder that Raven had once again made me weak for her. When finished I opened the shower door and grabbed for the towel I had hanging next to the shower. I wrapped it around my midsection, but stopped as soon as my eyes landed on Raven, who was standing just on the inside of the bathroom door looking all kinds of curious.

"Can I help you, little lamb?" I snarled. I needed to up my game. I needed to make her weak and helpless. I needed to break her fragile spirit.

"I just heard you making a lot of noise in here and wanted to make sure everything was okay…" There was confusion that lingered on her features and I realized then that she didn't understand how I had gone from being so gentle and kind the night before, to being a total asshole just now.

"Oh I'm fine, more than fine actually. I was just thinking about you, lamb…" I pushed away the pounding of blood in my ears as I took a step towards her, dropping my towel to the floor. She eyed me hesitantly, her sweet little mouth dropping.

"I thought you wanted to wait." Her eyes refused to meet mine as she looked straight at the floor, her face falling in shock and pain. I never said I was a good man, hell, I remember telling her time and time again that I was a bad man, but looking at her now as her small frame shook with fear, I wondered if I could follow through with taking her virginity.

"You thought wrong…" I pounced, gripping her by the arm and pulling her over to the vanity in front of the mirror. "Put both your hands against the vanity and don't move them. If you do, I won't let you cum." She bit her lip and nodded her head yes in understanding. Pressing a

hand to her back, I bent her over the vanity, my mind going a million miles an hour while I tried to figure out what the hell it was that I was doing.

I lifted the back of *my* shirt and examined her plump ass. It was creamy white and would look good with a few pink welts across it. I smirked in the mirror, knowing exactly what I was going to do to the little lamb that had been caught in the lion's den.

"Has anyone ever fucked this before…?" I questioned, one of my fingers slipping down her ass cheek and in the direction of her puckered asshole. I might not be able to handle taking her virginity when it came to her pussy, but her asshole, well, that was another story.

"No, Fox…" The fact that she said my name instead of Master infuriated me, so I lifted my palm and landed a hard slap against her right ass cheek. A shriek of pain slipped from her lips as I soothed the pain away with the same hand I delivered it with. She would soon understand that my kindness only went so far.

"Master, lamb. You call me Master. I am your owner. You belong to me. You may have gotten away with calling me Fox last night, but you don't know me well enough to do that just yet…"

I caressed her ass cheek once more before spanking her again, but this time on the left ass cheek. Except this time something was different, she was ready for my touch. Her finger nails scraped against the vanity as she arched against my hard cock. A breathy moan fell from her lips as I massaged the pain away and spanked the other cheek.

"Oh God…" she panted, her ass grinding against my groin harder than it ever had. She was dripping wet with need and I refused to let her cum.

"You cum when I say, little lamb. Do you hear me?" I growled against her ear, as my finger slipped down to her hot cunt. I dipped two fingers inside her, testing to see how wet she was for me.

"I'm dripping for you, Master." My eyes met her lustful gaze in the mirror, her big beautiful brown eyes were begging me to take her, to bend her to my will until she was shaped into exactly what I wanted.

"Bend over more. I want your chest horizontal with the vanity." She did as she was instructed almost immediately while I licked my lips, for I was about the feast on the most delicious pussy in all the world.

"Please fuck me…" she begged me, as I pumped the two fingers I had inserted deep inside her cunt hard. She was whimpering mess,

and right on the edge of cumming when I pulled all the way out of her, swirling her wetness on my fingers and trailing it up to her tight asshole.

"I'm going to make you cum so hard your legs will shake, and no one, and I do mean no one, will ever live up to this orgasm that I give you…" My cock pulsed, begging me to slide into her balls deep, but I refrained, knowing that this was for her. My little lamb.

With her wetness against my fingers, I slipped my pinky into her butthole, a shriek of pleasure and maybe even pain erupted from deep within her chest.

"Breathe, little lamb…" I spoke softly against her ear, placing an encouraging kiss there as well. I could hear her exhale and then inhale as I worked the tight little hole. Before either of us realized it, she was moaning deeply, her body lifting as she leaned her back against my chest. I worked a second finger deep inside her ass once I knew she was ready. As soon as I started pumping in and out of her with the two fingers, I brought my other hand around to the front of her, so that I could pay some special attention to her clit.

With two fingers pumping in and out of her asshole and my other hand strumming against her clit, I knew it would only be a matter of seconds before her eyes were rolling in the back of her head.

"It's too much… Too much…" She squirmed and I held her tighter against my chest, refusing to let her pass up this orgasm. Her legs buckled, and her body shook as her asshole squeezed my fingers tightly, almost pushing me out.

"Cum, little lamb, cum like my cock is eight inches deep in you. Cum like you never have before…" I envied my fingers once again because, not once, but twice they had been in virgin territory, a place I desired to go to more than anything with Raven. Her body shuddered against mine and her eyes rolled into the back of her head. She looked so fucking pure and perfect as she fell apart. Like nothing could taint that angelic light she emitted.

She collapsed in my arms moments later, a pleasured sigh the only thing that left her lips. As I held her, her eyes half shut and her shallow breaths filling the room, I realized that there was a chance that I could be falling for this woman.

A woman I knew nothing about, a woman that had somehow weaseled her way under my skin in a matter of seconds of

meeting me.

The desire to know more about her was overwhelming. What was her favorite color? Did she drink coffee? Or like flowers? The questions kept coming, each one slamming into my gut harder than the last. When I finally placed her fragile body in the bed we shared, I was gasping for air.

I needed to find a way to let go of the feeling I had. I needed to talk to Seth, and I needed to do so right now. With Raven nearly asleep, I got dressed and slipped from the bedroom wondering if, when I came back to this room, I would be the same man.

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Chapter Six

Seth

Patience. Most would say I had none, and those that did, well, they were right. If I asked to have something done in a timely manner and the job wasn't finished, you can bet your ass someone was going to be a hurting unit for not following through.

Which explained why Tony was now on the ground holding his knee against his chest, tears of pain streaming down his cheeks.

Pussy. Men didn't cry over pain. They cried for death… or loss, but never pain. Pain was weakness leaving the body and this man, Tony, he reeked of weakness.

"I asked you a week ago for answers, Tony. Answers I know you have. You knew the girl. You knew what she needed the money for and yet you hide the very simple information from me." I stood, the crowbar weighing heavily in my hands. I had promised my brother answers and I never let my family down.

"Okay, okay, okay. She begged me to keep it a secret and since she was doing it from the kindness of her heart for someone she loved, I promised I would…" I narrowed my eyes, it all suddenly coming to me.

"You mean to tell me she sold herself for money, not for herself, but for someone she loves?" I gestured for one of my men to pick up the pitiful excuse of a man off the floor so I could look him in the eyes.

"Yes, Sir… She did it to save her mother. I do not know the details, Sir, just that she needed the money for things at home." I rubbed a hand a long my jaw. It made sense, but it also meant I still needed to do some digging and, honestly, I hated having to dig in more than one place.

"You know more… I'm sure of it," I hissed out, raising the crowbar and landing a hard blow against the asshole's injured knees. A sob ripped from his throat as he sagged against my guard.

"Fuck…" He started to breathe hard. Didn't he realize by now that I wasn't a man to be messed with? If you lied to me I would bury you six feet under.

“I will give you one more chance, Tony… Who is her mother? I want names.” I licked my lips in anticipation of spilling this asshole’s blood.

“Alright, her name is Grace. That’s all I know. I swear.” I looked him straight in the eyes and knew that he was being truthful. Now that I had a lead I needed to dig deep into my bank account so that I could get the rest of the information I needed.

“Good…” I held the crowbar underneath his chin and looked him square in the eyes. “Lie to me again, Tony, and I will set this entire establishment on fire, with you and your entire family inside it. Do you understand me, fuckhead?” My tone was condescending, but I was anything but joking. I would rip the fucker to shreds if he withheld information from me again.

Lifting the crowbar in the air, I landed a blow to the side of the asshole’s head, his body going limp in my guard’s arms.

“Let him go,” I ordered, and my guard dropped him like he was a burning piece of wood. Frustration settled into my bones. Grace… The name bounced around inside my head longer than it should have.

That name… Grace Miller. I had heard it somewhere before. I closed my eyes, trying to jog a memory from somewhere deep in the confines of my dark mind. I walked out of the underground nightclub and to my SUV that was parked outside waiting for me.

I pulled out my iPhone and opened the secure background checking app I used nearly every day. I typed in Grace’s name and the small amount of information I had on her, including date of birth and middle name, which I got from Tony, and watched as the search engine made its decision.

“Bingo,” I spoke out loud, as her name and photo popped up. My hands shook as I read through the information given, her employment and home address. For fuck’s sakes the woman had worked for my father for nearly twenty years. Yet she was sick, and obviously poor enough that her daughter felt the need to sell her virginity to some piece of shit like my brother.

“Where would you like to go, Mr. Smith?” Kalob, my driver, asked, his eyes meeting mine in the rearview mirror. I had a decision to make. I could either go talk to my brother and relay the information to

him, or I could go talk to my father on my own and better our odds of getting the answers we needed.

I tapped two fingers against my chin, thinking for a fraction of second before answering him. “Take me back to the mansion, but through the back entrance, please. I need to talk to my father alone.” Kalob nodded his head in understanding and put the SUV in drive.

I scanned my phone screen once again, wondering what the hell had happened that caused Grace to quit her job? Had my father fired her for being sick? She could’ve taken time off. I didn’t care about many things but those that had cancer being treated like garbage made my blood boil. Those people were already going through something hard and making things worse for them didn’t seem fair to me. My teeth ground together, a memory of my own mother hitting me in the chest.

“You need to be a big boy, Seth. Take care of your brother, and keep your daddy in line for me.” I couldn’t even look at her, my eyes were swollen with tears and my hands were shaking as I held her weak one in mine.

“I’m not ready to let go of you yet…” I would do anything to keep her here with me, if only for a few more days.

She cupped my cheek, her blue eyes, eyes that used to be filled with so much life, piercing my own. “You aren’t letting go of me, sweetheart. I’ll always be here in spirit, in your heart and mind. I will never leave you son. Never.” My eyes darted to Fox’s. He understood what was happening but didn’t get the consequences. Mom was dying and there wasn’t anything that either of us could do to stop it.

“Let’s go boys, your mother needs her rest.” I blinked away the tears that wanted to fall from my eyes when my father called to us. I released my mother’s fragile hand and gave her one last once over.

It wouldn’t be long before she was a piece of the Earth beneath our feet and I would be forced to watch over my little brother. I grabbed Fox by the hand and pulled him in the direction of the door.

“Remember boys… I’ll always be here.” Those were my mother’s final words to my brother and I. I tried to remember her in my mind with a warm vibrant smile, and bright blue glittering eyes, but I never could. All I could remember was her weak body and frail smile, and how she was so close to death that it terrified me to lose her.

“Were here, Sir…” My driver’s voice pulled me from the sad memory of my mother. It had been years since I last thought of her and I didn’t like that my father’s actions were sparking these shit memories of her.

“Thank you, Kalob. Go around and park in the garage,” I ordered, as I slipped out of the backseat, putting my phone in the front pocket of my suit jacket. Daddy dearest would pay for the things that he had done to the innocent. He may lie, and claim he didn’t know, but that background check I just ran proved otherwise. Even if he didn’t know she had cancer, someone did, and that someone would pay dearly.

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Chapter Seven

Raven

The days ticked by, and the longer my hymen was still in place, the more I worried that I would never get out of this mansion. My mother needed me, and I needed to see her, just to make sure she was still alive.

“Little lamb, little lamb, let me in…” A knock sounded on the door and I pulled my legs up to my chest, nervous butterflies fluttering in my belly as he stepped into the room. It had taken a week, but he had finally allowed me to order some clothing of my own. Yoga pants, and shirts were a Godsend when you had nothing of your own in your possession.

“Yes, Master?” I ground my teeth together. Calling him master annoyed me to all hell. I didn’t like it, not one bit.

He smirked, and the smile met his eyes showing me his approval that I remembered to address him the way he wanted me to.

“I have a present for you… Something that I want you to wear when we go out together today…” I could feel my pulse jump into my throat, my pussy already growing wet from the anticipation. This man, though dark and despicable, owned my body, he knew exactly what I needed and when I needed it.

“We’re going out today?” I asked, ignoring the other part of his comment. I couldn’t think about the surprise he had for me because, if I did, I would be throbbing with need, a need that I didn’t know if he would actually fulfill.

He licked his lips, his dark eyes growing darker, if that was even possible. “Though I love seeing your beautiful ass in those tight yoga pants, I need you to slip them off for a moment and bend over real nice for me.” It was his turn to ignore my question. I moved off the bed slowly, my movements drawn out, as I questioned if I could make a run for the door.

It wasn’t that I didn’t want to see his surprise, because I did, oh man did I fucking want to see it, but I knew it would make me want

him more. It would make me crave his touch more, and I couldn't handle knowing what I was leaving behind when I finally did escape this place.

I made a beeline for the door he had just come through. There was a chance I could get out the door before his hand could reach me, and I wanted to take that chance. Throwing caution to the wind, I shoved the consequences of not listening to him out the window and ran, my fingers grasping onto the wooden door.

I was almost there, almost out of the room.

My movements were stalled as Fox's arm wrapped around my waist, pulling me against his chest.

"Don't you know that running gets you nowhere, lamb? If you run, I chase, and when I catch you, you will have wished that I had killed you. For the things that I will do to your beautiful body will have you begging for death." A shudder ran down my spine as he slammed me down on the mattress stomach first. My fingers dug into the sheets as I tried to scurry away from him, my legs kicking any appendage that they landed on.

"I hate you…" Tears burned behind my eyes. Tears I refused to shed for a man like Fox. A man who didn't deserve to know he was breaking me.

"Good." I could hear the smile in his words, the smile that probably pulled at his lips. Before I realized what was happening, Fox had both my hands above my head as he held them together tightly, his large frame pinning me to bed. I could barely get air into my lungs as he forced me further into the mattress.

I could feel a soft material wrapping around my wrists, and no matter how much I tried to pull my hands apart, Fox tightened the material until I couldn't move my wrists at all, not even wiggle them.

"There. That should hold the bucking bronco inside of you while I give you your gift." I squirmed against the sheets, my body wanting to give in to whatever it was that Fox wanted.

"Please don't do this…" I begged, worried that the time had actually come for him to claim my virginity. I had been waiting for this moment for over a week, yet I wasn't ready for it to happen.

"Oh sweetness, your pussy is safe from my cock… for now…" My body sagged against the sheets with relief. That meant he was after only one other thing… my ass.

Knowing that I would enjoy the pleasure he could give me, and hoping that if I complied now he wouldn't punish me, I spoke.

"I will do as you ask of me, Master. Please don't punish me," I pleaded, feeling his weight lift off of me as I spoke. My back lifted, and I arched for him, my body already craving his touch.

"Good little lamb…" he whispered into my ear, as he stroked my ass cheek with his hand. I could feel what I assumed was a rubber dildo tracing the seam of my ass.

"What is that...?" I groaned loudly, trying to rub my ass against the hard but flexible end of the object.

"A butt plug, little lamb, and I promise you, if you thought my fingers could bring you to your knees, this will do far worse…" My pussy throbbed at the image. Fox moved the object from my ass, and down to my clit, circling the tight bundle of nerves until I was shaking with need.

Once he knew I was on the verge of cumming, he squirted what I could only assume was lube along my ass crack, the cold gel causing my nipples to rub against the thin material of my shirt turning me on more.

"Arch that back. I want your pussy and asshole on full display, lamb." I squeezed my eyes shut, ready but also scared of the unknown. Fox used his hands to spread my legs further apart and the massaged my asshole, his pinky slipping into the tight opening without warning.

"Oh God. Oh God." I was cumming just from the insertion of his finger. My asshole squeezing tightly around his finger while the muscles in my pussy convulsed.

"Get ready for it…" Fox growled, arousal lacing his words. I gripped the sheets tightly and waited. My body vibrated, as post orgasmic waves slammed into me over and over again.

The breath expelled from my chest as he pulled his pinky out and inserted the tip of the butt plug. I could feel my ass rejecting the tip and the need to beg him to stop intense.

"Breathe through it, lamb…" he encouraged me. A sob escaped my lips as he pressed the entire thing into my ass, spreading me wider than I had ever been spread before. My pussy throbbed and my asshole stung.

"Fox…" I moaned, uncaring if he punished me for using his real name. I needed him. A fire filled my belly that burned through my

veins.

“I’ve got you, lamb. You just wait…” His voice had turned animalistic and as I gazed him over my shoulder, I knew he was feeling the same feelings I was, the need, the burn deep inside his belly that threatened to consume him if he didn’t give into it. He wanted this just as much as I did.

“Fuck me, Fox. Fuck me,” I begged, my legs shaking. He needed to touch me now. Right fucking now.

“No can do. I’m going to do something far greater, lamb. I’m going to punish you.” His words were lost on me. I didn’t even care, so long as he touched me. I whimpered with need, my body writhing against the sheets, the need for his man consuming me.

My tongue darted out, wetting my dry lips, and just when I assumed he would leave me hanging, the butt plug in my ass started vibrating, the pulsing sensation working through my pussy.

“Oh….” I stumbled over my words. “Oh…” My nipples scraped against the mattress, my shirt riding up as I tried my hardest to gain friction against the sheets.

“You’ve been bad, lamb… Haven’t you?” His question didn’t concern me. Nothing did. All I could feel was pleasure, and so long as that pleasure didn’t stop, the entire world could fall apart around me.

A hard slap landed against my ass cheek without warning, only adding a bite to the pleasure I was already feeling.

“Are you listening, little lamb? Are you listening to your master?” I mumbled against the sheets as he slapped my other ass cheek. He was no longer massaging the pain away, and I liked it. I liked it more than I did anything else.

“Master…” I screamed out, the butt plug vibrating faster than it had before. I was soaring, my pussy dripping with cum as I fell apart again and again. The orgasms never seemed to end.

“Beg me to make it stop, lamb. Beg me.” Fox bit my ass cheek, and then slapped it… hard.

“Don’t stop…” I couldn’t believe I had said the words but I had. The voice that spoke them wasn’t one that sounded like mine. Still, Fox he listened, he didn’t stop. If anything, he became relentless, his smacks becoming harder, and the grip on my hip that kept me in place was bruising.

I bit my lip hard enough for it to bleed, as tears slipped from my eyes. The orgasms were on the border of pain and pleasure and I was so close, so close to another release that I would do anything to get it.

"I'm going to claim that pussy of yours soon. I'm going to rip it to pieces with my cock and when I'm done, lamb, you'll never be the same. Do you hear me? I'm going to own your pussy… Do you want that?" His voice crept into the deep depths of my mind. Did I want that?

"Yes… I want it now. I want your cock, Master." The dirty words, and the confession of me wanting his cock, forced yet another powerful orgasm out of me. I was spent, my body sagging against the bed sheets as a hot spray landed against my ass cheeks.

"You make me want more than I ever have, Raven…" he gasped. I wasn't even aware that he had undone his jeans, or even pulled his cock out, but then again, I was more focused on myself than him.

The vibrating of the butt plug stopped, but the waves of pleasure didn't. I stayed in place on the bed, my body overly stimulated. Every single movement bordered on pain.

Fox walked away and then came back with a tube of something in his hands. He opened it and squeezed whatever it was on my ass cheeks, massaging the cream into my skin.

"You ass is a glorious red right now and I wish that I could keep it this way forever." He spoke as if he was happy with the work he had done, massaging more of the cream into my blistering backside. It cooled the warmth that the slap had left behind, dulling the pain to nothing but a tiny ache.

I was so pleased with the way he worked me over that I spoke a truth that I never suspected I would out loud.

"Can we do this again?" There was no point in shying away from the truth. That being that I enjoyed it. The fact that I had fallen apart a half dozen times, and the spot beneath me was soaked with my arousal proved it. Still I didn't like admitting to Fox that he had done something that I enjoyed. I felt like it was counterproductive. My goal was to leave, not make him want to keep me even more.

"Oh you will, little lamb… Except next time I'll be eight inches deep in your swollen cunt while you milk every single drop of cum from me." His admission warmed my body more and as soon as he released the soft ties around my wrist, I scurried across the mattress and away from

him, but not for the reasons you would think. Every time he was close to me, every time he touched me, I was weak for him and I didn't want to be weak.

"Now get your pants back on and get ready to go. I have a few places I want to take you today…" He glared at me, the heat in his stare cooling only a little bit. He twisted on his heels and headed towards the door. "Oh and you're welcome for your gift…" It was then, as he was walking away, that I became aware of the butt plug that was still in my asshole.

"You left it in…" I cried out, jumping from the bed and grabbing my pants off the floor where they had been thrown in our struggle. He turned around really quick, smirking at me before he spoke.

"Of course, lamb, I have to have something to keep you in line while were out in public." He licked his lips, eyeing me as I pulled the yoga pants up over my thighs, covering the butt plug that fit snugly between my cheeks.

"I hate you," I whispered beneath my breath, hoping he couldn't hear me.

"Oh I know, lamb, you already told me." He smiled, beckoning me to come to him and I did, feeling the weakness that only he could plant inside me take over. There was no escaping the damage that would be caused from this deal. I may be able to escape the mansion, but I would never escape Fox's touch.

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Chapter Eight

Fox

I watched her for long moments, knowing that I shouldn't, knowing that I would soon regret doing so. She wouldn't stay, not forever and though I never really wanted her in the first place, I wasn't ready to set her free.

Our journey to the world outside the mansion walls started horribly, with Raven being nothing but a quiet mouse in the corner of the limo. She watched me, just as I did her, waiting for the moment when I would slip up. What she didn't know was that I never slipped up. Not even once.

"My mother and I used to come here all the time," Raven gushed, as she bit at the straw of her *Starbucks* Frappuccino. Did she even have the slightest clue how beautiful she was? Her black hair blew in the wind, and her purple streaks shimmered in the sunlight. I couldn't take my eyes off of her even if I wanted to.

"Here… as in to the mall or the garden?" I questioned. We were acting as a real couple talking as if we were closer than we appeared to the eyes of passersby, and yet I loved these moments even if I knew they weren't real.

"The garden… We used to come here together and watch the butterflies. It was our thing, the only thing we usually got to do together…" Raven's face fell and so did my heart. I didn't know her reasoning for coming into my life as she did, but I knew Seth was digging for answers and I wanted to know. I wanted to know so fucking badly.

"Yeah… Before I lost my mom we used to go to the park and have picnics. It's the only happy thing I can remember about her…" I trailed off, refusing to let the memory surface in my mind. Thinking about my mom depressed me because, as much as I wanted to paint her in a light that every child wanted to paint their mother in, I couldn't.

From the day I was born things were hard, or so I was always told. Seth shielded me from a lot of the bad shit.

"I'm sorry, Fox…" She cast her eyes to the concrete in fear of being punished for calling me the wrong name. Truthfully, I loved

hearing her say my name because it made me feel free. It made me feel like maybe this could work between us.

"Don't be. I've learned to let go of the past. It doesn't do you any good to stand in one place and complain about things that you can't change," I quoted my brother, those exact words were said to me repeatedly over the last five years. I had never handled her death well, nor had I ever healed from it. I simply shoved it under the rug and forgot about it.

"I know, but losing someone you love isn't easy…" She spoke from experience, which was a bit insulting to because I was positive that she hadn't the slightest clue what it was like to lose someone you love.

"How would you know? Have you lost someone you love before?" I snapped, regretting it as soon as the words came out of my mouth. This was supposed to be a peaceful place and I was once again letting the memory of my mother play on my emotions.

"We've all lost someone, a grandparent, parent, sibling…" She shrugged, kicking at a couple of rocks around the penny fountain. "I think, in a way, we know how it feels to lose someone but only to our own degree. From the way you talk, losing your mom was hard, but living with her memory was even harder." I clenched my fists because no one, and I mean no one, had ever been able to put into words how I felt about my mother's death. Not like Raven just had, and that evoked something inside of me. It rubbed the wound that had already been raw and bleeding.

"I need to talk about something else right now…" I ran a hand through my hair in frustration. I didn't want Raven to see how weak this conversation made me, but I was done talking about the past. I was done reliving the moment.

"Okay… What's your favorite color?" Raven asked, as she looked up at the sky. There were rain clouds moving in, which meant a storm was brewing.

"Green. What's yours?" I asked back. She smiled, and this time it met her eyes, causing the brown in them to dance with laughter.

"Purple, of course…" She twirled under what little sunlight there was left. My heart slamming against my rib cage profusely I watched her, knowing that I was falling for a girl that I could never have. A girl that I was going to break one way or another, and one that could never stay.

"Food?" I asked the next question.

“I love, love, Italian food.” She laughed, and it melted the coldness in my chest. I was still sitting on the park bench as she twirled around like a ballerina around the penny fountain. The first raindrop falling and landing coldly against her forehead.

“Me too, but I love Mexican just as much.” It felt strange, but surprisingly fun to get to know someone on a level that was more than just physical. Though I would take Raven in my bed any day. Her body was a beacon to me and I would forever worship it, so long as she allowed me.

“Ahhh it’s raining…” she shrieked, running under a nearby awning. I couldn’t help but chuckle at her anger towards the tiny little raindrops.

“Yeah, that’s usually what it’s called when drops of cold water start falling from the sky.” I was a sarcastic asshole nearly every second of the day, so I didn’t see a reason to change now.

I walked over to the awning, letting the rain drops soak into my white t-shirt. Once underneath it, I settled onto the bench next to Raven. Silence settled over us as the sound of rain drops beating against the metal roof echoed through the garden.

“You told me when we first met nearly two weeks ago that I should always be honest with you. That if I was, you would be honest with me too.” I nodded my head yes, because that was something I had told her.

I could see the anxious look in her eyes and wondered what the problem was. Had I said something to her, done something? Suddenly I was overly concerned with her safety and the need for her to be okay.

“What’s wrong, Raven?” I used her real name, showing her just how serious I was about getting down to whatever it was that bothered her.

“I’ve been lying to you this whole time…” I ground my teeth together, hating the words that she uttered and knowing what they meant for us. If she was really lying, and Seth could prove it, then the punishment she would receive would be jarring. Lying did sit well with me.

“Do tell me what it is you’ve been lying about.” It took everything in me to remain seated, when all I wanted to do was take her over my knee and spank the fuck out of her.

She looked me straight in the eyes as she spoke, unafraid of the devil in disguise. “Hearing you talk about your mother like you did

broke me. The reason I auctioned my virginity off was for my mother. She has cancer and we need the money to pay for her hospice care. The cancer she has is treatable but only with medication, medication that neither of us could afford to get her."

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Regret. Remorse. Pain. All of those emotions swirled inside my chest. I was evil, so fucking evil.

"You didn't need the money for college then?" I had to ask. I had to know that she was lying about that one thing and that that was it.

She shook her head no. "No I didn't. I was going to give the money to my mother so that she could get cured and I could focus on graduating from night school." Sweet Raven. She was so fucking smart, and wise beyond her years, yet she had made a deal with the devil, and one that she couldn't get out of.

"You know what lying to me means, right?" I exhaled, squeezing the bridge of my nose in frustration. I was falling for Raven and more than that, I was falling in love with her heart, and the person she was underneath the walls she put up.

"Yes, I do." Her face fell, her eyes refusing to meet mine. She knew she had done wrong by lying. Now I just needed the information from Seth and I could confirm everything that she had just told me. The punishment she would face still weighed on my mind.

I could make it good for her, just as I had today. I could bring her to her knees with pleasure and pain. I could take her to new heights and leave her begging me for more. I could give her happiness instead of giving her pain.

I could make her see that, though she had sold her virginity to me, there was always a silver lining. I knew now exactly how it was that she knew what it felt like to lose someone you loved. She was losing someone as we spoke.

"I promise you that it'll be worth it, Raven. No matter what type of punishment you get from me, it will always come with some type of pleasure. Always remember that." I placed my hand on hers, gently showing her that I was here, and more than just an evil asshole.

There were pieces of my heart that still beat and those pieces no matter how small, belonged to Raven.

“I know that. I also know that, no matter what, it will never work.” She spoke as if she already knew of my feelings and that shocked me. Not once had I showed her that I felt anything more than lust for her. I might have shown weakness, but that wasn’t love.

“That what won’t work?” I asked, the question burning at the tip of my tongue.

“Us. There are things you don’t know and will never understand. You make me weak in the knees, and my body craves your touch like it does sunlight, but that’s all this is… and will ever be…. Physical.” Her words hit me in the gut and enraged me all at the same time. She knew nothing about my emotions for her, yet she played off what she was seeing right now.

“It doesn’t have to work, Raven. All that matters is that you listen and follow directions well. If I say suck my cock, you do. If I tell you to bend over and let me fuck you till you’re worn and beaten, then you do. That’s the relationship we have, and the relationship that will remain between us, and nothing, no sob story you spill, is ever going to change that.” I regretted every word I said, hated how wrong they sounded coming from me. The man I was, and the man I wanted to be when I was with Raven, were two different people and I didn’t know if I was capable of merging them into one.

“Good,” Raven said, jumping from the bench and heading in the direction of the parked SUV. It was then, as I watched her run in the rain, that I saw a butterfly land against the bench seat next to me. It was free, and beautiful, and I knew then that I would have to let Raven go, one way or another, because even the most beautiful of objects couldn’t remain hidden forever.

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Chapter Nine

Seth

My father was in his office, just as I knew he would be, and of course he didn't seem to be the slightest bit concerned when I walked in with an angry scowl on my face.

"Seth, my boy, have you come to have a drink with me?" His words were slurred and his eyes were half closed. How he managed to run a multi-billion dollar company I didn't know. All I knew was that you couldn't do so when you were always drunk.

"No, I haven't come to have a drink with you. I've actually come because I've done some investigating on that little virgin that Fox bought, and I need some answers. Answers that only you can give me." I hid the anger from my voice, knowing that if I showed my emotions to him it would get me nowhere. You could die in front of this man and he would throw a rug over you and pretend it never happened… I knew that because he did it to his own wife, my mother.

He tapped his chin, just as I did when I was thinking of something. "You mean to tell me you need Daddy's help with something. I'm pleasantly surprised." He was milking this for everything it was worth.

"It's not that I *need* your help, it's more that I just need conformation of things. Do you know the girl that Fox bought?" I questioned. I wasn't going to let the old man get away with this, not if I could help it. I knew he was the reason that Grace had lost her job, or at least part of the reason, which meant he was directly linked to the reason that Raven had to sell her virginity in the first place. Not that I cared what the woman did, but it showed courage, compassion, and love on her end.

"I've met the girl once or twice. Why does it matter?" He squinted at me, an accusing tone to his voice.

"Well, if you've met her, I'll assume that's because you know her mother, and then I'll assume further that you knowing her mother has something to do with her working for Smith Industries… Am I getting somewhere?" I narrowed my eyes at him, waiting for it all to click in his head.

“I… I may know her mother as well, but none of this matters. The girl sold her virginity to your brother. I don’t see the fault in that.” He threw his hand in the air as if he was done with the conversation.

“You don’t get it, do you? One of your workers told her mother, who was on LOA at the time seeking cancer treatment, that she was fired. You took her health care away, and her only form of income.” The elderly man blinked. acknowledging that he had made those choices, but didn’t seem to care about much else.

“It’s a shit world, Seth. What can I say? I don’t have any control over those affairs. If she was eating into the insurance company and costing us money, then it’s nothing but a good thing that they fired…” I refused to listen to this man, my father, talk badly about this woman that had slaved away working for his company for years. I was more than going to cut a check to Raven for her mother’s care, I was going to double whatever Fox had paid for her.

“It’s people like you that make this world such a shitty place. You treated her the same way you treated mom when you found out she had cancer. You brushed it under the rug and pretended like it never existed. As long as you could forget your wrongdoings, you had no issues hurting others in the process.” I grabbed my father by the throat, feeling his fragile bones creak as I squeezed.

Maybe that’s why I felt drawn to Raven’s situation, or even more, worried about the truth coming out and having to tell Fox about it, because I knew it would open a can of worms that could never be closed again.

Because my father, Raven would have to pay for lying to Fox, and Raven’s mother would have to cling to life just a little bit longer until I could get the money to her for the care that she needed.

“You know nothing about the situation…” he gasped for air, almost falling back into his chair. My hand clasping his throat was the only thing holding him in place. Would it be so bad to make Fox and I parentless? After all, my mother would still be here had my father put the effort into getting her treatment instead of abusing her.

“I know enough to know that Raven is doing this and that it’s your fault. I know enough to know that you’re the reason my mother died.” I squeezed tighter, holding his life in my hands. If he died, nothing bad would come of it.

His hand moved up to mine where I was squeezing, his fingers trying to pry mine away. I released him that second with a shove, forcing his body into his office chair. He sucked in oxygen like he was starving for it.

I couldn't handle sticking around in this room for another second. I needed to find Fox and relay the information to him before it was too late. Yes, we still had a deal, and yes, we would still follow through with it but maybe, just maybe, we could make this right for her.

Maybe we could give her the pleasure her body craved and make her first time special. That is, unless Fox already claimed that piece of her. Either way, seducing her wouldn't be the hard part, it would be asking her to stay.

***

I spent the entire day wandering the mansion. I had spent way too much time in this hell hole over the years. The place reminded me of my mother more and more every day. It was suffocating and just downright depressing. The second my father died, I was going to sell this place and move somewhere warm.

Somehow, I ended up in the parlor with a stiff drink in my hand. I was more than ready to claim Raven with my brother, the desire and need was there. I just need to get the information to him.

It was perfect timing too, because as soon as I let the sweet amber slip past my lips, my brother was stalking into the room, his face a mask of fury.

"What seems to be the problem, Fox?" I asked, sarcasm lacing my words.

"She lied to me, she fucking lied to me, and she has been lying since the day I bought her. I have to punish her for doing it, but I can't bring myself to. I care about her too much." Fox was practically sobbing. The only part I caught was the part about him knowing she had lied to him.

"How did you find out? I thought I was doing the digging?" I scowled at him, as he poured himself a drink.

"She told me… That's how." He slammed down on the leather sofa, his body sagging against it.

“Our pasts are way too similar, Seth. Her mother. Our mother. It hurts to much to look at her, and to know that she did this all for her mother. Fuck.” He slammed back his glass, gripping the crystal in his hand just a little harder than needed.

I admired Fox’s strength. Where I may be weak he was strong, and where he may be weak I was strong. We complemented each other well and were able to get shit done. But hearing him say he was too weak to punish someone for lying was something I had never heard come out of his mouth.

“You’re going to get even more angry here soon.” I smirked over my glass, knowing what father had coming to him. This would be the strength that Fox needed to take Raven over his knee.

Fox perked up, his eyes brightening as he waited for me to start speaking. “I confirmed with Father what I suspected all along. Raven’s mother was an employee of Father’s. She took LOA for a while and when the medical bills became too much, he had her fired, resulting in the reason that Raven is here to begin with.” Fox’s mouth hung open in disbelief.

“Are you kidding me?” He was off the sofa and pacing the room in a second. “Do you think she’s known this entire time? I mean she’s had to know right? Who our father was, who we were?” I could see Fox’s anger mounting and I fed off of it, my cock growing harder with each passing second.

“I think she’s known, but I also think she did what she had to do. I think the hardest thing is going to be letting her go when it comes time to release her, because we both know you can’t keep her locked up here forever.”

Fox smiled but it wasn’t nice, or even funny, no it was evil. It was the devil finally showing his face.

“I can do whatever I want with her, Seth. I paid five hundred thousand dollars for her, even though I canceled the check to Tony. I can always give her the money, but not until I get to fuck her and claim her pussy like I’ve been threatening for days.”

Yes, Raven had done a good thing, but she had also signed a deal with the devil, and it was time to pay up. Nothing could stop Fox and I from claiming her now. She would be a begging, whimpering, mess by the time we got done with her.

“Then let’s go claim the princess, Brother…” My blood pumped straight to my cock. We were going to own her body in ways she could never imagine.

“Let’s…” Fox smiled like he always did when we were kids and he was about to do something bad. Except this time it was for something good.

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Chapter Ten

Raven

The floor creaked as the door to the room opened. Darkness surrounded me except the tiny bit of light that shined through the window across the room. I could feel eyes on me before I noticed them and when I finally did, concern etched into my features.

“Little lamb, it’s time to pay the price for lying to your master. You may have done so out of love and compassion but you still lied, and a lie is a lie and you know what we do to liars? We punish them.”

Something told me he knew the truth, the whole truth, and that made me very aware of my surroundings.

“I didn’t lie. I confessed to you why I sold my virginity at auction.” My voice was weak in comparison to his, and a shudder ran down my spine as the shadow of another person crept into the room.

“You didn’t tell me my father was the reason your mother lost her job and that you knew who he was, and who I was, when you met him for the first time.” I bit my lip, knowing there was no way around that one. I had lied, a tiny bit. The room seemed to shrink in size as Fox’s large form came into view, his hand reaching over the sheets and wrapping around my ankle. He pulled me to the edge of the bed and stared down at me. His dark eyes were hard, and void of all emotions.

I knew he loved me, or at least parts of him loved me. I could tell from the time we spent together at the garden. The story about his mother that he shared with me, and the feelings he radiated.

“Okay…” My lips shook as I spoke. “I lied, Master.” I made sure to use Master instead of Fox, hoping that my punishment would be less, all while secretly hoping he would send my body to new heights. I could crave his touch but I couldn’t let him have my heart.

A smile pulled at Fox’s lips and before I realized what was taking place, Fox was flipping me over and onto my belly.

“Lamb, my brother Seth is going to be join us tonight for your punishment. He will not be fucking you… That will be my doing.”

Shivers ran down my spine at the thought of two men, brothers, bringing me to orgasm over and over again.

"Hi, Princess…" Seth's voice was deep and seductive, his face finally coming into view as he stepped out of the shadows. He was older, but devilishly handsome just like Fox was. They both had the same dark eyes, hair, and brooding features. I sunk my nails into the bed sheets as I looked over my shoulder at them. They looked between each other silently discussing what they wanted to do to me.

"I'm going to own your pussy, little lamb, and you're going to make my brother cum in your mouth… Do you understand me?" Fox questioned, but I was too slow to answer. The sting of a smack to my bare ass radiated down my legs and between my thighs. I was ordered to sleep with no clothing on and I understood why now.

"Yes, Master," I cleared my throat, speaking right away. I was excited and somewhat scared of having both of them inside of me in some way at the same time, but I knew Fox wouldn't let anything happen to me. The feelings he had for me ran deeper than sex.

"Good, now get on your knees," Fox ordered, and I did as I was told, though I was secretly hoping he would spank me more. The butt plug he had gotten me was still inserted in my bum, stretching me wide. I had felt it moving deeper into my anus all day, sending tiny slivers of pleasure straight to my core.

The sound of clothing being removed and tossed to the floor excited me, even though I knew I would never say it out loud. Telling Fox about my mother took some of the stress off of me, since I knew from the start that he didn't believe I was doing this so that I could attend college.

Seth appeared on the other side of the bed, smirking at me as he climbed up onto the mattress. My eyes automatically went to his groin, his thick, throbbing appendage was on full display and more than begging for my touch.

"Do you like what you see, kitten?" I licked my lips. I did like what I saw, but I liked knowing that Fox was watching more. I felt the warm touch of Fox's hand at my back. I was at the mercy of these two men, my mouth and pussy would soon be full beyond comprehension and I would be floating above my body in a pleasured state.

Seth reached out, cradling my cheek against his palm, his eyes were warm and inviting but even I knew it was all a rouse. Underneath

the mask laid a man that was just like Fox. Dark, dangerous, and capable of just about anything.

He stroked his length in one hand, bringing the head of his cock to my lips. My tongue darted out, licking just the tip. It was enough to make the man's eyes roll to the back of his head.

"Fuck me sideways, it's been forever since I let a woman touch my cock with her lips," Seth moaned as he fisted my hair in his hand. Things were about to get dirty. I flicked my tongue against his cock once more, and as I did the vibrating in my ass started.

"Ahhh…" My arms wobbled as waves of pleasure crashed into me.

"If you stop, we stop, and we all know you don't want us to stop, little lamb…" Fox nipped at my ear lobe, reminding me just how badly I wanted this. I moaned out in pleasure as Seth brought his cock to my lips once more. His exposed chest was tight and toned, and his eyes danced with mischief. If this was supposed to be a punishment, it seemed to be the nicest…

Slap. The sound of Fox's hand landing against my ass cheek pulled me out of my head and back to the present. My ass throbbed but so did my pussy.

"Do you like having both of us touching you…?" Seth questioned, his voice dark and menacing. One of his hands dropped down to my tit where he pinched one of my nipples, harshly rolling the sensitive bud between two fingers. The air left my chest as my pussy clenched tighter than it ever had before.

"Yes…" I moaned, feeling Fox enter my pussy with two fingers. I was full so full. My ass was vibrating, my pussy was throbbing, and my mouth was sucking off Seth. The pleasure I was feeling shouldn't even be possible, but it was, all because of Fox and his brother.

"That's right, cum all over my fingers," Fox urged on, his fingers slipping in and out of my tight hole until I was dripping wet. I tried with all my might to focus on Seth, but I couldn't, my body was shaking with need, and as I swirled my tongue against the head of his cock I was sure he knew that.

"I'm going to fuck your mouth now…" Seth warned and then slammed his cock to the back of my throat. My eyes watered and my chest constricted as I forgot to breathe through my nose.

“Make him cum, little lamb…” Fox taunted, slapping one of my ass cheeks, his fingers plunging deep inside of me. My muscles clenched and then snapped like a rubber band that had been pulled too tight.

I was cumming again, my entire body shaking so much so that Fox held me up, while Seth continued to fuck my mouth, his length gagging me.

“Fuck yes. You’re so beautiful with my cock in your mouth.” I looked up at him, wanting nothing more than to please him.

“I’m going to take your pussy now, little lamb. I’m going to claim it with my cock and then I’m going to cum inside you.” I whimpered around Seth’s cock. Fear was the last thing I was feeling. I couldn’t care less about the pain. I was on the verge of another orgasm, my muscles tightening, when I felt the head of Fox’s cock push into me. A sting of pain registered somewhere in my mind but Seth tipped my chin back up to him, forcing me to focus on his cock instead of the pain.

I could feel myself becoming fuller, my asshole was stretched and vibrating, sending pulsing sensations through my belly and Fox was now seated deep in my pussy.

“I’m in, lamb… and you’re just as fucking tight as I expected,” Fox moaned, slamming in and out of me hard. His fingers dug into my hips harshly, as his cock impaled me.

Seth pulled his cock from my mouth and within seconds Fox was pulling out of me and flipping me onto my back bringing both my legs up to my chest. He flexed his hips, his cock slipping back into me with ease.

I liked that we were facing each other now, and that Seth was above me, stroking his own cock. I reached up and cupped his balls in my hands, remembering that I heard somewhere that it could bring a man pleasure.

“Fuck, Brother, she’s so tight. I’m pretty sure I’ve never felt anything as fucking good as her before…” Fox growled, his eyes black as they pierced mine. My tits moved up and down with every thrust and Seth took it upon himself then to pluck at the pink nipples that were now pebbled.

Fox grunted, and Seth moaned as his movements became jerky.

“I’m going to cum all over you, kitten…” Seth growled, and I opened my mouth wanting to taste his salty release against my tongue. Within seconds of warning me, he shot his release against my chest, his warm semen blanketing me.

“Oh fuck… Oh fuck…” Fox’s movements too became jerky, his strokes harder, and his touch rougher. I held on for dear life as he brought both of us to a release, my pussy squeezing him so tight I was sure I was going to push him out.

Air refused to enter my lungs as my entire body was flung into another atmosphere. I was floating, my eyes rolling to the back of my head while my nails scraped against Fox’s arms. I felt nothing but whole, finally feeling as if I might have found my forever. My heart shattered into a million pieces when I opened my eyes and saw the way Fox was looking at me. He was still seated deep inside of me making it nearly impossible for me to ignore the connection any longer.

We were a reflection of each other. We both knew hardship and pain and were finding love for the first time ever.

Seth walked to the bathroom leaving us alone for a second. Fox shut the butt plug off and pulled it out of my ass releasing the pressure I had been feeling all day.

“I hope you enjoyed your punishment, little lamb, because there will be more punishments in the days to come…” My chest was still covered in Seth’s release and I smiled, loving that I had brought them both to their knees at the same time.

“Yes, kitten, you did very well…” Seth reappeared, wiping his release off my chest with a warm washcloth. I felt like I was a queen sitting on the throne.

“I’ve never felt so full before, so consumed with pleasure,” I finally spoke, somehow finding my voice, though it was weak when I first spoke. Fox smirked at me and so did Seth.

“Oh we have that effect on women sometimes…” Seth commented.

“But this was only a one-time thing, little lamb, because at the end of the day I bought you, and though I do enjoy sharing, you’re too good to be shared with another man.” Fox shot Seth a look that said, *I dare you to try…* but Seth didn’t seem to care. He threw the washcloth in a laundry basket against the wall and shrugged his shoulders.

“If you ever want to try the other brother again, you know where to find me.” He winked, slipping his jeans back on and leaving the room. He didn’t even bother to button them or put his shirt back on.

“Don’t even think about it, lamb, you’re mine, and if I ever see you and him together or find out he’s touched what is mine without my permission, you’ll have wished that you both had died instead.” I was new to the feelings that Fox stirred in me, but even I knew when a man was staking his claim, and that’s what he had just done. Staked his claim.

“Do you love me?” I blurted out, allowing Fox to roll me over to my belly so that he could apply some of that healing balm to my ass.

“I don’t know, lamb… I just know that what I’m feeling is unlike anything else I’ve ever felt before… so if it’s love, then it is… If it isn’t, then I don’t know what it is.” I smiled into the sheets. None of this was what I wanted, but it also wasn’t something I was sure I could give up. When a man like Fox came into your life, worshipping you and stealing your breath, you didn’t just give him up.

But I needed my mother… I needed to help her get better, and staying here with Fox was a selfish move. Even if I loved Fox, even if I craved him more than I had anything in my life, I couldn’t sacrifice it all for him.

“I feel the same, Fox…” I whispered into the sheets, tears threatening to spill from my eyes. I had finally found love, only to give it up for something far greater.

My family.

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Chapter Eleven

Fox

I left a check for a million dollars on the nightstand the next night. I didn't know what the future held between us, but I did know that I wanted to make things right for her. Raven had given me a piece of herself that she hadn't anyone else.

I was rough, dark, and one of the biggest assholes ever, but even I knew compassion and sacrifice when I saw it. I held my head in my hands, looking at the mattress where we had shared such an intimate moment no more than forty-eight hours ago. It shouldn't be a fucking shock to me that she was gone. It really shouldn't but she was and as badly as I wanted to chase her ass down and spank her for running, I knew that I couldn't.

She was never mine to keep. She belonged to no one but herself, and just like that butterfly, she had the right to be free.

"We must've scared her off with how intense we were…" Seth walked in joking. I was so aggravated and upset about the situation with Raven that I didn't even care to interact with Seth right now.

"That's not it, asswipe…" I ground my teeth together. My heart ached in my chest. I hadn't felt this kind of pain since my mother died.

"I was joking, okay…" Seth's hand landed against my shoulder and I shrugged it off. I didn't want his sympathy.

"No, it's not okay," I bellowed, not wanting to admit to anyone the feelings that I was feeling for Raven.

"It's okay, Fox. If she was the one she would've stayed, and who knows, maybe she will be back… But for now her mother needs her…" Seth's words broke through my mind, reminding me of how selfish it was for me to keep her here with me. She had the chance to save her mother, unlike me.

I should let her go and do what she needed to do. I should be able to set her free, and maybe I had… Maybe it wasn't her that was still stuck here. Maybe it was me. Seth walked over to the bedroom, something was off about him right now, something I hadn't noticed when he first walked in.

“What did you come in here for?” I met his dark stare as he paused right inside the door.

“I just wanted to tell you that I gave her a million on top of the money you gave her. I wanted to make sure that she could take care of her mom. We may not have been able to save ours, but we can save hers.” I squeezed my eyes shut. That was the thing about Seth, you never knew if he was going to do something good or something bad.

“Good. She should be able to survive without us for a while then.” I hated saying it but the truth was… I needed to let her go. I needed to let her be free. Still, I knew that I never would be able to fully release her memory until she no longer resided in my heart, and that would never happen.

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